

THE
HISTORY
OF
TOM JONES,
A
FOUNDLING.

VOL. IV.

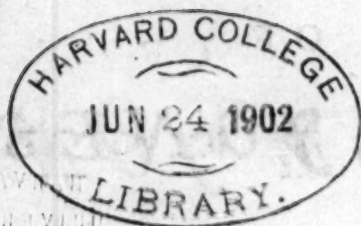
By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

—*Mores hominum multorum vidi*—

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THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK X.

*In which the History goes forward about
Twelve Hours.*

CHAP. I.

*Containing Instructions very necessary to be pe-
rused by modern Critics.*

READER, it is impossible we
should know what Sort of Person
thou wilt be: For, perhaps, thou
may'st be as learned in Human Nature as
VOL. IV. B Shake-

Shakespear himself was, and, perhaps, thou may'st be no wiser than some of his Editors. Now lest this latter should be the Case, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholesome Admonitions; that thou may'st not as grossly misunderstand and misrepresent us, as some of the said Editors have misunderstood and misrepresented their Author.

First, then, we warn thee not too hastily to condemn any of the Incidents in this our History, as impertinent and foreign to our main Design, because thou dost not immediately conceive in what Manner such Incident may conduce to that Design. This Work may, indeed, be considered as a great Creation of our own; and for a little Reptile of a Critic to presume to find Fault with any of its Parts, without knowing the Manner in which the Whole is connected, and before he comes to the final Catastrophe, is a most presumptuous Absurdity. The Allusion and Metaphor we have here made use of, we must acknowledge to be

be infinitely too great for our Occasion, but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to express the Difference between an Author of the first Rate, and a Critic of the lowest.

Another Caution we would give thee, my good Reptile, is, that thou dost not find out too near a Resemblance between certain Characters here introduced; as for Instance, between the Landlady who appears in the Seventh Book, and her in the Ninth. Thou art to know, Friend, that there are certain Characteristics, in which most Individuals of every Profession and Occupation agree. To be able to preserve these Characteristics, and at the same Time to diversify their Operations, is one Talent of a good Writer. Again, to mark the nice Distinction between two Persons actuated by the same Vice or Folly is another; and as this last Talent is found in very few Writers, so is the true Discernment of it found in as few Readers; though, I believe, the Observation of this forms a very principal Pleasure in those who are capable of the Discovery: Every Person, for Instance, can distinguish between Sir *Epicure Mammon*, and Sir *Fopling Flutter*; but to note the Difference between Sir *Fopling Flut-*

ter and *Sir Courtly Nice*, requires a more exquisite Judgment : For want of which, vulgar Spectators of Plays very often do great Injustice in the Theatre ; where I have sometimes known a Poet in Danger of being convicted as a Thief, upon much worse Evidence than the Resemblance of Hands hath been held to be in the Law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous Widow on the Stage would run the Hazard of being condemned as a servile Imitation of *Dido*, but that happily very few of our Play-house Critics understand enough of *Latin* to read *Virgil*.

In the next Place, we must admonish thee, my worthy Friend, (for, perhaps, thy Heart may be better than thy Head) not to condemn a Character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one. If thou dost delight in these Models of Perfection, there are Books enow written to gratify thy Taste ; but as we have not, in the Course of our Conversation, ever happened to meet with any such Person, we have not chosen to introduce any such here. To say the Truth, I a little question whether mere Man ever arrived at this consummate Degree of Excellence, as well

as

as whether there hath ever existed a Monster bad enough to verify that

— *nulla virtute redemptum*

A vitis — *

in *Juvenal*: Nor do I, indeed, conceive the good Purposes served by inserting Characters of such angelic Perfection, or such diabolical Depravity, in any Work of Invention: Since from contemplating either, the Mind of Man is more likely to be overwhelmed with Sorrow and Shame, than to draw any good Uses from such Patterns; for in the former Instance he may be both concerned and ashamed to see a Pattern of Excellence, in his Nature, which he may reasonably despair of ever arriving at; and in contemplating the latter, he may be no less affected with those uneasy Sensations, at seeing the Nature, of which he is a Partaker, degraded into so odious and detestable a Creature.

In Fact, if there be enough of Goodness in a Character to engage the Admiration and Affection of a well-disposed Mind, though there should appear some of those little Blemishes, *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raise our Compassion ra-

* Whose Vices are not allayed with a single Virtue?

ther than our Abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral Use than the Imperfections which are seen in Examples of this Kind; since such form a Kind of Surprize, more apt to affect and dwell upon our Minds, than the Faults of very vicious and wicked Persons. The Foibles and Vices of Men in whom there is great Mixture of Good, become more, glaring Objects, from the Virtues which contrast them, and shew their Deformity; and when we find such Vices attended with their evil Consequence to our favourite Characters, we are not only taught to shun them for our own Sake, but to hate them for the Mischiefs they have already brought on those we love.

And now, my Friend, having given you these few Admonitions, we will, if you please, once more set forward with our History.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

*Containing the Arrival of an Irish Gentleman,
with very extraordinary Adventures which
ensued at the Inn.*

NOW the little trembling Hare, whom the Dread of all her numerous Enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous Animal Man, had confined all the Day to her Lurking-place, sports wantonly o'er the Lawns: Now on some hollow Tree the Owl, shrill Chorister of the Night, hoots forth Notes which might charm the Ears of some modern Conoisseurs in Music: Now in the Imagination of the half-drunk Clown, as he staggers through the Church-yard, or rather Charnel-yard, to his Home, Fear paints the bloody Hobgoblin: Now Thieves and Ruffians are awake, and honest Watchmen fast asleep: In plain *English*, it was now Midnight; and the Company at the Inn, as well those who have been already mentioned in this History, as some others who arrived in the Evening, were all in Bed. *Susan* Chambermaid, was now only stirring, she being obliged to wash the Kitchin, before

He retired to the Arms of the fond, expecting Ostler.

In this Posture were Affairs at the Inn, when a Gentleman arrived there Post. He immediately alighted from his Horse, and coming up to *Susan*, enquired of her, in a very abrupt and confused Manner, being almost out of Breath with Eagerness, whether there was any Lady in the House. The Hour of Night, and the Behaviour of the Man, who stared very wildly all the Time, a little surprized *Susan*, so that she hesitated before she made any Answer: Upon which the Gentleman, with redoubled Eagerness, begg'd her to give him a true Information, saying, he had lost his Wife, and was come in Pursuit of her.

‘ Upon my Shoul, cries he, I have been
 ‘ near catching her already in two or three
 ‘ Places, if I had not found her gone just
 ‘ as I came up with her.

‘ If she be in the House, do carry me
 ‘ up in the Dark and shew her to me; and
 ‘ if she be gone away before me, do tell
 ‘ me which Way I shall go after her to
 ‘ meet her, and upon my Shoul, I will
 ‘ make you the richest poor Woman in
 ‘ the Nation.’ He then pulled out a
 Hand-

Handful of Guineas, a Sight which would have bribed Persons of much greater Consequence than this poor Wench, to much worse Purposes.

Susan, from the Account she had received of Mrs. *Waters*, made not the least Doubt but that she was the very identical Stray whom the right Owner pursued. As she concluded, therefore, with great Appearance of Reason, that she never could get Money in an honest Way than by restoring a Wife to her Husband, she made no Scruple of assuring the Gentleman, that the Lady he wanted was then in the House, and was presently afterward prevailed upon (by very liberal Promises, and some Earnest paid into her Hands) to conduct him to the Bed-chamber of Mrs. *Waters*.

It hath been a Custom long established in the polite World, and that upon very solid and substantial Reasons, that a Husband shall never enter his Wife's Apartment without first knocking at the Door. The many excellent Uses of this Custom need scarce be hinted to a Reader who hath any Knowledge of the World: For by this Means the Lady hath Time to adjust herself, or to remove any disagreeable

Object out of the Way; for there are some Situations, in which nice and delicate Women would not be discovered by their Husbands.

To say the Truth, there are several Ceremonies instituted among the polished Part of Mankind, which, tho' they may, to coarser Judgments, appear as Matters of mere Form, are found to have much of Substance in them, by the more discerning; and lucky would it have been, had the Custom abovementioned been observed by our Gentleman in the present Instance. Knock, indeed, he did at the Door, but not with one of those gentle Raps which is usual on such Occasions. On the contrary, when he found the Door locked, he flew at it with such Violence, that the Lock immediately gave Way, the Door burst open, and he fell headlong into the Room.

He had no sooner recovered his Legs, than forth from the Bed, upon his Legs likewise appeared—with Shame and Sorrow are we obliged to proceed——our Heroe himself, who, with a menacing Voice, demanded of the Gentleman who he was, and what he meant by daring to burst open

open his Chamber in that outrageous Manner.

The Gentleman at first thought he had committed a Mistake, and was going to ask Pardon and retreat, when, on a sudden, as the Moon shone very bright, he cast his Eyes on Stays, Gowns, Petticoats, Caps, Ribbons, Stockings, Garters, Shoes, Clogs, &c. all which lay in a disordered Manner on the Floor. All these operating on the natural Jealousy of his Temper, so enraged him, that he lost all Power of Speech; and without returning any Answer to *Jones*, he endeavoured to approach the Bed.

Jones immediately interposing, a fierce Contention arose, which soon proceeded to Blows on both Sides. And now *Mrs. Waters* (for we must confess she was in the same Bed) being, I suppose, awakened from her Sleep, and seeing two Men fighting in her Bed-chamber, began to scream in the most violent Manner, crying out Murder! Robbery! and more frequently Rape! which last, some, perhaps, may wonder she should mention, who do not consider that these Words of Exclamation are used by Ladies in a Fright, as Fa, la, la, ra, da, &c. are in Music, only

as the Vehicles of Sound, and without any fixed Ideas.

Next to the Lady's Chamber was deposited the Body of an *Irish* Gentleman, who arrived too late at the Inn to have been mentioned before. This Gentleman was one of those whom the *Irish* call a Calabalaro, or Cavalier. He was a younger Brother of a good Family, and having no Fortune at Home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one: For which Purpose he was proceeding to the *Bath* to try his Luck with Cards and the Women.

This young Fellow lay in Bed reading one of Mrs. *Behn's* Novels; for he had been instructed by a Friend, that he would find no more effectual Method of recommending himself to the Ladies than the improving his Understanding, and filling his Mind with good Literature. He no sooner, therefore, heard the violent Up-roar in the next Room, than he leapt from his Bolster, and taking his Sword in one Hand, and the Candle which burnt by him in the other, he went directly to Mrs. *Waters's* Chamber.

If the Sight of another Man in his Shirt at first added some Shock to the Decency of the Lady, it made her presently Amends by considerably abating her Fears ; for no sooner had the Calabaro enter'd the Room, than he cry'd out : ‘ Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, what the ‘ Devil is the *Maning* of this ?’ Upon which the other immediately answered, ‘ O, Mr. *Macklachlan*, I am rejoiced you ‘ are here, — This Villain hath debauched ‘ my Wife, and is got into Bed with ‘ her.’ — ‘ What Wife ?’ cries *Macklachlan*, ‘ do not I know Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* very well, ‘ and don’t I see that the Lady, whom the ‘ Gentleman who stands here in his Shirt is ‘ lying in Bed with, is none of her ?’

Fitzpatrick now perceiving, as well by the Glimpse he had of the Lady, as by her Voice, which might have been distinguished at a greater Distance than he now stood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate Mistake, began to ask many Pardons of the Lady ; and then turning to *Jones* he said, ‘ I would have you take Notice I do ‘ not ask your Pardon, for you have *bate* ‘ me ; for which I am resolved to have ‘ your Blood in the Morning.’

Jones

Jones treated this Menace with much Contempt; and Mr. *Macklachlan* answered, 'Indeed, Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, you may be ashamed of your ownself, to disturb People at this Time of Night: If all the People in the Inn were not asleep, you would have awakened them as you have me. The Gentleman has served you very rightly. Upon my Conscience, tho' I have no Wife, if you had treated her so, I would have cut your Throat.'

Jones was so confounded with his Fears for his Lady's Reputation, that he knew neither what to say or do; but the Invention of Women is, as hath been observed, much readier than that of Men. She recollected that there was a Communication between her Chamber and that of Mr. *Jones*; relying, therefore, on his Honour and her own Assurance, she answered, 'I know not what you mean, Villains! I am Wife to none of you. Help! Rape! Murder! Rape!'—And now the Landlady coming into the Room, Mrs. *Waters* fell upon her with the utmost Virulence, saying, 'She thought herself in a sober Inn, and not in a Bawdy-House; but that a Set of Villains had broke into her Room,

‘ Room, with an Intent upon her Honour,
 ‘ if not upon her Life ; and both, she said,
 ‘ were equally dear to her.’

The Landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor Woman in Bed had done before. She cry’d, ‘ She was undone, and that the Reputation of her House, which was never blown upon before, was utterly destroyed.’ Then turning to the Men, she cry’d, ‘ What, in the Devil’s Name, is the Reason of all this Disturbance in the Lady’s Room ?’ *Fitzpatrick*, hanging down his Head, repeated, ‘ that he had committed a Mistake, for which he heartily asked Pardon,’ and then retired with his Countryman. *Jones*, who was too ingenious to have missed the Hint given him by his Fair One, boldly asserted, ‘ That he had run to her Assistance upon hearing the Door broke open ; with what Design he could not conceive, unless of robbing the Lady ; which if they intended, he said, he had had the good Fortune to prevent.’ ‘ I never had a Robbery committed in my House since I have kept it,’ cries the Landlady : ‘ I wou’d have you to know, Sir, I harbour no Highwaymen here ; I scorn the Word, tho’ I say it. None but honest, good Gentlesfolks,

‘ tlefolks, are welcome to my House ; and,
‘ I thank good Luck, I have always had
‘ enow of such Customers ; indeed as many
‘ as I could entertain. Here hath been my
‘ Lord——’ and then she repeated over a
Catalogue of Names and Titles, many of
which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a
Breach of Privilege by inserting.

Jones, after much Patience, at length interrupted her, by making an Apology to *Mrs. Waters*, for having appeared before her in his Shirt, assuring her, ‘ That nothing but a Concern for her Safety could
‘ have prevailed on him to do it.’ The Reader may inform himself of her Answer, and, indeed, of her whole Behaviour to the End of the Scene, by considering the Situation which she affected, being that of a modest Lady, who was awakened out of her Sleep by three strange Men in her Chamber. This was the Part which she undertook to perform ; and, indeed, she executed it so well, that none of our Theatrical Actresses could exceed her, in any of their Performances, either on or off the Stage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an Argument, to prove how extremely

ly natural Virtue is to the Fair Sex : For tho' there is not, perhaps, one in ten thousand who is capable of making a good Actress ; and even among these we rarely see two who are equally able to personate the same Character ; yet this of Virtue they can all admirably well put on ; and as well those Individuals who have it not, as those who possess it, can all act it to the utmost Degree of Perfection.

When the Men were all departed, Mrs. *Waters* recovering from her Fear, recovered likewise from her Anger, and spoke in much gentler Accents to the Landlady, who did not so readily quit her Concern for the Reputation of the House, in Favour of which she began again to number the many great Persons who had slept under her Roof ; but the Lady stopt her short, and having absolutely acquitted her of having had any Share in the past Disturbance, begged to be left to her Repose, which, she said, she hoped to enjoy unmolested during the Remainder of the Night. Upon which the Landlady, after much Civility, and many Curt'sies, took her Leave.

C H A P. III.

A Dialogue between the Landlady, and Susan the Chambermaid, proper to be read by all Innkeepers, and their Servants; with the Arrival, and affable Behaviour of a beautiful young Lady; which may teach Persons of Condition how they may acquire the Love of the whole World.

THE Landlady remembering that Susan had been the only Person out of Bed when the Door was burst open, resorted presently to her, to enquire into the first Occasion of the Disturbance, as well as who the strange Gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

Susan related the whole Story which the Reader knows already, varying the Truth only in some Circumstances, as she saw convenient, and totally concealing the Money which she had received. But whereas her Mistress had in the Preface to her Enquiry spoken much in Compassion for the Fright which the Lady had been in concerning any intended Depredations on her Virtue, Susan could not help endeavouring to quiet the Concern which her Mistress seemed

seemed to be under on that Account, by swearing heartily she saw *Jones* leap out from her Bed.

The Landlady fell into a violent Rage at these Words. ‘A likely Story truly,’ cried she, ‘that a Woman should cry out, and endeavour to expose herself, if that was the Case! I desire to know what better Proof any Lady can give of her Virtue than her crying out, which, I believe, twenty People can witness for her she did?’ ‘I beg, Madam, you would spread no such Scandal of any of my Guests: For it will not only reflect on them, but upon the House; and I am sure no Vagabonds, nor wicked beggarly People come here.’

‘Well,’ says *Susan*, ‘then I must not believe my own Eyes.’ ‘No, indeed must you not always,’ answered her Mistress, ‘I would not have believed my own Eyes against such good Gentlefolks. I have not had a better Supper ordered this half Year than they ordered last Night, and so easy and good-humoured were they, that they found no Fault with my *Worcestershire* Perry, which I sold them for *Champaigne*; and to be sure it is as well tasted, and as wholesome as the best *Cham-*
pagne

‘ *pagne* in the Kingdom, otherwise I would
‘ scorn to give it ’em, and they drank me
‘ two Bottles. No, no, I will never be-
‘ lieve any Harm of such sober good
‘ Sort of People.

Susan being thus silenced, her Mistress
proceeded to other Matters. ‘ And so you
‘ tell me,’ continued she, ‘ That the
‘ strange Gentleman came Post, and there
‘ is a Footman without with the Horses;
‘ why then, he is certainly some of your
‘ great Gentlesfolks too. Why did not you
‘ ask him whether he’d have any Supper?
‘ I think he is in the other Gentleman’s
‘ Room, go up and ask whether he called.
‘ Perhaps he’ll order something when he
‘ finds any Body stirring in the House to
‘ dress it. Now don’t commit any of your
‘ usual Blunders, by telling him the Fire’s
‘ out, and the Fowls alive. And if he
‘ should order Mutton, don’t blab out, that
‘ we have none. The Butcher, I know,
‘ killed a Sheep just before I went to Bed,
‘ and he never refuses to cut it up warm
‘ when I desire it. Go, remember there’s
‘ all Sorts of Mutton and Fowls; go, open
‘ the Door, with, *Gentlemen d’ye call*, and
‘ if they say nothing, ask what his Honour
‘ will be pleased to have for Supper. Don’t
‘ forget

‘ forget his Honour. Go ; if you don’t
‘ mind all these Matters better, you’ll never
‘ come to any Thing.

Susan departed, and soon returned with an Account, that the two Gentlemen were got both into the same Bed. ‘ Two Gentlemen,’ says the Landlady, ‘ in the same Bed ! that’s
‘ impossible, they are two errant Scrubs,
‘ I warrant them, and, I believe, young
‘ Squire *Allworthy* guessed right, that the
‘ Fellow intended to rob her Ladyship :
‘ For if he had broke open the Lady’s
‘ Door with any of the wicked Designs of a
‘ Gentleman, he would never have sneaked
‘ away to another Room to save the Ex-
‘ pence of a Supper and a Bed to himself.
‘ They are certainly Thieves, and their
‘ searching after a Wife is nothing but a
‘ Pretence.

In these Censures, my Landlady did Mr. *Fitzpatrick* great Injustice ; for he was really born a Gentleman, though not worth a Groat ; and tho’, perhaps, he had some few Blemishes in his Heart as well as in his Head, yet being a sneaking, or a niggardly Fellow, was not one of them. In reality, he was so generous a Man, that whereas he had received a very handsome Fortune
with

with his Wife, he had now spent every Penny of it, except some little Pittance which was settled upon her; and in order to possess himself of this, he had used her with such Cruelty, that together with his Jealousy, which was of the bitterest Kind, it had forced the poor Woman to run away from him.

This Gentleman then being well tired with his long Journey from *Chester* in one Day, with which, and some good dry Blows he had received in the Scuffle, his Bones were so sore, that added to the Soreness of his Mind, it had quite deprived him of any Appetite for eating. And being now so violently disappointed in the Woman, whom at the Maid's Instance, he had mistaken for his Wife, it never once entered into his Head, that she might nevertheless be in the House, though he had erred in the first Person he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the Dissuasions of his Friend from searching any farther after her that Night, and accepted the kind Offer of Part of his Bed.

The Footman and Post-boy were in a different Disposition. They were more ready to order than the Landlady was to pro-

provide ; however, after being pretty well satisfied by them of the real Truth of the Case, and that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was no Thief, she was at length prevailed on to set some cold Meat before them, which they were devouring with great Greediness, when *Partridge* came into the Kitchen. He had been first awaked by the Hurry which we have before seen, and while he was endeavouring to compose himself again on his Pillow, a Screech-Owl had given him such a Serenade at his Window, that he leapt in a most horrible Affright from his Bed, and huddling on his Cloaths with great Expedition, ran down to the Protection of the Company, whom he heard talking below in the Kitchen.

His Arrival detained my Landlady from returning to her Rest : For she was just about to leave the other two Guests to the Care of *Susan* ; but the Friend of young Squire *Allworthy* was not to be so neglected, especially as he called for a Pint of Wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the same Quantity of Perry to the Fire: For this readily answered to the Name of every Kind of Wine.

The *Irish* Footman was retired to Bed, and the Post-boy was going to follow ; but
Par-

Partridge invited him to stay, and partake of his Wine, which the Lad very thankfully accepted. The Schoolmaster was indeed afraid to return to Bed by himself; and as he did not know how soon he might lose the Company of my Landlady, he was resolved to secure that of the Boy, in whose Presence he apprehended no Danger from the Devil, or any of his Adherents.

And now arrived another Post-Boy at the Gate; upon which *Susan* being ordered out, returned, introducing two young Women in Riding-habits, one of which was so very richly laced, that *Partridge* and the Post-boy instantly started from their Chairs, and my Landlady fell to her Curt'sies, and her Ladyships, with great Eagerness.

The Lady in the rich Habit said, with a Smile of great Condescension, 'If you will give me Leave, Madam, I will warm myself a few Minutes at your Kitchin Fire, for it is really very cold; but I must insist on disturbing no one from their Seats.' This was spoken on account of *Partridge*, who had retreated to the other End of the Room, struck with the utmost Awe and Astonishment at the Splendor of the Lady's Dress. Indeed she had a much better Title to Respect

spect than this : For she was one of the most beautiful Creatures in the World.

The Lady earnestly desired *Partridge* to return to his Seat, but could not prevail. She then pulled off her Gloves, and displayed two Hands, which had every Property in them, except that of melting, to the Fire. Her Companion, who was indeed her Maid, likewise pulled off her Gloves, and discovered what bore an exact Resemblance, in Cold and Colour, to a Piece of frozen Beef.

‘ I wish, Madam,’ quoth the latter, ‘ your Ladyship would not think of going any farther to Night. I am terribly afraid your Ladyship will not be able to bear the Fatigue.’

‘ Why sure,’ cries the Landlady, ‘ her Ladyship’s Honour can never intend it. O blefs me, farther to Night indeed ! Let me beseech your Ladyship not to think on’t,——But to be sure, your Ladyship can’t. What will your Honour be pleased to have for Supper ? I have Mutton of all Kinds, and some nice Chicken.’—

‘ I think, Madam,’ said the Lady, ‘ it
‘ would be rather Breakfast than Supper ;
‘ but I can’t eat any Thing, and if I stay,
‘ shall only lie down for an Hour or two.
‘ However, if you please, Madam, you
‘ may get me a little Sack-whey made
‘ very small and thin.

‘ Yes, Madam,’ cries the Mistress of the
House, ‘ I have some excellent White-
‘ wine. ‘ You have no Sack then,’ says
the Lady.’ ‘ Yes, an’t please your Ho-
‘ nour, I have ; I may challenge the Coun-
‘ try for that—But let me beg your La-
‘ dyship to eat something.

‘ Upon my Word, I can’t eat a Morfel,’
answered the Lady ; ‘ and I shall be much
‘ obliged to you, if you will please to get my
‘ Apartment ready as soon as possible : For
‘ I am resolved to be on Horseback again in
‘ three Hours.

‘ Why Susan,’ cries the Landlady, ‘ is
‘ there a Fire lit yet in the *Wild-goose* ?—
‘ I am sorry, Madam, all my best Rooms
‘ are full. Several People of the first Qua-
‘ lity are now in Bed. Here’s a great young
‘ Squire,

‘ Squire, and a many other great Gentle-
 ‘ folks of Quality.

Susan answered, ‘ That the *Irish* Gentle-
 ‘ men were got into the *Wild-goose*.

‘ Was ever any Thing like it,’ says the
 Mistress! ‘ why the Devil would you not
 ‘ keep some of the best Rooms for the Qua-
 ‘ lity, when you know scarce a Day passes
 ‘ without some calling here? — If they be
 ‘ Gentlemen, I am certain, when they know
 ‘ it is for her Ladyship, they will get up
 ‘ again.

‘ Not upon my Account,’ says the Lady.
 ‘ I will have no Person disturbed for me.
 ‘ If you have a Room that is commonly
 ‘ decent, it will serve me very well, though
 ‘ it be never so plain. I beg, Madam, you
 ‘ will not give yourself so much Trouble
 ‘ on my Account. O, Madam,’ cries the
 other, ‘ I have several very good Rooms
 ‘ for that Matter, but none good enough
 ‘ for your Honour’s Ladyship. However,
 ‘ as you are so condescending to take up
 ‘ with the best I have, do, *Susan*, get a
 ‘ Fire in the *Rose* this Minute. Will your
 ‘ Ladyship be pleased to go up now, or
 ‘ stay till the Fire is lighted? I think, I

‘ have sufficiently warmed myself,’ answered the Lady, ‘ so if you please I will go now ; I am afraid I have kept People, and particularly that Gentleman (meaning *Partridge*) too long in the Cold already. Indeed I cannot bear to think of keeping any Person from the Fire this dreadful Weather.’ She then departed with her Maid, the Landlady marching with two lighted Candles before her.

When that good Woman returned, the Conversation in the Kitchen was all upon the Charms of the young Lady. There is indeed in perfect Beauty a Power which none almost can withstand : For my Landlady, though she was not pleased at the Negative given to the Supper, declared she had never seen so lovely a Creature. *Partridge* ran out into the most extravagant Encomiums on her Face, though he could not refrain from paying some Compliments to the Gold Lace on her Habit ; the Post-boy sung forth the Praises of her Goodness, which were likewise echoed by the other Post-boy, who was now come in. ‘ She’s a true good Lady, I warrant her,’ says he : ‘ For she hath Mercy upon dumb Creatures ; for she asked me every now and tan upon the Journey, if I did not think she

‘ she should hurt the Horses by riding too
 ‘ fast; and when she came in, she charged
 ‘ me to give them as much Corn as ever
 ‘ they would eat.

Such Charms are there in Affability, and so sure is it to attract the Praises of all Kinds of People. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. *Hussy* *. It is equally sure to set off every Female Perfection to the highest Advantage, and to palliate and conceal every Defect. A short Reflection which we could not forbear making in this Place, where my Reader hath seen the Loveliness of an affable Deportment; and Truth will now oblige us to contrast it, by shewing the Reverse.

C H A P. IV.

Containing infallible Nostrums for procuring universal Disesteem and Hatred.

THE Lady had no sooner laid herself on her Pillow, than the Waiting-woman returned to the Kitchen to regale

*A celebrated Mantua-maker in the *Strand*, famous for setting off the Shapes of Women.

with some of those Dainties which her Mistress had refused.

The Company at her Entrance, shewed her the same Respect which they had before paid to her Mistress, by rising; but she forgot to imitate her, by desiring them to sit down again. Indeed it was scarce possible they should have done so: For she placed her Chair in such a Posture, as almost to occupy the whole Fire. She then ordered a Chicken to be broiled that Instant, declaring if it was not ready in a Quarter of an Hour, she would not stay for it. Now tho' the said Chicken was then at Roost in the Stable, and required the several Ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was brought to the Grid-iron, my Landlady would nevertheless have undertaken to do all within the Time; but the Guest being unfortunately admitted behind the Scenes, must have been Witness to the *Fourberie*, the poor Woman was therefore obliged to confess that she had none in the House; but, Madam, said she, 'I can get any kind of Mutton in an Instant from the Butcher's.

'Do you think then,' answered the Waiting-Gentlewoman, 'that I have the Stomach

‘ mach of a Horse to eat Mutton at this
 ‘ Time of Night ? Sure you People that
 ‘ keep Inns imagine your Betters are like
 ‘ yourselves. Indeed I expected to get
 ‘ nothing at this wretched Place. I wonder
 ‘ my Lady would stop at it. I suppose
 ‘ none but Tradesmen and Grasiers ever
 ‘ call here.’ The Landlady fired at this
 Indignity offered to her House ; however
 she suppressed her Temper, and content-
 ed herself with saying, ‘ Very good Qua-
 ‘ lity frequented it, she thanked Heaven !’
 ‘ Don’t tell me,’ cries the other, ‘ of Qua-
 ‘ lity ! I believe I know more of People of
 ‘ Quality than such as you.—But, prithee,
 ‘ without troubling me with any of your
 ‘ Impertinence, do tell me what I can
 ‘ have for Supper ; for tho’ I cannot eat
 ‘ Horse-flesh, I am really hungry.’ ‘ Why
 ‘ truly, Madam,’ answered the Landlady,
 ‘ you could not have taken me again at
 ‘ such a Disadvantage : For I must con-
 ‘ fess, I have nothing in the House, un-
 ‘ less a cold Piece of Beef, which indeed
 ‘ a Gentleman’s Footman, and the Post-
 ‘ boy, have almost cleared to the Bone.’
 ‘ Woman, said Mrs. *Abigail* (so for Short-
 ‘ ness we will call her) I intreat you not
 ‘ to make me sick. If I had fasted a
 ‘ Month, I could not eat what had been

‘ touched by the Fingers of such Fellows:
‘ Is there nothing neat or decent to be
‘ had in this horrid Place?’ ‘ What think
‘ you of some Eggs and Bacon, Madam,’
‘ said the Landlady. ‘ Are your Eggs new
‘ laid? Are you certain they were laid To-
‘ day? And let me have the Bacon cut
‘ very nice and thin; for I can’t endure
‘ any Thing that’s gross.——Prithee try
‘ if you can do a little tolerably for once,
‘ and don’t think you have a Farmer’s
‘ Wife, or some of those Creatures in the
‘ House.’—The Landlady begun then to
handle her Knife; but the other stopt
her, saying, ‘ Good Woman, I must in-
‘ sist upon your first washing your Hands;
‘ for I am extremely nice, and have been
‘ always used from my Cradle to have eve-
‘ ry thing in the most elegant Manner.

The Landlady, who governed herself with much Difficulty, began now the necessary Preparations; for as to *Susan*, she was utterly rejected, and with such Disdain, that the poor Wench was as hard put to it, to restrain her Hands from Violence, as her Mistress had been to hold her Tongue. This indeed *Susan* did not entirely: For tho’ she literally kept it within her ‘Teeth,’ yet there it muttered many ‘marry-come-ups,

‘ as good Flesh and Blood as yourself,’ with other such indignant Phrases.

While the Supper was preparing, Mrs. *Abigail* began to lament she had not ordered a Fire in the Parlour ; but she said, that was now too late. ‘ However, said she, ‘ I ‘ have Novelty to recommend a Kitchen, for ‘ I do not believe I ever eat in one before.’ Then turning to the Post-boys, she asked them, ‘ Why they were not in the Stable ‘ with their Horses? If I must eat my ‘ hard Fare here, Madam,’ cries she to the Landlady, ‘ I beg the Kitchen may be kept ‘ clear, that I may not be surrounded with ‘ all the Black-guards in Town ; as for you, ‘ Sir,’ says she to *Partridge*, ‘ you look ‘ somewhat like a Gentleman, and may sit ‘ still if you please, I don’t desire to disturb ‘ any body but Mob.

‘ Yes, yes, Madam,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ I ‘ am a Gentleman, I do assure you, and I ‘ am not so easily to be disturbed. *Non ‘ semper vox causalis est verbo nominativus.* This *Latin* she took to be some Affront, and answered, ‘ You may be a Gentleman, ‘ Sir, but you don’t shew yourself as one, ‘ to talk *Latin* to a Woman.’ *Partridge* made a gentle Reply, and concluded with

more *Latin* ; upon which she tossed up her Nose, and contented herself by abusing him with the Name of a great Scholar.

The Supper being now on the Table, Mrs. *Abigail* eat very heartily, for so delicate a Person ; and while a second Course of the same was by her Order preparing, she said, ' And so, Madam, you tell me your House is frequented by People of great Quality ?'

The Landlady answered in the Affirmative, saying, ' There were a great many very good Quality and Gentlefolks in it now. There's young Squire *Allworthy*, as that Gentleman there knows.

' And pray who is this young Gentleman of Quality, this young Squire *Allworthy* ?' said *Abigail*.

' Who should he be,' answered *Partridge*, ' but the Son and Heir of the great Squire *Allworthy* of *Somersetshire*.

' Upon my Word,' said she, ' you tell me strange News : For I know Mr. *Allworthy* of *Somersetshire* very well, and I know he hath no Son alive.

The

The Landlady pricked her Ears at this, and *Partridge* looked a little confounded. However, after a short Hesitation, he answered, ‘ Indeed, Madam, it is true, every body doth not know him to be Squire *Allworthby*’s Son ; for he was never married to his Mother ; but his Son he certainly is, and will be his Heir too as certainly as his Name is *Jones*.’ At that Word, *Abigail* let drop the Bacon, which she was conveying to her Mouth, and cried out, ‘ You surprize me, Sir. Is it possible Mr. *Jones* should be now in the House ?’ ‘ *Quare non ?*’ answered *Partridge*, ‘ it is possible, and it is certain.’

Abigail now made Haste to finish the Remainder of her Meal, and then repaired back to her Mistress, when the Conversation passed, which may be read in the next Chapter.

C H A P. V.

*Shewing who the amiable Lady, and her un-
amiable Maid, were.*

AS in the Month of *June*, the Damask
Rose, which Chance hath planted
among the Lillies with their candid Hue
mixes his Vermilion : Or, as some play-
some Heifer in the pleasant Month of *May*
diffuses her odoriferous Breath over the
flowery Meadows : Or as, in the blooming
Month of *April*, the gentle, constant Dove,
perched on some fair Bough, sits medi-
tating her Mate ; so looking a hundred
Charms, and breathing as many Sweets, her
Thoughts being fixed on her *Tommy*, with
a Heart as good and innocent, as her Face
was beautiful : *Sophia* (for it was she her-
self) lay reclining her lovely Head on her
Hand, when her Maid entered the Room,
and running directly to the Bed, cried, Ma-
dam—Madam—who doth your Lady-
ship think is in the House ? *Sophia* start-
ing up, cried, ‘ I hope my Father hath
not overtaken us.’ ‘ No, Madam, it is
one worth a hundred Fathers ; Mr. *Jones*
himself is here at this very Instant.’
‘ Mr. *Jones* !’ says *Sophia*, ‘ it is impossible,

‘ I

‘ I cannot be so fortunate.’ Her Maid averred the Fact, and was presently detached by her Mistress to order him to be called ; for she said she was resolved to see him immediately.

Mrs. *Honour* had no sooner left the Kitchen in the Manner we have before seen, than the Landlady fell severely upon her. The poor Woman had indeed been loading her Heart with foul Language for some Time, and now it scoured out of her Mouth, as Filth doth from a Mud-Cart, when the Board which confines it is removed. *Partridge* likewise shovelled in his Share of Calumny ; and (what may surprize the Reader) not only bespattered the Maid, but attempted to sully the Lilly-white Character of *Sophia* herself. ‘ Never a Barrel the better Herring,’ cries he. ‘ *Noscitur a socio*, is a true Saying. It must be confessed indeed that the Lady in the fine Garments is the civiller of the two ; but I warrant neither of them are a Bit better than they should be. A Couple of *Bath* Trulls, I’ll answer for them ; your Quality don’t ride about at this Time o’ Night without Servants.’ ‘ Sboddikins, and that’s true,’ cries the Landlady, ‘ you have certainly hit upon the very Matter ; for Quality don’t come into a
‘ House

‘ House without bespeaking a Supper, whether they eat any or no.’

While they were thus discoursing, Mrs. Honour returned, and discharged her Commission, by bidding the Landlady immediately wake Mr. Jones, and tell him a Lady wanted to speak with him. The Landlady referred her to Partridge, saying, ‘ he was the Squire’s Friend ; but, for her Part, she never called Men Folks, especially Gentlemen,’ and then walked suddenly out of the Kitchen. Honour applied herself to Partridge ; but he refused ; ‘ For my Friend,’ cries he, ‘ went to Bed very late, and he would be very angry to be disturbed so soon.’ Mrs. Honour insisted still to have him called, saying, ‘ She was sure, instead of being angry, that he would be to the highest Degree delighted when he knew the Occasion.’ ‘ Another Time, perhaps, he might,’ cries Partridge ; ‘ but *non omnia possumus omnes*. One Woman is enough at once for a reasonable Man.’ ‘ What do you mean by one Woman, Fellow,’ cries Honour ? ‘ None of your Fellow,’ answered Partridge. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that Jones was in Bed with a Wench, and made use of an Expression too indelicate

indelicate to be here inserted ; which so enraged Mrs. *Honour*, that she called him saucy Jackanapes, and returned in a violent Hurry to her Mistress, whom she acquainted with the Success of her Errand, and with the Account she had received ; which, if possible, she exaggerated, being as angry with *Jones*, as if he had pronounced all the Words that came from the Mouth of *Partridge*. She discharged a Torrent of Abuse on the Master, and advised her Mistress to quit all Thoughts of a Man who had never shewn himself deserving of her. She then ripped up the Story of *Molly Seagrim*, and gave the most malicious Turn to his formerly quitting *Sophia* herself ; which, I must confess, the present Incident not a little countenanced.

The Spirits of *Sophia* were too much dissipated by Concern to enable her to stop the Torrent of her Maid. At last, however, she interrupted her, saying, ‘ I never can believe this ; some Villain hath belied him. ‘ You say you had it from his Friend ; but ‘ surely it is not the Office of a Friend to ‘ betray such Secrets.’ ‘ I suppose,’ cries *Honour*, ‘ the Fellow is his Pimp, for I ‘ never saw so ill-looking a Villain. Besides, ‘ such

‘such profligate Rakes as Mr. Jones are
‘never ashamed of these Matters.

To say the Truth, this Behaviour of Partridge was a little inexcusable; but he had not slept off the Effect of the Dose which he swallowed the Evening before; which had, in the Morning, received the Addition of above a Pint of Wine, or indeed rather of Malt Spirits; for the Perry was by no Means pure. Now that Part of his Head which Nature designed for the Reservoir of Drink, being very shallow, a small Quantity of Liquor overflowed it, and opened the Sluices of his Heart; so that all the Secrets there deposited run out. These Sluices were indeed naturally very ill secured. To give the best-natured Turn we can to his Disposition, he was a very honest Man; for as he was the most inquisitive of Mortals, and eternally prying into the Secrets of others, so he very faithfully paid them by communicating, in Return, every thing within his Knowledge.

While *Sophia* tormented with Anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what Resolution to take, *Susan* arrived with the Sack-Whey. Mrs. *Honour* immediately advised her Mistress, in a Whisper, to pump this
Wench,

Wench, who probably could inform her of the Truth. *Sophia* approved it, and began as follows: ‘Come hither, Child, now answer me truly what I am going to ask you, and I promise you I will very well reward you. Is there a young Gentleman in this House, a handsome young Gentleman that—Here *Sophia* blushed and was confounded—‘A young Gentleman,’ cries *Honour*, ‘that came hither in Company with that saucy Rascal who is now in the Kitchen?’ *Susan* answered, ‘There was’—‘Do you know any Thing of any Lady,’ continues *Sophia*, ‘any Lady?’ ‘I don’t ask you whether she is handsome or no; perhaps she is not, that’s nothing to the Purpose, but do you know of any Lady?’ ‘La, Madam,’ cries *Honour*, ‘you will make a very bad Examiner. Harkee, Child,’ says she, ‘Is not that very young Gentleman now in Bed with some nasty Trull or other?’ ‘Here *Susan* smiled, and was silent.’ ‘Answer the Question, Child,’ says *Sophia*, ‘and here’s a Guinea for you.’ ‘A Guinea! Madam,’ cries *Susan*; ‘La, what’s a Guinea? If my Mistress should know it, I shall certainly lose my Place that very Instant.’ ‘Here’s another for you,’ says *Sophia*, ‘and I promise you faithfully your
Mistress

‘Mistress shall never know it.’ *Susan*, after a very short Hesitation, took the Money, and told the whole Story, concluding with saying, ‘If you have a great Curiosity, ‘Madam, I can steal softly into his Room, ‘and see whether he be in his own Bed or ‘no.’ She according did this by *Sophia*’s Desire, and returned with an Answer in the Negative.

Sophia now trembled and turned pale. Mrs. Honour begged her to be comforted, and not to think any more of so worthless a Fellow. ‘Why there,’ says *Susan*, ‘I hope, ‘Madam, your Ladyship won’t be offend- ‘ed; but pray, Madam, is not your La- ‘dyship’s Name Madam *Sophia Western*?’ ‘How is it possible you should know me?’ answered *Sophia*. ‘Why that Man that ‘the Gentlewoman spoke of, who is in the ‘Kitchen, told about you last Night. But ‘I hope your Ladyship is not angry with ‘me.’ ‘Indeed, Child,’ said she, ‘I am ‘not; pray tell me all, and I promise you ‘I’ll reward you.’ ‘Why, Madam,’ continued *Susan*, ‘that Man told us all in the ‘Kitchen, that Madam *Sophia Western*— ‘Indeed I don’t know how to bring it out.’—Here she stopt, till having received Encouragement from *Sophia*, and being vehemently

mently pressed by Mrs. *Honour*, she proceeded thus :—‘ He told us, Madam, tho’
 ‘ to be sure it is all a Lie, that your Lady-
 ‘ ship was dying for Love of the young
 ‘ Squire, and that he was going to the
 ‘ Wars to get rid of you. I thought to
 ‘ myself then he was a false-hearted
 ‘ Wretch ; but now to see such a fine,
 ‘ rich, beautiful Lady as you be forsaken
 ‘ for such an ordinary Woman ; for to be
 ‘ sure so she is, and another Man’s Wife
 ‘ into the Bargain. It is such a strange
 ‘ unnatural thing, in a Manner.’

Sophia gave her a third Guinea, and telling her she would certainly be her Friend, if she mentioned nothing of what had passed, nor informed any one who she was, dismissed the Girl with Orders to the Post-Boy to get the Horses ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her Maid, she told her trusty Waiting-woman, ‘ That
 ‘ she never was more easy than at present.
 ‘ I am now convinced,’ said she, ‘ he is
 ‘ not only a Villain, but a low despicable
 ‘ Wretch. I can forgive all rather than
 ‘ his exposing my Name in so barbarous a
 ‘ Manner. That renders him the Object of
 ‘ my Contempt. Yes, *Honour*, I am now
 ‘ easy.

‘easy. I am indeed. I am very easy,’ and then she burst into a violent Flood of Tears.

After a short Interval, spent chiefly by *Sophia*, in crying and assuring her Maid that she was perfectly easy, *Susan* arrived with an Account that the Horses were ready, when a very extraordinary Thought suggested itself to our young Heroine, by which Mr. *Jones* would be acquainted with her having been at the Inn, in a Way, which, if any Sparks of Affection for her remained in him, would be some Punishment, at least, for his Faults.

The Reader will be pleased to remember a little Muff, which hath had the Honour of being more than once remembered already in this History. This Muff, ever since the Departure of Mr. *Jones*, had been the constant Companion of *Sophia* by Day, and her Bedfellow by Night, and this Muff she had at this very Instant upon her Arm; whence she took it off with great Indignation, and having writ her Name with her Pencil upon a Piece of Paper which she pinned to it, she bribed the Maid to convey it into the empty Bed of Mr. *Jones*, in which, if he did not find it, she charged her

her to take some Method of conveying it before his Eyes in the Morning.

Then having paid for what Mrs. Honour had eaten, in which Bill was included an Account for what she herself might have eaten, she mounted her Horse, and once more assuring her Companion that she was perfectly easy, continued her Journey.

CH A P. VI.

Containing, among other Things, the Ingenuity of Partridge, the Madnefs of Jones, and the Folly of Fitzpatrick.

IT was now past Five in the Morning, and other Company began to rise and come to the Kitchen, among whom were the Serjeant and the Coachman, who being thoroughly reconciled, made a Libation, or, in the *English* Phrase, drank a hearty Cup together.

In this Drinking nothing more remarkable happened, than the Behaviour of *Partridge*, who, when the Serjeant drank a Health to King *George*, repeated only the Word King: Nor could he be brought to

utter more: For tho' he was going to fight against his own Cause, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink against it.

Mr. *Jones* being now returned to his own Bed (but from whence he returned we must beg to be excused from relating) summoned *Partridge* from this agreeable Company, who, after a ceremonious Preface, having obtained leave to offer his Advice, delivered himself as follows:

‘ It is, Sir, an old Saying, and a true one, that a wise Man may sometimes learn Counsel from a Fool; I wish therefore I might be so bold as to offer you my Advice, which is to return home again, and leave these *Horrida Bella*, these bloody Wars, to Fellows who are contented to swallow Gunpowder, because they have nothing else to eat. Now every body knows your Honour wants for nothing at home; when that’s the Case, why should any Man travel abroad?’

‘ *Partridge*,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ thou art certainly a Coward, I wish therefore thou would’st return home thyself, and trouble me no more.’

‘ I

‘ I ask your Honour’s Pardon,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ I spoke on your Account more
‘ than my own ; for as to me, Heaven
‘ knows my Circumstances are bad enough,
‘ and I am so far from being afraid, that I
‘ value a Pistol, or a Blunderbuss, or any
‘ such Thing, no more than a Pop-gun.
‘ Every Man must die once, and what signifies the Manner how ; besides, perhaps,
‘ I may come off with the Loss only of an
‘ Arm or a Leg. I assure you, Sir, I was
‘ never less afraid in my Life ; and so if
‘ your Honour is resolved to go on, I am
‘ resolved to follow you. But, in that
‘ Case, I wish I might give my Opinion.
‘ To be sure it is a scandalous Way of travelling, for a great Gentleman like you
‘ to walk afoot. Now here are two or
‘ three good Horses in the Stable, which
‘ the Landlord will certainly make no
‘ Scruple of trusting you with ; but if he
‘ should, I can easily contrive to take
‘ them, and let the worst come to the
‘ worst, the King would certainly pardon
‘ you, as you are going to fight in his
‘ Cause.’

Now as the Honesty of *Partridge* was
equal to his Understanding, and both dealt

only in small Matters, he would never have attempted a Roguery of this Kind, had he not imagined it altogether safe; for he was one of those who have more Consideration of the Gallows than of the Fitness of Things; but, in Reality, he thought he might have committed this Felony without any Danger: For, besides that he doubted not but the Name of Mr. *Allworthy* would sufficiently quiet the Landlord, he conceived they should be altogether safe, whatever Turn Affairs might take; as *Jones*, he imagined, would have Friends enough on one Side, and as his Friends would as well secure him on the other.

When Mr. *Jones* found that *Partridge* was in earnest in this Proposal, he very severely rebuked him, and that in such bitter Terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and presently turned the Discourse to other Matters, saying, he believed they were then in a Bawdy house, and that he had with much ado prevented two Wenches from disturbing his Honour in the Middle of the Night. ‘Heyday!’ says he, ‘I believe they got into your Chamber whether I would or no, for here lies the Muff of one of them on the Ground.’ Indeed, as *Jones* returned to his Bed in the Dark,

Dark, he had never perceived the Muff on the Quilt, and in leaping into his Bed he had tumbled it on the Floor. This *Partridge* now took up, and was going to put into his Pocket, when *Jones* desired to see it. The Muff was so very remarkable, that our Heroe might possibly have recollected it without the Information annexed. But his Memory was not put to that hard Office, for at the same Instant he saw and read the Words *Sophia Western* upon the Paper which was pinned to it. His Looks now grew frantic in a Moment, and he eagerly cried out, ‘ Oh Heavens, how came this ‘ Muff here!’ ‘ I know no more than your ‘ Honour,’ cried *Partridge*; ‘ but I saw it ‘ upon the Arm of one of the Women who ‘ would have disturbed you, if I would ‘ have suffered them.’ ‘ Where are they?’ cries *Jones*, jumping out of Bed, and laying hold of his Clothes. ‘ Many Miles off, I ‘ believe, by this Time,’ said *Partridge*. And now *Jones*, upon further Enquiry, was sufficiently assured that the Bearer of this Muff was no other than the lovely *Sophia* herself.

The Behaviour of *Jones* on this Occasion. His Thoughts, his Looks, his Words, his Actions, were such as *Beggar all Description.*

tion. After many bitter Execrations on *Partridge*, and not fewer on himself, he ordered the poor Fellow, who was frightened out of his Wits, to run down and hire him Horses at any rate; and a very few Minutes afterwards, having shuffled on his Clothes, he hastened down Stairs to execute the Orders himself, which he had just before given.

But before we proceed to what passed on his Arrival in the Kitchen, it will be necessary to recur to what had there happened since *Partridge* had first left it on his Master's Summons.

The Serjeant was just marched off with his Party, when the two *Irish* Gentlemen arose, and came down Stairs; both complaining, that they had been so often waked by the Noises in the Inn, that they had never once been able to close their Eyes all Night.

The Coach, which had brought the young Lady and her Maid, and which, perhaps, the Reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned Coach belonging to Mr. King of *Bath*, one of the worthiest and honestest Men

Men that ever dealt in Horse-flesh, and whose Coaches we heartily recommend to all our Readers who travel that Road. By which Means they may, perhaps, have the Pleasure of riding in the very Coach, and being driven by the very Coachman, that is recorded in this History.

The Coachman having but two Passengers, and hearing Mr. *Maclachlan* was bound to *Bath*, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate Price. He was induced to this by the Report of the Ostler, who said, that the Horse which Mr. *Maclachlan* had hired from *Worcester*, would be much more pleased with returning to his Friends there, than to prosecute a long Journey; for that the said Horse was rather a two-legged than a four-legged Animal.

Mr. *Maclachlan* immediately closed with the Proposal of the Coachman, and, at the same Time, persuaded his Friend *Fitzpatrick* to accept of the fourth Place in the Coach. This Conveyance the Soreness of his Bones made more agreeable to him than a Horse, and being well assured of meeting with his Wife at *Bath*, he thought a little Delay would be of no Consequence.

Maclachlan, who was much the sharper Man of the two, no sooner heard that this Lady came from *Chester*, with the other Circumstances which he learned from the Ostler, than it came into his Head that she might possibly be his Friend's Wife; and presently acquainted him with this Suspicion, which had never once occurred to *Fitzpatrick* himself. To say the Truth, he was one of those Compositions which Nature makes up in too great a Hurry, and forgets to put any Brains in their Head.

Now it happens to this Sort of Men, as to bad Hounds, who never hit off a Fault themselves; but no sooner doth a Dog of Sagacity open his Mouth, than they immediately do the same, and without the Guide of any Scent, run directly forwards as fast as they are able. In the same Manner, the very Moment Mr. *Maclachlan* had mentioned his Apprehension, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* instantly concurred, and flew directly up Stairs to surprize his Wife before he knew where she was; and unluckily (as Fortune loves to play Tricks with those Gentlemen who put themselves entirely under her Conduct) ran his Head against several Doors and Posts to no Purpose. Much kinder

kinder was she to me, when she suggested that Simile of the Hounds, just before inserted, since the poor Wife may, on these Occasions, be so justly compared to a hunted Hare. Like that little wretched Animal she pricks up her Ears to listen after the Voice of her Pursuer ; like her, flies away trembling when she hears it ; and like her, is generally overtaken and destroyed in the End.

This was not however the Case at present ; for after a long fruitless Search, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* returned to the Kitchen, where, as if this had been a real Chace, entered a Gentleman hallowing as Hunters do when the Hounds are at a Fault. He was just alighted from his Horse, and had many Attendants at his Heels.

Here, Reader, it may be necessary to acquaint thee with some Matters, which, if thou dost know already, thou art wiser than I take thee to be. And this Information thou shalt receive in the next Chapter.

C H A P. VII.

*In which are concluded the Adventures that
happened at the Inn at Upton.*

IN the first Place then, this Gentleman just arrived was no other Person than Squire *Western* himself, who was come hither in Pursuit of his Daughter; and had he fortunately been two Hours earlier, he had not only found her, but his Neice into the Bargain; for such was the Wife of Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, who had run away with her five Years before, out of the Custody of that sage Lady *Madam Western*.

Now this Lady had departed from the Inn much about at the same Time with *Sophia*: For having been waked by the Voice of her Husband, she had sent up for the Landlady, and being by her apprized of the Matter, had bribed the good Woman, at an extravagant Price, to furnish her with Horses for her Escape. Such Prevalence had Money in this Family; and tho' the Mistress would have turned away her Maid for a corrupt Hussy, if she had known as much as the Reader, yet she was

was no more Proof against Corruption herself than poor *Susan* had been.

Mr. *Western* and his Nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any Notice of the latter, if he had known him; for this being a stolen Match, and consequently an unnatural one in the Opinion of the good Squire, he had, from the Time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young Creature, who was then no more than Eighteen, as a Monster, and had never since suffered her to be named in his Presence.

The Kitchen was now a Scene of universal Confusion, *Western* enquiring after his Daughter, and *Fitzpatrick* as eagerly after his Wife, when *Jones* entered the Room, unfortunately having *Sophia's* Muff in his Hand.

As soon as *Western* saw *Jones*, he set up the same Holla as is used by Sportsmen when their Game is in View. He then immediately run up and laid hold of *Jones*, crying, 'We have got the Dog Fox, I warrant the Bitch is not far off.' The Jargon which followed for some Minutes, where many spoke different Things

at the same Time, as it would be very difficult to describe, so would it be no less unpleasant to read.

Jones having, at length, shaken *Mr. Western* off, and some of the Company having interfered between them, our Heroe protested his Innocence as to knowing any thing of the Lady; when *Parson Supple* stepped up, and said, ‘It is Folly to deny it; for why, the Marks of Guilt are in thy Hands. I will myself asseverate and bind it by an Oath, that the Muff thou bearest in thy Hand belongeth unto *Madam Sophia*; for I have frequently observed her, of later Days, to bear it about her.’ ‘My Daughter’s Muff!’ cries the Squire, in a Rage. ‘Hath he got my Daughter’s Muff! Bear Witness, the Goods are found upon him. I’ll have him before a Justice of Peace this Instant. Where is my Daughter, Villain?’ ‘Sir,’ said *Jones*, ‘I beg you would be pacified. The Muff, I acknowledge, is the young Lady’s; but, upon my Honour, I have never seen her.’ At these Words *Western* lost all Patience, and grew inarticulate with Rage.

Some

Some of the Servants had acquainted *Fitzpatrick* who *Mr. Western* was. The good *Irishman* therefore thinking he had now an Opportunity to do an Act of Service to his Uncle, and by that Means might possibly obtain his Favour, stept up to *Jones*, and cried out, ‘ Upon my Conscience, Sir, you may be ashamed of denying your having seen the Gentleman’s Daughter before my Face, when you know I found you there upon the Bed together.’ Then turning to *Western*, he offered to conduct him immediately to the Room where his Daughter was; which Offer being accepted, he, the Squire, the Parson, and some others, ascended directly to *Mrs. Waters’s* Chamber, which they entered with no less Violence than *Mr. Fitzpatrick* had done before.

The poor Lady started from her Sleep with as much Amazement as Terror, and beheld at her Bed-side a Figure which might very well be supposed to have escaped out of *Bedlam*. Such Wildness and Confusion were in the Looks of *Mr. Western*: who no sooner saw the Lady, than he started back, showing sufficiently by his Manner,

before he spoke, that this was not the Person sought after.

So much more tenderly do Women value their Reputation than their Persons, that tho' the latter seemed now in more Danger than before, yet as the former was secure, the Lady screamed not with such Violence as she had done on the other Occasion. However, she no sooner found herself alone, than she abandoned all Thoughts of further Repose, and as she had sufficient Reason to be dissatisfied with her present Lodging, she dressed herself with all possible Expedition.

Mr. *Western* now proceeded to search the whole House, but to as little Purpose as he had disturbed poor Mrs. *Waters*. He then returned disconsolate into the Kitchen, where he found *Jones* in the Custody of his Servants.

This violent Uproar had raised all the People in the House; tho' it was yet scarcely Day-light. Among these was a grave Gentleman, who had the Honour to be in the Commission of the Peace for the County

County of *Worcester*. Of which Mr. *Western* was no sooner informed, than he offered to lay his Complaint before him. The Justice declined executing his Office, as he said he had no Clerk present, nor no Book about Justice Business. And that he could not carry all the Law in his Head about stealing away Daughters, and such Sort of Things.

Here Mr. *Fitzpatrick* offered to lend him his Assistance; informing the Company that he had been himself bred to the Law. (And indeed he had served three Years as Clerk to an Attorney in the North of *Ireland*, when chusing a genteeler Walk in Life, he quitted his Master, came over to *England*, and set up that Business, which requires no Apprenticeship, namely, that of a Gentleman, in which he had succeeded as hath been already partly mentioned.)

Mr. *Fitzpatrick* declared that the Law concerning Daughters was out of the present Case; that stealing a Muff was undoubtedly Felony, and the Goods being found upon the Person, were sufficient Evidence of the Fact.

The Magistrate, upon the Encouragement of so learned a Coadjutor, and upon the violent Intercession of the Squire, was at length prevailed upon to seat himself in the Chair of Justice, where being placed, upon viewing the Muff which *Jones* still held in his Hand, and upon the Parson's swearing it to be the Property of Mr. *Western*, he desired Mr. *Fitzpatrick* to draw up a Commitment, which he said he would sign.

Jones now desired to be heard, which was at last, with Difficulty, granted him. He then produced the Evidence of Mr. *Partridge*, as to the finding it; but what was still more, *Susan* deposed that *Sophia* herself had delivered the Muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the Chamber where Mr. *Jones* had found it.

Whether a natural Love of Justice, or the extraordinary Comeliness of *Jones*, had wrought on *Susan* to make the Discovery, I will not determine; but such were the Effects of her Evidence, that the Magistrate, throwing himself back in his Chair, declared that the Matter was now altogether as clear on the Side of the Prisoner, as it had before been

been against him; with which the Parson concurred, saying, The Lord forbid he should be instrumental in committing an innocent Person to Durance. The Justice then arose, acquitted the Prisoner, and broke up the Court.

Mr. *Western* now gave every one present a hearty Curse, and immediately ordering his Horses, departed in Pursuit of his Daughter, without taking the least Notice of his Nephew *Fitzpatrick*, or returning any Answer to his Claim of Kindred, notwithstanding all the Obligations he had just received from that Gentleman. In the Violence, moreover, of his Hurry, and of his Passion, he luckily forgot to demand the Muff of *Jones*: I say luckily; for he would have died on the Spot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewise, with his Friend *Partridge*, set forward the Moment he had paid his Reckoning, in Quest of his lovely *Sophia*, whom he now resolved never more to abandon the Pursuit of. Nor could he bring himself even to take Leave of Mrs. *Waters*; of whom he detested the very Thoughts, as she had been, tho' not designedly, the Occasion of his missing the

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happiest

happiest Interview with *Sophia*, to whom he now vowed eternal Constancy.

As for Mrs. *Waters*, she took the Opportunity of the Coach which was going to *Bath*; for which Place she set out in Company with the two *Irish* Gentlemen, the Landlady kindly lending her her Clothes; in Return for which she was contented only to receive about double their Value, as a Recompence for the Loan. Upon the Road she was perfectly reconciled to Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, who was a very handsome Fellow, and indeed did all she could to console him in the Absence of his Wife.

Thus ended the many odd Adventures which Mr. *Jones* encountered at his Inn at *Upton*, where they talk, to this Day, of the Beauty and lovely Behaviour of the charming *Sophia*, by the Name of the *Somersetshire* Angel.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

In which the History goes backward.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in our History, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to account for the extraordinary Appearance of *Sophia* and her Father at the Inn at *Upton*.

The Reader may be pleased to remember, that in the Ninth Chapter of the Seventh Book of our History, we left *Sophia*, after a long Debate between Love and Duty, deciding the Cause, as it usually, I believe, happens, in Favour of the Former.

This Debate had arisen, as we have there shewn, from a Visit which her Father had just before made her, in order to force her Consent to a Marriage with *Bliss*; and which he had understood to be fully implied in her Acknowledgment, *that she neither must, nor could refuse any absolute Command of his.*

Now from this Visit the Squire retired to his Evening Potation, overjoyed at the Success he had had with his Daughter; and as he was of a social Disposition, and willing to have Partakers in his Happiness,
the

the Beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the Kitchen ; so that before Eleven in the Evening, there was not a single Person sober in the House, except only Mrs. *Western* herself, and the charming *Sophia*.

Early in the Morning a Messenger was dispatched to summon Mr. *Bliffl* : For tho' the Squire imagined that young Gentleman had been much less acquainted than he really was, with the former Aversion of his Daughter ; as he had not, however, yet received her Consent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended Bride herself would confirm it with her Lips. As to the Wedding, it had the Evening before been fixed, by the Male Parties, to be celebrated on the next Morning save one.

Breakfast was now set forth in the Parlour, where Mr. *Bliffl* attended, and where the Squire and his Sister likewise were assembled ; and now *Sophia* was ordered to be called.

O, *Shakespear*, had I thy Pen ! O, *Hogarth*, had I thy Pencil ! then would I draw the Picture of the poor Serving-Man, who, with pale Countenance, staring Eyes, chattering

chattering Teeth, faltering Tongue, and trembling Limbs,

(E'en such a Man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in Look, so woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priam's* Curtains in the dead of Night,
And would have told him, half his *Troy*
was burn'd)

entered the Room, and declared,—*That*
Madam Sophia was not to be found.

‘Not to be found!’ cries the Squire,
starting from his Chair; ‘Zounds and
‘D——nation! Blood and Fury! Where,
‘when, how, what,—Not to be found!
‘where?’

‘La! Brother,’ said Mrs. *Western*, with
true political Coldness, ‘you are always
‘throwing yourself into such violent Pas-
‘sions for nothing. My Niece, I suppose,
‘is only walked out into the Garden. I
‘protest you are grown so unreasonable,
‘that it is impossible to live in the House
‘with you.’

‘Nay, nay,’ answered the Squire, re-
turning as suddenly to himself, as he had
gone from himself; ‘if that be all the
‘Matter, it signifies not much; but, upon
‘my

‘ my Soul, my Mind misgave me, when
‘ the Fellow said she was not to be found.’
He then gave Orders for the Bell to be
rung in the Garden, and sat himself contentedly down.

No two Things could be more the Reverse of each other than were the Brother and Sister, in most Instances ; particularly in this, That as the Brother never foresaw any Thing at a Distance, but was most sagacious in immediately seeing every Thing the Moment it had happened ; so the Sister eternally foresaw at a Distance, but was not so quick-sighted to Objects before her Eyes. Of both these the Reader may have observed Examples : And, indeed, both their several Talents were excessive : For as the Sister often foresaw what never came to pass, so the Brother often saw much more than was actually the Truth.

This was not however the Case at present. The same Report was brought from the Garden, as before had been brought from the Chamber, that Madam *Sophia* was not to be found.

The Squire himself now sallied forth, and begun to roar forth the Name of *Sophia* as loudly, and in as hoarse a Voice, as whileorn
did

did *Hercules* that of *Hylas*: And as the Poet tells us, that the whole Shore ecchoed back the Name of that beautiful Youth; so did the House, the Garden, and all the neighbouring Fields, resound nothing but the Name of *Sophia*, in the hoarse Voices of the Men, and in the shrill Pipes of the Women; while Echo seemed so pleased to repeat the beloved Sound, that if there is really such a Person, I believe *Ovid* hath belied her Sex.

Nothing reigned for a long Time but Confusion; 'till at last the Squire having sufficiently spent his Breath, returned to the Parlour, where he found Mrs. *Western* and Mr. *Bliss*, and threw himself, with the utmost Dejection in his Countenance, into a great Chair.

Here Mrs. *Western* began to apply the following Consolation:

“ Brother, I am sorry for what hath hap-
 “ pened; and that my Niece should have
 “ behaved herself in a Manner so unbe-
 “ coming her Family; but it is all your
 “ own Doings, and you have no Body to
 “ thank but yourself. You know she hath
 “ been

“ been educated always in a Manner directly contrary to my Advice, and now you see the Consequence. Have I not a thousand Times argued with you about giving my Niece her own Will? But you know I never could prevail upon you: And when I had taken so much Pains to eradicate her headstrong Opinions, and to rectify your Errors in Policy, you know she was taken out of my Hands; so that I have nothing to answer for. Had I been trusted entirely with the Care of her Education, no such Accident as this had ever befallen you: So that you must comfort yourself by thinking it was all your own Doing; and, indeed, what else could be expected from such Indulgence?”——

“ Zounds! Sister,” answered he, “ you are enough to make one mad. Have I indulged her? Have I given her her Will?—It was no longer ago than last Night that I threatened, if she disobeyed me, to confine her to her Chamber upon Bread and Water, as long as she lived.—You would provoke the Patience of Job.”

Did

“ Did ever Mortal hear the like ?” replied she. “ Brother, if I had not the Patience of fifty *Jobs*, you would make me forget all Decency and Decorum. Why would you interfere ? Did I not beg you, did I not entreat you to leave the whole Conduct to me ? You have defeated all the Operations of the Campaign by one false Step. Would any Man in his Senses have provoked a Daughter by such Threats as these ? How often have I told you, that *English* Women are not to be treated like *Circassian* * Slaves. We have the Protection of the World : We are to be won by gentle Means only, and not to be hectorred, and bullied, and beat into Compliance. I thank Heaven, no *Salique* Law governs here. Brother, you have a Roughness in your Manner which no Woman but myself would bear. I do not wonder my Niece was frightened and terrified into taking this Measure ; and to speak honestly, I think my Niece will be justified to the World for what she hath

* Possibly *Circassian*.

“ done.

“ done. I repeat it to you again, Brother, you must comfort yourself by remembering that it is all your own Fault. How often have I advised--” Here *Western* rose hastily from his Chair, and, venting two or three horrid Imprecations, ran out of the Room.

When he was departed, his Sister expressed more Bitterness (if possible) against him, than she had done while he was present; for the Truth of which she appealed to Mr. *Bliss*, who, with great Complacence, acquiesced entirely in all she said; but excused all the Faults of Mr. *Western*, ‘ as they must be considered,’ he said, ‘ to have proceeded from the too inordinate Fondness of a Father, which must be allowed the Name of an amiable Weakness.’ ‘ So much the more inexcusable,’ answer’d the Lady; ‘ for whom doth he ruin by his Fondness, but his own Child?’ To which *Bliss* immediately agreed.

Mrs. *Western* then began to express great Confusion on the Account of Mr. *Bliss*, and of the Usage which he had received from a Family to which he intended so much Honour. On this Subject she treated the

the Folly of her Niece with great Severity ; but concluded with throwing the whole on her Brother, who, she said, was inexcusable to have proceeded so far without better Assurances of his Daughter's Consent :
 ' But he was (says she) always of a violent, headstrong Temper ; and I can scarce forgive myself for all the Advice I have thrown away upon him.'

After much of this Kind of Conversation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the Reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. *Blifil* took his Leave, and returned home, not highly pleased with his Disappointment ; which, however, the Philosophy which he had acquired from *Square*, and the Religion infused into him by *Thwackum*, together with somewhat else, taught him to bear rather better than more passionate Lovers bear these Kinds of Evils.

C H A P.

C H A P. IX.

The Escape of Sophia:

IT is now Time to look after *Sophia*; whom the Reader, if he loves her half so well as I do, will rejoice to find escaped from the Clutches of her passionate Father, and from those of her dispassionate Lover.

Twelve Times did the iron Register of Time beat on the sonorous Bell-metal, summoning the Ghosts to rise, and walk their nightly Round.—In plainer Language, it was Twelve o' Clock, and all the Family, as we have said, lay buried in Drink and Sleep, except only Mrs. *Western*, who was deeply engaged in reading a political Pamphlet, and except our Heroine, who now softly stole down Stairs, and having unbarred and unlocked one of the House Doors, sallied forth, and hastened to the Place of Appointment.

Notwithstanding the many pretty Arts, which Ladies sometimes practise, to display their Fears on every little Occasion, (almost as many as the other Sex uses to conceal them)

theirs) certainly there is a Degree of Courage, which not only becomes a Woman, but is often necessary to enable her to discharge her Duty. It is, indeed, the Idea of Fierceness, and not of Bravery, which destroys the Female Character: For who can read the Story of the justly celebrated *Arria*, without conceiving as high an Opinion of her Gentleness and Tenderness, as of her Fortitude? At the same Time, perhaps, many a Woman who shrieks at a Mouse, or a Rat, may be capable of poisoning a Husband; or, what is worse, of driving him to poison himself.

Sophia, with all the Gentleness which a Woman can have, had all the Spirit which she ought to have. When, therefore, she came to the Place of Appointment, and, instead of meeting her Maid, as was agreed, saw a Man ride directly up to her, she neither screamed out, nor fainted away: Not that her Pulse then beat with its usual Regularity; for she was, at first, under some Surprize and Apprehension: But these were relieved almost as soon as raised, when the Man, pulling off his Hat, asked her, in a very submissive Manner, ‘If her Ladyship did not expect to meet another Lady?’ And then proceeded to inform

VOL. IV. E her,

her, 'that he was sent to conduct her to
'that Lady.'

Sophia could have no possible Suspicion of any Falshood in this Account: She therefore mounted resolutely behind the Fellow, who conveyed her safe to a Town about Five Miles distant, where she had the Satisfaction of finding the good Mrs. *Honour*: For as the Soul of the Waiting-Woman was wrapt up in those very Habilliments which used to enwrap her Body, she could by no Means bring herself to trust them out of her Sight. Upon these, therefore, she kept Guard in Person, while she detached the aforesaid Fellow after her Mistress, having given him all proper Instructions.

They now debated what Course to take, in order to avoid the Pursuit of Mr. *Western*, who, they knew, would send after them in a few Hours. The *London* Road had such Charms for *Honour*, that she was desirous of going on directly; alledging, that as *Sophia* could not be missed till Eight or Nine the next Morning, her Pursuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which Way she had gone. But *Sophia* had too much at Stake

to

to venture any Thing to Chance; nor did she dare trust too much to her tender Limbs, in a Contest which was to be decided only by Swiftneſs. She reſolved, therefore, to travel acroſs the Country, for at leaſt Twenty or Thirty Miles, and then to take the direct Road to *London*. So, having hired her Horſes to go Twenty Miles one Way, when ſhe intended to go Twenty Miles the other, ſhe ſet forward with the ſame Guide, behind whom ſhe had ridden from her Father's Houſe; the Guide having now taken up behind him, in the Room of *Sophia*, a much heavier, as well as much leſs lovely Burthen; being, indeed, a huge Portmanteau, well ſtuffed with thoſe outſide Ornaments, by Means of which the fair *Honour* hoped to gain many Conqueſts, and, finally, to make her Fortune in *London City*.

When they had gone about Two Hundred Paces from the Inn, on the *London* Road, *Sophia* rode up to the Guide, and, with a Voice much fuller of Honey than was ever that of *Anacreon*, though his Mouth is ſuppoſed to have been a Bee-hive, begged him to take the firſt Turning which led towards *Briſtol*.

Reader, I am not superstitious, nor any great Believer in modern Miracles. I do not, therefore, deliver the following as a certain Truth; for, indeed, I can scarce credit it myself: But the Fidelity of an Historian obliges me to relate what hath been confidently asserted. The Horse, then, on which the Guide rode, is reported to have been so charmed by *Sophia's* Voice, that he made a full Stop, and express'd an Unwillingness to proceed any farther.

Perhaps, however, the Fact may be true, and less miraculous than it hath been represented; since the natural Cause seems adequate to the Effect: For as the Guide at that Moment desisted from a constant Application of his armed right Heel, (for, like *Hudibras*, he wore but one Spur) it is more than possible, that this Omission alone might occasion the Beast to stop, especially as this was very frequent with him at other Times.

But if the Voice of *Sophia* had really an Effect on the Horse, it had very little on the Rider. He answered somewhat surlily, 'That
' Measter had ordered him to go a different
' Way, and that he should lose his Place,
' if

‘ if he went any other than that he was
‘ ordered.

Sophia finding all her Persuasions had no Effect, began now to add irresistible Charms to her Voice ; Charms, which according to the Proverb, makes the old Mare trot, instead of standing still ; Charms ! to which modern Ages have attributed all that irresistible Force, which the Ancients imputed to perfect Oratory. In a Word, she promised she would reward him to his utmost Expectation.

The Lad was not totally deaf to these Promises ; but he disliked their being indefinite : For tho’ perhaps he had never heard that Word, yet that in Fact was his Objection. ‘ He said, Gentlevolks did not
‘ consider the Case of poor Volks ; that he
‘ had like to have been turned away the
‘ other Day, for riding about the Country
‘ with a Gentleman from Squire *Allwor-*
‘ *thy*’s, who did not reward him as he
‘ should have done.

‘ With whom ? says *Sophia* eagerly —
‘ With a Gentleman from Squire *Allwor-*
‘ *thy*’s, repeated the Lad, ‘ the Squire’s
‘ Son, I think, they call ’un.’ — ‘ Whither ?

‘which Way did he go?’ says *Sophia*.
‘Why a little o’ one Side o’ *Bristol*, about
‘twenty Miles off,’ answered the Lad.—
‘Guide me,’ says *Sophia*, ‘to the same Place,
‘and I’ll give thee a Guinea, or two, if
‘one is not sufficient.’ ‘To be certain, said
‘the Boy, it is honestly worth two, when
‘your Ladyship considers what a Risk I
‘run; but, however, if your Ladyship
‘will promise me the two Guineas, I’ll
‘e’en venture: To be certain it is a sinful
‘Thing to ride about my Master’s Horses;
‘but one Comfort is, I can only be turned
‘away, and two Guineas will partly make
‘me Amends.

The Bargain being thus struck, the Lad
turned aside into the *Bristol* Road, and *Sophia*
set forward in Pursuit of *Jones*, high-
ly contrary to the Remonstrances of Mrs.
Honour, who had much more Desire to see
London, than to see Mr. *Jones*: For indeed
she was not his Friend with her Mistress,
as he had been guilty of some Neglect in
certain pecuniary Civilities, which are by
Custom due to the Waiting-gentlewoman in
all Love Affairs, and more especially in
those of a clandestine Kind. This we im-
pute rather to the Carelessness of his Tem-
per, than to any Want of Generosity; but per-

perhaps she derived it from the latter Motive. Certain it is that she hated him very bitterly on that Account, and resolved to take every Opportunity of injuring him with her Mistress. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that she had gone to the very same Town and Inn whence *Jones* had started, and still more unlucky was she, in having stumbled on the same Guide, and on this accidental Discovery which *Sophia* had made.

Our Travellers arrived at *Hambrook* * at the Break of Day, where *Honour* was against her Will charged to enquire the Rout which Mr. *Jones* had taken. Of this, indeed, the Guide himself could have informed them ; but *Sophia*, I know not for what Reason, never asked him the Question.

When Mrs. *Honour* had made her Report from the Landlord, *Sophia*, with much Difficulty, procured some indifferent Horses, which brought her to the Inn, where *Jones* had been confined rather by the Misfortune of meeting with a Surgeon, than by having met with a broken Head.

Here *Honour* being again charged with a Commission of Enquiry, had no sooner ap-

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plied

* This was the Village where *Jones* met the Quaker.

plied herself to the Landlady, and had described the Person of Mr. Jones, than that sagacious Woman began, in the vulgar Phrase, to smell a Rat. When *Sophia* therefore entered the Room, instead of answering the Maid, the Landlady addressing herself to the Mistress, began the following Speech. ‘ Good-lack-a-day ! why there
‘ now, who would have thought it ! I protest the loveliest Couple that ever Eye
‘ beheld. I-fackins, Madam, it is no Wonder the Squire run on so about your
‘ Ladyship. He told me indeed you was
‘ the finest Lady in the World, and to be
‘ sure so you be. Mercy on him, poor
‘ Heart, I bepitied him, so I did, when he
‘ used to hug his Pillow, and call it his
‘ dear Madam *Sophia*.——I did all I could
‘ to dissuade him from going to the Wars ;
‘ I told him there were Men enow that
‘ were good for nothing else but to be killed, that had not the Love of such fine
‘ Ladies.’ ‘ Sure,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ the
‘ good Woman is distracted. ‘ No, no,’ cries the Landlady, ‘ I am not distracted.’
‘ What doth your Ladyship think I don’t
‘ know then ? I assure you he told me all.’
‘ What saucy Fellow,’ cries *Honour*, ‘ told
‘ you any Thing of my Lady ?’ ‘ No saucy
‘ Fellow,’ answered the Landlady, ‘ but
‘ the

‘ the young Gentleman you enquired after,
 ‘ and a very pretty young Gentleman he is
 ‘ and he loves Madam *Sophia Western* to
 ‘ the Bottom of his Soul’ ‘ He love my
 ‘ Lady ! I’d have you to know, Woman,
 ‘ she is Meat for his Master. ——— Nay,
 ‘ *Honour,*’ said *Sophia*, interrupting her,
 ‘ don’t be angry with the good Woman,
 ‘ she intends no Harm.’ ‘ No, marry don’t
 ‘ I,’ answered the Landlady, emboldened
 by the soft Accents of *Sophia*, and then
 launched into a long Narrative too tedious
 to be here set down, in which some Pas-
 sages dropt, that gave a little Offence to
Sophia, and much more to her Waiting-
 woman, who hence took Occasion to abuse
 poor *Jones* to her Mistress the Moment
 they were alone together, saying, ‘ that he
 ‘ must be a very pitiful Fellow, and could
 ‘ have no Love for a Lady, whose Name
 ‘ he would thus prostitute in an Ale-house.

Sophia did not see his Behaviour in so very
 disadvantageous a Light, and was perhaps
 more pleas’d with the violent Raptures of
 his Love (which the Landlady exaggerated
 as much as she had done every other Cir-
 cumstance) than she was offended with the
 rest ; and indeed she imputed the whole to

the Extravagance, or rather Ebullience of this Passion, and to the Openness of his Heart.

This Incident, however, being afterward revived in her Mind, and placed in the most odious Colours by *Honour*, served to heighten and give Credit to those unlucky Occurrences at *Upton*, and assisted the Waiting-woman in her Endeavours to make her Mistress depart from that Inn without seeing *Jones*.

The Landlady finding *Sophia* intended to stay no longer than till her Horses were ready, and that without either eating or drinking, soon withdrew; when *Honour* began to take her Mistress to Task (for indeed she used great Freedom) and after a long Harangue, in which she reminded her of her Intention to go to *London*, and gave frequent Hints of the Impropriety of pursuing a young Fellow, she at last concluded with this serious Exhortation: 'For Heaven's Sake, Madam, consider what you are about, and whither you are going.'

This Advice to a Lady who had already rode

rode near forty Miles, and in no very agreeable Season, may seem foolish enough. It may be supposed she had well considered and resolved this already ; nay, Mrs. *Honour*, by the Hints she threw out, seemed to think so ; and this I doubt not is the Opinion of many Readers, who have, I make no Doubt, been long since well convinced of the Purpose of our Heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton Baggage.

But in reality this was not the Case. *Sophia* had been lately so distracted between Hope and Fear, her Duty and Love to her Father, her Hatred to *Bliss*, her Compassion, and (why should we not confess the Truth) her Love for *Jones* ; which last the Behaviour of her Father, of her Aunt, of every one else, and more particularly of *Jones* himself, had blown into a Flame, that her Mind was in that confused State, which may be truly said to make us ignorant of what we do, or whither we go, or rather indeed indifferent as to the Consequence of either.

The prudent and sage Advice of her Maid, produced, however, some cool Re-

fection ; and she at length determined to go to *Gloucester*, and thence to proceed directly to *London*.

But unluckily a few Miles before she entered that Town, she met the Hack-Attorney, who, as is beforementioned, had dined there with Mr. *Jones*. This Fellow being well known to Mrs. *Honour*, stopt and spoke to her ; of which *Sophia* at that Time took little Notice, more than to enquire who he was.

But having had a more particular Account from *Honour* of this Man afterwards at *Gloucester*, and hearing of the great Expedition he usually made in travelling, for which (as hath been before observed) he was particularly famous; recollecting likewise, that she had overheard Mrs. *Honour* inform him, that they were going to *Gloucester*, she began to fear lest her Father might, by this Fellow's Means, be able to trace her to that City ; wherefore if she should there strike into the *London* Road, she apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore altered her Resolution ; and having hired Horses to go a Week's Journey, a Way which she

did not intend to travel, she again set forward after a light Refreshment, contrary to the Desire and earnest Entreaties of her Maid, and to the no less vehement Remonstrances of Mrs. *Whitefield*, who from good Breeding, or perhaps from good Nature (for the poor young Lady appeared much fatigued) press'd her very heartily to stay that Evening at *Gloucester*.

Having refreshed herself only with some Tea, and with lying about two Hours on the Bed, while her Horses were getting ready, she resolutely left Mrs. *Whitefield*'s about eleven at Night, and striking directly into the *Worcester* Road, within less than four Hours arrived at that very Inn where we last saw her.

Having thus traced our Heroine very particularly back from her Departure, till her Arrival at *Upton*, we shall in a very few Words, bring her Father to the same Place; who having received the first Scent from the Post-boy, who conducted his Daughter to *Hambrook*, very easily traced her afterwards to *Gloucester*; whence he pursued her to *Upton*, as he had learned Mr. *Jones* had taken that Rout (for *Partridge*,
to

to use the Squire's Expression, left every where a strong Scent behind him) and he doubted not in the least but *Sophia* travelled, or, as he phrased it, ran the same Way. He used indeed a very coarse Expression, which need not be here inserted ; as Fox-hunters, who alone would understand it, will easily suggest it to themselves.



THE

**THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.**

BOOK XI.

Containing about three Days.

CHAP. I.

A Crust for the Critics.

IN our last initial Chapter, we may be supposed to have treated that formidable Set of Men, who are called Critics, with more Freedom than becomes us ; since they exact, and indeed generally receive, great Condescension from Authors. We shall in this, therefore, give the Reasons

sons of our Conduct to this august Body; and here we shall perhaps place them in a Light, in which they have not hitherto been seen.

This Word Critic is of *Greek* Derivation, and signifies Judgement. Hence I presume some Persons who have not understood the Original, and have seen the *English* Translation of the Primitive, have concluded that it meant Judgment in the legal Sense, in which it is frequently used as equivalent to Condemnation.

I am the rather inclined to be of that Opinion, as the greatest Number of Critics hath of late Years been found amongst the Lawyers. Many of these Gentlemen, from Despair, perhaps, of ever rising to the Bench in *Westminster-hall*, have placed themselves on the Benches at the Playhouse, where they have exerted their judicial Capacity, and have given Judgment, *i. e.* condemned without Mercy.

The Gentlemen would perhaps be well enough pleased, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the most important and honourable Offices in the Commonwealth, and if we intended to apply to their

their Favour we would do so ; but as we design to deal very sincerely and plainly too with them, we must remind them of another Officer of Justice of a much lower Rank ; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute their own Judgment, they bear likewise some remote Resemblance.

But in reality there is another Light in which these modern Critics may with great Justice and Propriety be seen ; and this is that of a common Slanderer. If a Person who prys into the Characters of others, with no other Design but to discover their Faults, and to publish them to the World, deserves the Title of a Slanderer of the Reputations of Men ; why should not a Critic, who reads with the same malevolent View, be as properly stiled the Slanderer of the Reputation of Books ?

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject Slave ; Society produces not a more odious Vermin ; nor can the Devil receive a Guest more worthy of him, nor possibly more welcome to him, than a Slanderer. The World, I am afraid, regards not this Monster with half the Abhorrence which he deserves, and I am more afraid to assign the
Rea-

Reason of this criminal Lenity shewn towards him ; yet is it certain that the Thief looks innocent in the Comparison ; nay, the Murderer himself can seldom stand in Competition with his Guilt : For Slander is a more cruel Weapon than a Sword, as the Wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One Method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the basest and most execrable of all, which bears an exact Analogy to the Vice here disclaimed against, and that is Poison. A Means of Revenge so base, and yet so horrible, that it was once wisely distinguished by our Laws from all other Murders, in the peculiar Severity of the Punishment.

Besides the dreadful Mischiefs done by Slander, and the Baseness of the Means by which this is effected, there are other Circumstances that highly aggravate its atrocious Quality : For it often proceeds from no Provocation, and seldom promises itself any Reward, unless some black and infernal Mind may propose such a Reward in the Thoughts of having procured the Ruin and Misery of another.

Shake-

Shakespear hath nobly touched this Vice,
when he says,

*Who steals my Cash steals Trash, 'tis some-
thing, nothing ;*

*'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been Slave
to Thousands :*

*But he who filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES
HIM,*

BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED.

With all this my good Reader will doubt-
less agree ; but much of it will probably
seem too severe, when applied to the Slan-
derer of Books. But let it here be consi-
dered, that both proceed from the same
wicked Disposition of Mind, and are alike
void of the Excuse of Temptation. Nor
shall we conclude the Injury done this Way
to be very slight, when we consider a Book
as the Author's Offspring, and indeed as
the Child of his Brain.

The Reader who hath suffered his Muse to
continue hitherto in a Virgin State, can have
but a very inadequate Idea of this Kind of
paternal Fondness. To such we may pa-
rody the tender Exclamation of *Macduff*.
Alas !

Alas ! Thou hast written no Book. But the Author whose Muse hath brought forth, will feel the pathetic Strain, perhaps will accompany me with Tears (especially if his Darling be already no more) while I mention the Uneasiness with which the big Muse bears about her Burden, the painful Labour with which she produces it, and lastly, the Care, the Fondness, with which the tender Father nourishes his Favourite, till it be brought to Maturity, and produced into the World.

Nor is there any paternal Fondness which seems less to favour of absolute Instinct, and which may so well be reconciled to worldly Wisdom as this. These Children may most truly be called the Riches of their Father ; and many of them have with true filial Piety fed their Parent in his old Age ; so that not only the Affection, but the Interest of the Author may be highly injured by these Slanderers, whose poisonous Breath brings his Book to an untimely End.

Lastly, The Slander of a Book is, in Truth, the Slander of the Author: For as no one can call another Bastard, without calling the Mother a Whore, so neither can any one give the Names of sad Stuff, horrid

rid Nonsense, &c. to a Book, without calling the Author a Blockhead; which tho' in a moral Sense it is a preferable Appellation to that of Villain, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly Interest.

Now however ludicrous all this may appear to some, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the Truth of it; nay, may, perhaps, think I have not treated the Subject with decent Solemnity; but surely a Man may speak Truth with a smiling Countenance. In reality, to depreciate a Book maliciously, or even wantonly, is at least a very ill-natured Office; and a morose snarling Critic, may, I believe, be suspected to be a bad Man.

I will therefore endeavour in the remaining Part of this Chapter, to explain the Marks of this Character, and to shew what Criticism I here intend to obviate: For I can never be understood, unless by the very Persons here meant, to insinuate, that there are no proper Judges of Writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the Commonwealth of Literature any of those noble Critics, to whose Labours the learned World are so greatly indebted. Such were *Aristotle*, *Horace*, and *Longinus* among the Ancients,
Dacier

Dacier and *Bossu* among the *French*, and some perhaps among us; who have certainly been duly authorized to execute at least a judicial Authority in *Foro Literario*.

But without ascertaining all the proper Qualifications of a Critic, which I have touched on elsewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the Censures of any one past upon Works which he hath not himself read. Such Censurers as these, whether they speak from their own Guess or Suspicion, or from the Report and Opinion of others, may properly be said to slander the Reputation of the Book they condemn.

Such may likewise be suspected of deserving this Character, who without assigning any particular Faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory Terms; such as vile, dull, da—d Stuff, &c. and particularly by the Use of the Monosyllable Low; a Word which becomes the Mouth of no Critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, tho' there may be some Faults justly assigned in the Work, yet if those are not in the most essential Parts, or if they are compensated by greater Beauties, it will favour rather of the Malice of a Slanderer,

than of the Judgment of a true Critic, to pass a severe Sentence upon the whole, merely on account of some vicious Part. This is directly contrary to the Sentiments of *Horace*.

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine non ego
paucis*

*Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura——*

But where the Beauties, more in Number, shine,

I am not angry, when a casual Line
(That with some trivial Faults unequal
flows)

A careless Hand, or human Frailty shows.

Mr. FRANCIS.

For as *Martial* says, *Aliter, non fit, Avite, Liber.* No Book can be otherwise composed. All Beauty of Character, as well as of Countenance, and indeed of every Thing human, is to be tried in this Manner. Cruel indeed would it be if such a Work as this History, which hath employed some Thousands of Hours in the composing, should be liable to be condemned, because some particular Chapter, or perhaps Chapters, may be obnoxious to very just and sensible Objections.
And

And yet nothing is more common than the most rigorous Sentence upon Books supported by such Objections, which if they were rightly taken (and that they are not always) do by no Means go to the Merit of the whole. In the Theatre especially, a single Expression which doth not coincide with the Taste of the Audience, or with any individual Critic of that Audience, is sure to be hissed; and one Scene which should be disapproved, would hazard the whole Piece. To write within such severe Rules as these, is as impossible, as to live up to some splenetic Opinions; and if we judge according to the Sentiments of some Critics, and of some Christians, no Author will be saved in this World, and no Man in the next.

CH A P. II.

*The Adventures which Sophia met with,
after her leaving Upton.*

OUR History, just before it was obliged to turn about, and travel backwards, had mentioned the Departure of *Sophia* and her Maid from the Inn; we shall now therefore pursue the Steps of that lovely

Crea-

Creature, and leave her unworthy Lover a little longer to bemoan his Ill-Luck, or rather his ill Conduct.

Sophia having directed her Guide to travel through Bye-Roads across the Country, they now passed the *Severn*, and had scarce got a Mile from the Inn, when the young Lady, looking behind her, saw several Horses coming after on full Speed. This greatly alarmed her Fears, and she called to the Guide to put on as fast as possible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full Gallop. But the faster they went, the faster were they followed; and as the Horses behind were somewhat swifter than those before, so the former were at length overtaken. A happy Circumstance for poor *Sophia*; whose Fears, joined to her Fatigue, had almost overpowered her Spirits; but she was now instantly relieved by a female Voice, that greeted her in the softest Manner, and with the utmost Civility. This Greeting, *Sophia*, as soon as she could recover her Breath, with like Civility, and with the highest Satisfaction to herself, returned.

The Travellers who joined *Sophia*, and who had given her such Terror, consisted, like her own Company, of two Females and a Guide. The two Parties proceeded three full Miles together before any one offered again to open their Mouths; when our Heroine having pretty well got the better of her Fear; but yet being somewhat surprized that the other still continued to attend her, as she pursued no great Road, and had already passed through several Turnings, accosted the strange Lady in a most obliging Tone; and said, ‘She
‘ was very happy to find they were both
‘ travelling the same Way.’ The other, who, like a Ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered, ‘ That the Happiness
‘ was entirely hers; that she was a perfect
‘ Stranger in that Country, and was so over-
‘ joyed at meeting a Companion of her
‘ own Sex, that she had perhaps been guilty
‘ of an Impertinence which required great
‘ Apology, in keeping Pace with her.’ More Civilities passed between these two Ladies; for Mrs. Honour had now given Place to the fine Habit of the Stranger, and had fallen into the Rear. But tho’ *Sophia* had great Curiosity to know why the other Lady continued to travel on through the
same

same Bye-Roads with herself, nay, tho' this gave her some Uneasiness; yet Fear, or Modesty, or some other Consideration, restrained her from asking the Question.

The strange Lady now laboured under a Difficulty which appears almost below the Dignity of History to mention. Her Bonnet had been blown from her Head not less than five Times within the last Mile; nor could she come at any Ribbon or Handkerchief to tie it under her Chin. When *Sophia* was informed of this, she immediately supplied her with a Handkerchief for this Purpose; which while she was pulling from her Pocket, she perhaps too much neglected the Management of her Horse, for the Beast now unluckily making a false Step, fell upon his Fore-Legs, and threw his Fair Rider from his Back.

Tho' *Sophia* came Head foremost to the Ground, she happily received not the least Damage; and the same Circumstances which had perhaps contributed to her Fall, now preserved her from Confusion; for the Lane which they were then passing was narrow and very much over-grown with Trees, so that the Moon could here afford very little Light, and was moreover, at present, so obscured in a Cloud, that it

was almost perfectly dark. By these Means the young Lady's Modesty, which was extremely delicate, escaped as free from Injury as her Limbs, and she was once more reinstated in her Saddle, having received no other Harm than a little Fright by her Fall.

Day-light at length appeared in its full Lustre; and now the two Ladies, who were riding over a Common Side by Side, looking stedfastly at each other, at the same Moment both their Eyes became fixed; both their Horses stopt, and both speaking together, with equal Joy pronounced, the one the Name of *Sophia*, the other that of *Harriet*.

This unexpected Encounter surprized the Ladies much more than I believe it will the sagacious Reader, who must have imagined that the strange Lady could be no other than Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, the Cousin of Miss *Western*, whom we before-mentioned to have sallied from the Inn a few Minutes after her.

So great was the Surprize and Joy which these two Cousins conceived at this Meeting (for they had formerly been most intimate Acquaintance and Friends, and had

long

long lived together with their Aunt *Western*) that it is impossible to recount half the Congratulations which passed between them, before either asked a very natural Question of the other, namely, whither she was going.

This at last, however, came first from Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* ; but easy and natural as the Question may seem, *Sophia* found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain Answer. She begged her Cousin therefore to suspend all Curiosity till they arrived at some Inn, ‘ which I suppose,’ says she, ‘ can hardly be far distant ; and believe me, ‘ *Harriet*, I suspend as much Curiosity on ‘ my Side ; for indeed I believe our Astonishment is pretty equal.’

The Conversation which passed between these Ladies on the Road, was, I apprehend, little worth relating ; and less certainly was that between the two Waiting-women : For they likewise began to pay their Compliments to each other. As for the Guides, they were debarred from the Pleasure of Discourse, the one being placed in the Van, and the other obliged to bring up the Rear.

In this Posture they travelled many Hours, till they came into a wide and well-beaten Road, which, as they turned to the Right, soon brought them to a very fair promising Inn; where they all alighted: But so fatigued was *Sophia*, that as she had sat her Horse during the last five or six Miles with great Difficulty, so was she now incapable of dismounting from him without Assistance. This the Landlord, who had hold of her Horse, presently perceiving, offered to lift her in his Arms from her Saddle; and she too readily accepted the Tender of his Service. Indeed Fortune seems to have resolved to put *Sophia* to the Blush that Day, and the second malicious Attempt succeeded better than the first; for my Landlord had no sooner received the young Lady in his Arms, than his Feet, which the Gout had lately very severely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the same Time, with no less Dexterity than Gallantry, contrived to throw himself under his charming Burthen, so that he alone received any Bruise from the Fall; for the greatest Injury which happened to *Sophia*, was a violent Shock given to her Modesty, by an immoderate Grin which, at her rising from the Ground, she observed in the Countenances of most of the Bye-Standers. This made her suspect what
had

had really happened, and what we shall not here relate, for the Indulgence of those Readers who are capable of laughing at the Offence given to a young Lady's Delicacy. Accidents of this Kind we have never regarded in a comical Light; nor will we scruple to say, that he must have a very inadequate Idea of the Modesty of a beautiful young Woman, who would wish to sacrifice it to so paltry a Satisfaction as can arise from Laughter.

This Fright and Shock, joined to the violent Fatigue which both her Mind and Body had undergone, almost overcame the excellent Constitution of *Sophia*, and she had scarce Strength sufficient to totter into the Inn, leaning on the Arm of her Maid. Here she was no sooner seated than she called for a Glass of Water; but Mrs. Honour, very judiciously, in my Opinion, changed it into a Glass of Wine.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* hearing from Mrs. Honour, that *Sophia* had not been in Bed during the two last Nights, and observing her to look very pale and wan with her Fatigue, earnestly entreated her to refresh herself with some Sleep. She was yet a Stranger to her History, or her Apprehensions; but had she known both, she would

have given the same Advice; for Rest was visibly necessary for her; and their long Journey through Bye-Roads so entirely removed all Danger of Pursuit, that she was herself perfectly easy on that Account.

Sophia was easily prevailed on to follow the Counsel of her Friend, which was heartily seconded by her Maid. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* likewise offered to bear her Cousin Company, which *Sophia*, with much Complaisance, accepted.

The Mistress was no sooner in Bed, than the Maid prepared to follow her Example. She began to make many Apologies to her Sister *Abigail* for leaving her alone in so horrid a Place as an Inn; but the other stopped her short, being as well inclined to a Nap as herself, and desired the Honour of being her Bedfellow. *Sophia's* Maid agreed to give her a Share of her Bed, but put in her Claim to all the Honour. So after many Curt'sies and Compliments, to Bed together went the Waiting women, as their Mistresses had done before them.

It was usual with my Landlord (as indeed it is with the whole Fraternity) to enquire particularly of all Coachmen, Footmen, Postboys, and others, into the Names of
all

all his Guests ; what their Estate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular Circumstances which attended our Travellers, and especially their retiring all to Sleep at so extraordinary and unusual an Hour as ten in the Morning, should excite his Curiosity. As soon therefore as the Guides entered the Kitchen, he began to examine who the Ladies were, and whence they came ; but the Guides, tho' they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little Satisfaction. On the contrary, they rather enflamed his Curiosity than extinguished it.

This Landlord had the Character, among all his Neighbours, of being a very sagacious Fellow. He was thought to see farther and deeper into Things than any Man in the Parish, the Parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his Look had contributed not a little to procure him this Reputation ; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a Pipe in his Mouth ; which, indeed, he seldom was without. His Behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the Opinion of his Wisdom. In his Deportment he was solemn, if not sullen ; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always delivered himself in a slow

Voice; and though his Sentences were short, they were still interrupted with many Hums and Ha's, Ay, Ays, and other Expletives: So that though he accompanied his Words with certain explanatory Gestures, such as shaking, or nodding the Head, or pointing with his Forefinger, he generally left his Hearers to understand more than he expressed; nay, he commonly gave them a Hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to disclose. This last Circumstance alone, may, indeed, very well account for his Character of Wisdom, since Men are strangely inclined to worship what they do not understand. A grand Secret, upon which several Imposters on Mankind have totally relied for the Success of their Frauds.

This politic Person now taking his Wife aside, asked her, 'What she thought of the Ladies lately arrived?' 'Think of them!' said the Wife, 'why what should I think of them?' 'I know,' answered he, 'what I think. The Guides tell strange Stories. One pretends to be come from Gloucester, and the other from Upton; and neither of them, for what I can find, can tell whither they are going. But what People ever travel across the Country from Upton hither, especially to London?

‘*don?* And one of the Maid-Servants, before she alighted from her Horse, asked, if this was not the *London Road*? Now I have put all these Circumstances together, and whom do you think I have found them out to be?’ ‘Nay, answered she, you know I never pretend to guess at your Discoveries.’——‘It is a good Girl,’ replied he, chucking her under the Chin; ‘I must own you have always submitted to my Knowledge of these Matters. Why then, depend upon it; mind what I say,—depend upon it, they are certainly some of the Rebel Ladies, who, they say, travel with the young Cavalier; and have taken a round-about Way to escape the Duke’s Army.’

‘Husband,’ quoth the Wife, ‘you have certainly hit it; for one of them is drest as fine as any Princess; and, to be sure, she looks for all the World like one.——But yet, when I consider one Thing.——‘When you consider,’ cries the Landlord contemptuously——‘Come, pray let’s hear what you consider.’——‘Why it is,’ answered the Wife, ‘that she is too humble to be any very great Lady; for while our *Betty* was warming the Bed, she called her nothing but Child, and my Dear, and Sweetheart; and when

‘ Betty offered to pull off her Shoes and Stockings, she would not suffer her, saying, she would not give her the Trouble.’

‘ Pugh!’ answered the Husband, ‘ This is nothing. Dost think, because you have seen some great Ladies rude and uncivil to Persons below them, that none of them know how to behave themselves when they come before their Inferiors? I think I know People of Fashion when I see them. I think I do. Did not she call for a Glass of Water when she came in? Another Sort of Women would have called for a Dram; you know they would. If she be not a Woman of very great Quality, sell me for a Fool; and, I believe, those who buy me will have a bad Bargain. Now, would a Woman of her Quality travel without a Footman, unless upon some such extraordinary Occasion?’ ‘ Nay, to be sure, Husband,’ cries she, ‘ you know these Matters better than I, or most Folk.’ ‘ I think I do know something,’ said he. ‘ To be sure,’ answered the Wife, ‘ the poor little Heart looked so piteous, when she sat down in the Chair, I protest I could not help having a Compassion for her, almost as much

‘ as

‘ as if she had been a poor Body. But
 ‘ what’s to be done, Husband? If an she
 ‘ be a Rebel, I suppose you intend to be-
 ‘ tray her up to the Court. Well, she’s a
 ‘ sweet-tempered, good-humoured Lady, be
 ‘ she what she will, and I shall hardly refrain
 ‘ from crying when I hear she is hanged or
 ‘ beheaded.’ ‘ Pooh,’ answered the Hus-
 band!—‘ But as to what’s to be done it is
 ‘ not so easy a Matter to determine. I
 ‘ hope, before she goes away, we shall
 ‘ have the News of a Battle: for if the
 ‘ Chevalier should get the better, she may
 ‘ gain us Interest at Court, and make our
 ‘ Fortunes, without betraying her.’ ‘ Why
 ‘ that’s true,’ replied the Wife; ‘ and I
 ‘ heartily hope she will have it in her
 ‘ Power. Certainly she’s a sweet good
 ‘ Lady; it would go horribly against me to
 ‘ have her come to any Harm.’ ‘ Pooh,’
 cries the Landlord, ‘ Women are always
 ‘ so tender-hearted. Why you would not
 ‘ harbour Rebels, would you?’ ‘ No, cer-
 ‘ tainly,’ answered the Wife; ‘ and as for
 ‘ betraying her, come what will on’t, No-
 ‘ body can blame us. It is what any body
 ‘ would do in our Case.’

While our politic Landlord, who had
 not, we see, undeservedly the Reputation
 of

of great Wisdom among his Neighbours, was engaged in debating this Matter with himself, (for he paid little Attention to the Opinion of his Wife) News arrived that the Rebels had given the Duke the Slip, and had got a Day's March towards *London*; and soon after arrived a famous *Jacobite* Squire, who, with great Joy in his Countenance, shook the Landlord by the Hand, saying, 'All's our own, Boy, ten thousand honest *Frenchmen* are landed in *Suffolk*. 'Our *England* for ever! Ten thousand *French*, my brave Lad! I am going to tap away directly.'

This News determined the Opinion of the wise Man, and he resolved to make his Court to the young Lady, when she arose; for he had now (he said) discovered that she was no other than Madam *Jenny Cameron* herself.

C H A P. III.

A very short Chapter, in which however is a Sun, a Moon, a Star, and an Angel.

THE Sun (for he keeps very good Hours at this Time of the Year) had been some Time retired to Rest, when *Sophia* arose greatly refreshed by her Sleep; which,

Ch. 3. a FOUNDLING. 111

which, short as it was, nothing but her extreme Fatigue could have occasioned; for tho' she had told her Maid, and perhaps herself too, that she was perfectly easy, when she left *Upton*, yet it is certain her Mind was a little affected with that Malady which is attended with all the restless Symptoms of a Fever, and is perhaps the very Distemper which Physicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the Fever on the Spirits.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* likewise left her Bed at the same Time; and having summoned her Maid, immediately dressed herself. She was really a very pretty Woman, and had she been in any other Company but that of *Sophia*, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. *Honour* of her own Accord attended (for her Mistress would not suffer her to be waked) and had equipped our Heroine, the Charms of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* who had performed the Office of the Morning Star, which had preceded greater Glories, shared the Fate of that Star, and were totally eclipsed the Moment those Glories shone forth.

Perhaps *Sophia* never looked more beautiful than she did at this Instant. We ought not therefore to condemn the Maid
of

of the Inn for her Hyperbole ; who when she descended, after having lighted the Fire, declared, and ratified it with an Oath, that if ever there was an Angel upon Earth, she was now above Stairs.

Sophia had acquainted her Cousin with her Design to go to *London* ; and Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had agreed to accompany her ; for the Arrival of her Husband at *Upton* had put an End to her Design of going to *Bath*, or to her Aunt *Western*. They had therefore no sooner finished their Tea, than *Sophia* proposed to set out, the Moon then shining extremely bright, and as for the Frost she defied it ; nor had she any of those Apprehensions which many young Ladies would have felt at travelling by Night ; for she had, as we have before observed, some little Degree of natural Courage ; and this her present Sensations, which bordered somewhat on Despair, greatly encreased. Besides, as she had already travelled twice with Safety, by the Light of the Moon, she was the better emboldened to trust to it a third Time.

The Disposition of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was more timorous ; for tho' the greater Terrors had conquered the less, and the Presence

fence of her Husband had driven her away at so unseasonable an Hour from *Upton*, yet being now arrived at a Place where she thought herself safe from his Pursuit, these lesser Terrors of I know not what, operated so strongly, that she earnestly entreated her Cousin to stay till the next Morning, and not expose herself to the Dangers of travelling by Night.

Sophia, who was yielding to an Excess, when she could neither laugh nor reason her Cousin out of these Apprehensions, at last gave Way to them. Perhaps indeed, had she known of her Father's Arrival at *Upton*, it might have been more difficult to have persuaded her; for as to *Jones*, she had, I am afraid, no great Horror at the Thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confess the Truth, I believe she rather wished than feared it; though I might honestly enough have concealed this Wish from the Reader, as it was one of those secret spontaneous Emotions of the Soul, to which the Reason is often a Stranger.

When our young Ladies had determined to remain all that Evening in their Inn, they were attended by the Landlady, who desired

desired to know what their Ladyships would be pleased to eat. Such Charms were there in the Voice, in the Manner, and in the affable Deportment of *Sophia*, that she ravished the Landlady to the highest Degree; and that good Woman, concluding that she had attended *Jenny Cameron*, became in a Moment a staunch *Jacobite*, and wished heartily well to the young Pretender's Cause, from the great Sweetness and Affability with which she had been treated by his supposed Mistress.

The two Cousins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal Curiosity, to know what extraordinary Accidents on both Sides occasioned this so strange and unexpected Meeting. At last Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, having obtained of *Sophia* a Promise of communicating likewise in her Turn, began to relate what the Reader, if he is desirous to know her History, may read in the ensuing Chapter.

CH A P. IV.

The History of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

MR S. *Fitzpatrick*, after a Silence of a few Moments, fetching a deep Sigh, thus began :

‘ It is natural to the Unhappy to feel a
 ‘ secret Concern in recollecting those Pe-
 ‘ riods of their Lives which have been
 ‘ most delightful to them. The Remem-
 ‘ brance of past Pleasures affects us with a
 ‘ kind of tender Grief, like what we suffer
 ‘ for departed Friends ; and the Ideas of
 ‘ both may be said to haunt our Imagina-
 ‘ tions.

‘ For this Reason, I never reflect without
 ‘ Sorrow on those Days (the happiest far of
 ‘ my Life) which we spent together, when
 ‘ both were under the Care of my Aunt
 ‘ *Western*. Alas ! why are Miss *Graveairs*,
 ‘ and Miss *Giddy* no more. You remem-
 ‘ ber, I am sure, when we knew each
 ‘ other by no other Names. Indeed you
 ‘ gave me the latter Appellation with too
 ‘ just Cause. I have since experienced how
 ‘ much

‘ much I deserved it. You, my *Sophia*,
‘ was always my Superior in every thing,
‘ and I heartily hope you will be so in your
‘ Fortune. I shall never forget the wise
‘ and matronly Advice you once gave me,
‘ when I lamented being disappointed of a
‘ Ball, though you could not be then four-
‘ teen Years old.—O my *Sophy*, how blest
‘ must have been my Situation, when I
‘ could think such a Disappointment a Mis-
‘ fortune; and when indeed it was the
‘ greatest I had ever known.

‘ And yet, my dear *Harriet*,’ answered
Sophia, ‘ it was then a serious Matter with
‘ with you. Comfort yourself therefore
‘ with thinking, that whatever you now
‘ lament may hereafter appear as trifling
‘ and contemptible as a Ball would at this
‘ Time.’

‘ Alas, my *Sophia*,’ replied the other
Lady, ‘ you yourself will think otherwise
‘ of my present Situation; for greatly must
‘ that tender Heart be altered, if my Mis-
‘ fortunes do not draw many a Sigh, nay
‘ many a Tear, from you. The Know-
‘ ledge of this should perhaps deter me
‘ from relating what I am convinced will so
‘ much affect you.’—Here Mrs. *Fitz-*
patrick

patrick stopt, till at the repeated Entreaties of *Sophia*, she thus proceeded.

‘ Though you must have heard much
 ‘ of my Marriage, yet as Matters may
 ‘ probably have been misrepresented, I will
 ‘ set out from the very Commencement of
 ‘ my unfortunate Acquaintance with my
 ‘ present Husband ; which was at *Bath*,
 ‘ soon after you left my Aunt, and re-
 ‘ turned home to your Father.

‘ Among the gay young Fellows, who
 ‘ were at this Season at *Bath*, Mr. *Fitz-*
 ‘ *patrick* was one. He was handsome,
 ‘ degagé, extremely gallant, and in his
 ‘ Dress exceeded most others. In short,
 ‘ my Dear, if you was unluckily to see
 ‘ him now, I could describe him no better
 ‘ than by telling you he was the very Re-
 ‘ verse of every Thing which he is : For
 ‘ he hath rusticated himself so long, that
 ‘ he is become an absolute wild *Irishman*.
 ‘ But to proceed in my Story ; the Quali-
 ‘ fications which he then possessed so well
 ‘ recommended him, that though the Peo-
 ‘ ple of Quality at this Time lived sepa-
 ‘ rate from the rest of the Company,
 ‘ and excluded them from all their Parties,
 ‘ Mr. *Fitzpatrick* found Means to gain
 ‘ Admit-

‘ Admittance. It was perhaps no easy
 ‘ Matter to avoid him; for he required
 ‘ very little or no Invitation; and as being
 ‘ handsome and genteel, he found it no
 ‘ difficult Matter to ingratiate himself with
 ‘ the Ladies, so, he having frequently
 ‘ drawn his Sword, the Men did not care
 ‘ publickly to affront him. Had it not
 ‘ been for some such Reason, I believe he
 ‘ would have been soon expelled by his
 ‘ own Sex; for surely he had no strict
 ‘ Title to be preferred to the *English*
 ‘ Gentry; nor did they seem inclined to
 ‘ shew him any extraordinary Favour.
 ‘ They all abused him behind his Back,
 ‘ which might probably proceed from
 ‘ Envy; for he was well received, and
 ‘ very particularly distinguished by the
 ‘ Women.

‘ My Aunt, tho’ no Person of Quality
 ‘ herself, as she had always lived about the
 ‘ Court, was enrolled in that Party: For
 ‘ by whatever Means you get into the Polite
 ‘ Circle, when you are once there, it is suf-
 ‘ ficient Merit for you that you are there.
 ‘ This Observation, young as you was, you
 ‘ could scarce avoid making from my
 ‘ Aunt, who was free, or reserved, with
 ‘ all

‘ all People, just as they had more or less
 ‘ of this Merit.

‘ And this Merit, I believe, it was,
 ‘ which principally recommended Mr. *Fitz-*
 ‘ *patrick* to her Favour. In which he so
 ‘ well succeeded, that he was always one
 ‘ of her private Parties. Nor was he back-
 ‘ ward in returning such Distinction; for
 ‘ he soon grew so very particular in his
 ‘ Behaviour to her, that the Scandal Club
 ‘ first began to take Notice of it, and
 ‘ the better disposed Persons made a Match
 ‘ between them. For my own Part, I
 ‘ confess, I made no Doubt but that his
 ‘ Designs were strictly honourable, as the
 ‘ Phrase is; that is, to rob a Lady of her
 ‘ Fortune by Way of Marriage. My Aunt
 ‘ was, I conceived, neither young enough
 ‘ nor handsome enough, to attract much
 ‘ wicked Inclination; but she had matri-
 ‘ monial Charms in great Abundance.

‘ I was the more confirmed in this Opi-
 ‘ nion from the extraordinary Respect
 ‘ which he shewed to myself, from the first
 ‘ Moment of our Acquaintance. This I
 ‘ understood as an Attempt to lessen, if
 ‘ possible, that Disinclination which my
 ‘ Interest might be supposed to give me
 ‘ towards

‘ towards the Match; and I know not, but
‘ in some Measure it had that Effect; for
‘ as I was well contented with my own
‘ Fortune, and of all People the least a
‘ Slave to interested Views, so I could not
‘ be violently the Enemy of a Man with
‘ whose Behaviour to me I was greatly
‘ pleased; and the more so, as I was the
‘ only Object of such Respect; for he be-
‘ haved at the same Time to many Wo-
‘ men of Quality without any Respect at
‘ all.

‘ Agreeable as this was to me, he soon
‘ changed it into another Kind of Beha-
‘ viour, which was perhaps more so. He
‘ now put on much Softness and Tender-
‘ ness, and languished and sighed abun-
‘ dantly. At Times indeed, whether from
‘ Art or Nature I will not determine, he
‘ gave his usual Loose to Gayety and
‘ Mirth; but this was always in general
‘ Company, and with other Women; for
‘ even in a Country Dance, when he was
‘ not my Partner, he became grave and
‘ put on the softest Look imaginable, the
‘ Moment he approached me. Indeed he
‘ was in all Things so very particular to-
‘ wards me, that I must have been blind
‘ not to have discovered it. And, and,
‘ and——

‘ and—‘ And you was more pleased still,
 ‘ my dear *Harriet*,’ cries *Sophia*; ‘ you need
 ‘ not be ashamed,’ added she sighing, ‘ for
 ‘ sure there are irresistible Charms in Ten-
 ‘ derness, which too many Men are able
 ‘ to affect.’ ‘ True,’ answered her Cousin,
 ‘ Men, who in all other Instances want
 ‘ common Sense, are very *Machiavels* in
 ‘ the Art of Loving. I wish I did not
 ‘ know an Instance. — Well, Scandal now
 ‘ began to be as busy with me as it had
 ‘ before been with my Aunt, and some
 ‘ good Ladies did not scruple to affirm that
 ‘ Mr. *Fitzpatrick* had an Intrigue with us
 ‘ both.

‘ But what may seem astonishing; my
 ‘ Aunt never saw, nor in the least seemed
 ‘ to suspect that which was visible enough,
 ‘ I believe, from both our Behaviours. One
 ‘ would indeed think, that Love quite
 ‘ puts out the Eyes of an old Woman.
 ‘ In Fact, they so greedily swallow the Ad-
 ‘ dresses which are made to them, that like
 ‘ an outrageous Glutton, they are not at
 ‘ Leisure to observe what passes amongst
 ‘ others at the same Table. This I have
 ‘ observed in more Cases than my own;
 ‘ and this was so strongly verified by my
 ‘ Aunt, that tho’ she often found us to-
 VOL. IV. G ‘ gether

' gether at her Return from the Pump, the
 ' least canting Word of his, pretending Im-
 ' patience at her Absence, effectually smo-
 ' thered all Suspicion. One Artifice suc-
 ' ceeded with her to Admiration. This
 ' was his treating me like a little Child,
 ' and never calling me by any other Name
 ' in her Presence, but by that of pretty
 ' Miss. This indeed did him some Differ-
 ' vice with your humble Servant; but I
 ' soon saw through it, especially as in her
 ' Absence he behaved to me, as I have said,
 ' in a different Manner. However, if I
 ' was not greatly disobliged by a Conduct
 ' of which I had discovered the Design, I
 ' smarted very severely for it: For my
 ' Aunt really conceived me to be what her
 ' Lover (as she thought him) called me,
 ' and treated me, in all Respects, as a per-
 ' fect Infant. To say the Truth, I won-
 ' der she had not insisted on my again wear-
 ' ing Leading-strings.

' At last, my Lover (for so he was)
 ' thought proper, in a most solemn Manner,
 ' to disclose a Secret which I had known
 ' long before. He now placed all the Love
 ' which he had pretended to my Aunt to
 ' my Account. He lamented the Encou-
 ' ragement she had given him in very pa-
 ' thetic

“ Ruin. As for your old stinking Aunt,
“ if it was to be no Injury to you, and
“ my pretty *Sophy Western* (I assure
“ you I repeat his Words) I should be
“ heartily glad, that the Fellow was in
“ Possession of all that belongs to her. I
“ never advise old Women : For if they
“ take it into their Heads to go to the De-
“ vil, it is no more possible, than worth
“ while, to keep them from him. Inno-
“ cence and Youth and Beauty are wor-
“ thy a better Fate, and I would save them
“ from his Clutches. Let me advise you
“ therefore, dear Child ; never suffer this
“ Fellow to be particular with you again.”
“ — Many more Things he said to me,
“ which I have now forgotten, and indeed
“ I attended very little to them at that
“ Time : For Inclination contradicted all
“ he said, and besides I could not be per-
“ suaded, that Women of Quality would
“ condescend to Familiarity with such a Per-
“ son as he described.

“ But I am afraid, my Dear, I shall tire
“ you with a Detail of so many minute
“ Circumstances. To be concise therefore,
“ imagine me married ; imagine me, with
“ my Husband, at the Feet of my Aunt,
“ and then imagine the maddest Woman in

“ *Bedlam*

‘ *Bedlam* in a raving Fit, and your Imagination will suggest to you no more than what really happened.

‘ The very next Day, my Aunt left the Place, partly to avoid seeing Mr. *Fitzpatrick* or my self, and as much perhaps to avoid seeing any one else ; for, tho’ I am told she hath since denied every thing stoutly, I believe she was then a little confounded at her Disappointment. Since that Time, I have written to her many Letters ; but never could obtain an Answer, which I must own sits somewhat the heavier, as she herself was, tho’ undesignedly, the Occasion of all my Sufferings : For had it not been under the Colour of paying his Addresses to her, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* would never have found sufficient Opportunities to have engaged my Heart, which, in other Circumstances, I still flatter myself would not have been an easy Conquest to such a Person. Indeed, I believe, I should not have erred so grossly in my Choice, if I had relied on my own Judgment ; but I trusted totally to the Opinion of others, and very foolishly took the Merit of a Man for granted, whom I saw so universally well received by the Women. What is the

Reason, my Dear, that we who have Understanding equal to the wisest and greatest of the other Sex so often make Choice of the silliest Fellows for Companions and Favourites? It raises my Indignation to the highest Pitch, to reflect on the Numbers of Women of Sense who have been undone by Fools.' Here she paused a Moment; but *Sophia* making no Answer, she proceeded as in the next Chapter.

C H A P. V.

In which the History of Mrs. Fitzpatrick is continued.

WE remained at *Bath* no longer than a Fortnight after our Wedding: For as to any Reconciliation with my Aunt, there were no Hopes; and of my Fortune, not one Farthing could be touched till I was at Age, of which I now wanted more than two Years. My Husband therefore was resolved to set out for *Ireland*; against which I remonstrated very earnestly, and insisted on a Promise which he had made me before our Marriage, that I should never take this Journey against my Consent; and indeed I never

‘ never intended to consent to it ; nor
 ‘ will any Body, I believe, blame me for
 ‘ that Resolution ; but this, however, I never
 ‘ mentioned to my Husband, and peti-
 ‘ tioned only for the Reprieve of a Month ;
 ‘ but he had fixed the Day, and to that
 ‘ Day he obstinately adhered.

‘ The Evening before our Departure, as
 ‘ we were disputing this Point with great
 ‘ Eagerness on both Sides, he started sud-
 ‘ denly from his Chair, and left me abrupt-
 ‘ ly, saying, he was going to the Rooms.
 ‘ He was hardly out of the House, when
 ‘ I saw a Paper lying on the Floor, which,
 ‘ I suppose, he had carelessly pulled from
 ‘ his Pocket, together with his Handker-
 ‘ chief. This Paper I took up, and find-
 ‘ ing it to be a Letter, I made no Scruple
 ‘ to open and read it, and indeed I read it
 ‘ so often, that I can repeat it to you al-
 ‘ most Word for Word. This then was the
 ‘ Letter.

To Mr. *Brian Fitzpatrick.*

Sir,

“ **Y**OURS received, and am surpris-
 “ zed you should use me in this Man-
 “ ner, as have never seen any of your Cash,
 G 4 “ unless

“ unless for one Linsey Woolsey Coat, and
 “ your Bill now is upwards of 150 *l.* Con-
 “ sider, Sir, how often you have fobbed
 “ me off with your being shortly to be
 “ married to this Lady, and t’other Lady;
 “ but I can neither live on Hopes or Pro-
 “ mises, nor will my Woollen-draper take
 “ any such in Payment. You tell me you
 “ are secure of having either the Aunt or
 “ the Niece, and that you might have mar-
 “ ried the Aunt before this, whose Jointure
 “ you say is immense, but that you prefer
 “ the Niece on account of her ready Mo-
 “ ney. Pray, Sir, take a Fool’s Advice
 “ for once, and marry the first you can
 “ get. You will pardon my offering my
 “ Advice, as you know I sincerely wish
 “ you well. Shall draw on you *per* next
 “ Post, in favour of Messieurs *John Drugget*
 “ and Company, at fourteen Days, which
 “ doubt not your honouring, and am,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

SAM. COSGRAVE.

‘ This was the Letter Word for Word.
 ‘ Guess, my dear Girl, guess how this Let-
 ‘ ter affected me. *You prefer the Niece on*
 ‘ *account*

‘ *account of her Ready Money !* If every one
 ‘ of these Words had been a Dagger, I
 ‘ could with Pleasure have stabbed them in-
 ‘ to his Heart ; but I will not recount my
 ‘ frantic Behaviour on the Occasion. I had
 ‘ pretty well spent my Tears before his
 ‘ Return home ; but sufficient Remains of
 ‘ them appeared in my swollen Eyes. He
 ‘ threw himself fullenly into his Chair, and
 ‘ for a long Time we were both silent. At
 ‘ length in a haughty Tone, he said, “ I
 “ hope, Madam, your Servants have pack-
 “ ed up all your Things ; for the Coach
 “ will be ready by Six in the Morning.”
 ‘ My Patience was totally subdued by this
 ‘ Provocation, and I answered, No, Sir,
 ‘ there is a Letter still remains unpacked,
 ‘ and then throwing it on the Table, I fell
 ‘ to upbraiding him with the most bitter
 ‘ Language I could invent.

‘ Whether Guilt, or Shame, or Pru-
 ‘ dence, restrained him, I cannot say ; but
 ‘ tho’ he is the most passionate of Men, he
 ‘ exerted no Rage on this Occasion. He
 ‘ endeavoured on the contrary to pacify
 ‘ me by the most gentle Means. He swore
 ‘ the Phrase in the Letter to which I prin-
 ‘ cipally objected was not his, nor had he
 ‘ ever written any such. He owned in-

' deed the having mentioned his Marriage
 ' and that Preference which he had given
 ' to myself, but denied with many Oaths
 ' the having assigned any such Reason.
 ' And he excused the having mentioned
 ' any such Matter at all, on account of the
 ' Straits he was in for Money, arising, he
 ' said, from his having too long neglected
 ' his Estate in *Ireland*. And this, he said,
 ' which he could not bear to discover to
 ' me, was the only Reason of his having
 ' so strenuously insisted on our Journey.
 ' He then used several very endearing Ex-
 ' pressions, and concluded by a very fond
 ' Carefs, and many violent Protestations of
 ' Love.

' There was one Circumstance, which,
 ' tho' he did not appeal to it, had much
 ' Weight with me in his Favour, and
 ' that was the Word Jointure in the
 ' Taylor's Letter, whereas my Aunt never
 ' had been married, and this Mr. *Fitz-*
 ' *patrick* well knew.—As I imagined there-
 ' fore that the Fellow must have inserted
 ' this of his own Head, or from Hearsay,
 ' I persuaded myself he might have ventu-
 ' red likewise on that odious Line on no
 ' better Authority. What Reasoning was
 ' this, my Dear? Was I not an Advocate
 ' rather than a Judge?—But why do I men-
 ' tion

‘ tion such a Circumstance as this, or ap-
 ‘ peal to it for the Justification of my For-
 ‘ giveness!--In short, had he been guilty
 ‘ of twenty Times as much, half the Ten-
 ‘ derness and Fondness which he used,
 ‘ would have prevailed on me to have for-
 ‘ given him. I now made no farther Ob-
 ‘ jections to our setting out, which we did
 ‘ the next Morning, and in a little more
 ‘ than a Week arrived at the Seat of Mr.
 ‘ *Fitzpatrick*.

‘ Your Curiosity will excuse me from re-
 ‘ lating any Occurrences which past during
 ‘ our Journey : For it would indeed be highly
 ‘ disagreeable to travel it over again, and no
 ‘ less so to you to travel it over with me.

‘ This Seat then, is an ancient Man-
 ‘ sion-House ; if I was in one of those
 ‘ merry Humours, in which you have
 ‘ so often seen me, I could describe it to
 ‘ you ridiculously enough. It looked as if
 ‘ it had been formerly inhabited by a Gen-
 ‘ tleman. Here was Room enough, and
 ‘ not the less Room on account of the Fur-
 ‘ niture : For indeed there was very little
 ‘ in it. An old Woman who seemed coe-
 ‘ val with the Building, and greatly re-
 ‘ sembled her whom *Chamont* mentions in

“ the *Orphan*, received us at the Gate, and
“ in a Howl scarce human, and to me un-
“ intelligible, welcomed her Master home.
“ In short, the whole Scene was so gloomy
“ and melancholy, that it threw my Spi-
“ rits into the lowest Dejection; which my
“ Husband discerning, instead of relieving,
“ encreased, by two or three malicious Ob-
“ servations. “ There are good Houses,
“ Madam,” says he, “ as you find, in
“ in other Places besides *England*; but
“ perhaps you had rather be in a dirty
“ Lodgings at *Bath*.”

“ Happy, my Dear, is the Woman, who
“ in any State of Life, hath a cheerful
“ good-natured Companion to support and
“ comfort her; but why do I reflect on
“ happy Situations only to aggravate my
“ own Misery! My Companion, far from
“ clearing up the Gloom of Solitude, soon
“ convinced me, that I must have been
“ wretched with him in any Place, and in
“ any Condition. In a Word, he was a
“ surly Fellow, a Character you have per-
“ haps never seen: For indeed no Woman
“ ever sees it exemplified, but in a Father,
“ a Brother, or a Husband; and tho’ you
“ have a Father, he is not of that Character.
“ This surly Fellow had formerly appeared to
“ me the very Reverse, and so he did still to
“ every

‘ every other Person. Good Heaven ! how is
 ‘ it possible for a Man to maintain a constant
 ‘ Lie in his Appearance abroad and in
 ‘ Company, and to content himself with
 ‘ shewing disagreeable Truth only at home ?
 ‘ Here, my Dear, they make themselves
 ‘ Amends for the uneasy Restraint which
 ‘ they put on their Tempers in the World ;
 ‘ for I have observed the more merry and
 ‘ gay, and good-humoured my Husband
 ‘ hath at any Time been in Company, the
 ‘ more fullen and morose he was sure to be-
 ‘ come at our next private Meeting. How
 ‘ shall I describe his Barbarity ? To my
 ‘ Fondness he was cold and insensible. My
 ‘ little comical Ways, which you, my So-
 ‘ phy, and which others have called so agree-
 ‘ able, he treated with Contempt. In my
 ‘ most serious Moments he sung and whist-
 ‘ led ; and whenever I was thoroughly de-
 ‘ jected and miserable, he was angry, and
 ‘ abused me : for though he was never
 ‘ pleased with my good Humour, nor as-
 ‘ cribed it to my Satisfaction in him ; yet
 ‘ my low Spirits always offended him, and
 ‘ those he imputed to my Repentance of
 ‘ having (as he said) married an *Irish-*
 ‘ *man*.

‘ You

‘ You will easily conceive, my dear
‘ *Graveairs* ; (I ask your Pardon, I really
‘ forgot myself) that when a Woman makes
‘ an imprudent Match in the Sense of the
‘ World ; that is, when she is not an ar-
‘ rant Prostitute to pecuniary Interest, she
‘ must necessarily have some Inclination and
‘ Affection for her Man. You will as ea-
‘ sily believe that this Affection may pos-
‘ sibly be lessened ; nay, I do assure you,
‘ Contempt will wholly eradicate it. This
‘ Contempt I now began to entertain for
‘ my Husband, whom I now discovered
‘ to be---I must use the Expression— an
‘ errant Blockhead. Perhaps you will won-
‘ der I did not make this Discovery long
‘ before ; but Women will suggest a thou-
‘ sand Excuses to themselves for the Folly
‘ of those they like : Besides, give me Leave
‘ to tell you it requires a most penetrating
‘ Eye to discern a Fool through the Dis-
‘ guises of Gayety and Good-breeding.

‘ It will be easily imagined, that when I
‘ once despised my Husband, as I confess
‘ to you I soon did, I must consequently
‘ dislike his Company ; and indeed I had
‘ the Happiness of being very little troubled
‘ with it ; for our House was now most ele-
‘ gantly furnished, our Cellars well stocked,

‘ and

‘ and Dogs and Horses provided in great
 ‘ Abundance. As my Gentleman therefore
 ‘ entertained his Neighbours with great
 ‘ Hospitality, so his Neighbours resorted to
 ‘ him with great Alacrity ; and Sports and
 ‘ Drinking consumed so much of his Time,
 ‘ that a small Part of his Conversation, that
 ‘ is to say, of his Ill-humours, fell to my
 ‘ Share.

‘ Happy would it have been for me, if
 ‘ I could as easily have avoided all other
 ‘ disagreeable Company ; but alas ! I was
 ‘ confined to some which constantly tor-
 ‘ mented me ; and the more, as I saw no
 ‘ Prospect of being relieved from them.
 ‘ These Companions were my own rack-
 ‘ ing Thoughts, which plagued, and in a
 ‘ Manner haunted me Night and Day. In
 ‘ this Situation I past through a Scene, the
 ‘ Horrors of which can neither be painted
 ‘ nor imagined. Think, my Dear, figure,
 ‘ if you can, to yourself what I must have
 ‘ undergone. I became a Mother by the
 ‘ Man I scorned, hated, and detested. I
 ‘ went through all the Agonies and Mi-
 ‘ series of a Lying-in, (ten Times more
 ‘ painful in such a Circumstance, than the
 ‘ worst Labour can be, when one endures
 ‘ it for a Man one loves,) in a Desert, or
 3 rather

‘ rather indeed a Scene of Riot and Revel,
 ‘ without a Friend, without a Companion,
 ‘ or without any of those agreeable Circum-
 ‘ stances which often alleviate, and perhaps
 ‘ sometimes more than compensate the
 ‘ Sufferings of our Sex at this Season.

C H A P. VI.

*In which the Mistake of the Landlord throws
 Sophia into a dreadful Consternation.*

MR S. *Fitzpatrick* was proceeding in her Narrative, when she was interrupted by the Entrance of Dinner, greatly to the Concern of *Sophia*: For the Misfortunes of her Friend had raised her Anxiety, and left her no Appetite, but what Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was to satisfy by her Relation.

The Landlord now attended with a Plate under his Arm, and with the same Respect in his Countenance and Address, which he would have put on, had the Ladies arrived in a Coach and Six.

The married Lady seemed less affected with her own Misfortunes than was her Cousin: For the former eat very heartily, whereas

whereas the latter could hardly swallow a Morfel. *Sophia* likewise shewed more Concern and Sorrow in her Countenance than appeared in the other Lady ; who having observed these Symptoms in her Friend, begged her to be comforted, saying, ‘ Perhaps all may yet end better than either you or I expect.

Our Landlord thought he had now an Opportunity to open his Mouth, and was resolved not to omit it. ‘ I am sorry, Madam,’ cries he, ‘ that your Ladyship can’t eat ; for to be sure you must be hungry after so long fasting. I hope your Ladyship is not uneasy at any Thing : For as Madam there says, all may end better than any body expects. A Gentleman who was here just now, brought excellent News, and perhaps some Folks who have given other Folks the Slip may get to *London* before they are overtaken, and if they do, I make no Doubt, but they will find People who will be very ready to receive them.

All Persons under the Apprehension of Danger, convert whatever they see and hear into the Objects of that Apprehension. *Sophia* therefore immediately concluded from the

the foregoing Speech, that she was known and pursued by her Father. She was now struck with the utmost Consternation, and for a few Minutes deprived of the Power of Speech; which she no sooner recovered, than she desired the Landlord to send his Servants out of the Room, and then addressing herself to him, said; ‘ I perceive, Sir, you know who we are; but I beseech you;—nay, I am convinced, if you have any Compassion or Goodness, you will not betray us.

‘ I betray your Ladyship,’ quoth the Landlord! No; (and then he swore several very hearty Oaths) ‘ I would sooner be cut into ten thousand Pieces. I hate all Treachery. I! I never betrayed any one in my Life yet, and I am sure I shall not begin with so sweet a Lady as your Ladyship. All the World would very much blame me if I should, since it will be in your Ladyship’s Power so shortly to reward me. My Wife can witness for me, I knew your Ladyship the Moment you came into the House: I said it was your Honour, before I lifted you from your Horse, and I shall carry the Bruises I got in your Ladyship’s Service to the Grave; but what signified that, as long as I saved
‘ your

‘ your Ladyship. To be sure some People
 ‘ this Morning would have thought of get-
 ‘ ting a Reward ; but no such Thought
 ‘ ever entered into my Head. I would
 ‘ sooner starve than take any Reward for
 ‘ betraying your Ladyship.

‘ I promise you, Sir, says *Sophia*, if it
 ‘ be ever in my Power to reward you, you
 ‘ shall not lose by your Generosity.

‘ Alack-a-day, Madam !’ answered the
 Landlord, ‘ in your Ladyship’s Power !
 ‘ Heaven put it as much into your Will.
 ‘ I am only afraid your Honour will for-
 ‘ get such a poor Man as an Innkeeper ;
 ‘ but if your Ladyship should not ; I
 ‘ hope you will remember what Reward
 ‘ I refused——refused ! that is I would
 ‘ have refused, and to be sure it may
 ‘ be called refusing ; for I might have
 ‘ had it certainly, and to be sure you might
 ‘ have been in some Houses ;—but for my
 ‘ Part, I would not methinks for the World
 ‘ have your Ladyship wrong me so much,
 ‘ as to imagine I ever thought of betraying
 ‘ you, even before I heard the good News.

‘ What News pray ?’ says *Sophia*, some-
 what eagerly.

‘ Hath

‘Hath not your Ladyship heard it then?’ cries the Landlord, ‘nay, like enough: For I heard it only a few Minutes ago; and if I had never heard it, may the Devil fly away with me this Instant, if I would have betrayed your Honour; no, if I would, may I—Here he subjoined several dreadful Execrations, which *Sophia* at last interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the News.—He was going to answer, when Mrs. *Honour* came running into the Room, all pale and breathless, and cried out, ‘Madam, we are all undone, all ruined, they are come, they are come!’ These Words almost froze up the Blood of *Sophia*; but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* asked *Honour*, who were come?—‘Who?’ answered she, ‘why the *French*; several hundred thousands of them are landed, and we shall be all murdered and ravished.’

As a Miser, who hath in some well-built City a Cottage value Twenty Shillings, when at a Distance he is alarmed with the News of a Fire, turns pale and trembles at his Loss; but when he finds the beautiful Palaces only are burnt, and his own Cottage remains safe, he comes instantly to himself and smiles at his good Fortune: Or as (for
we

we dislike something in the former Simile) the tender Mother, when terrified with the Apprehension that her darling Boy is drowned, is struck senseless and almost dead with Consternation; but when she is told that little Master is safe, and the *Victory* only with Twelve hundred brave Men gone to the Bottom, Life and Sense again return, maternal Fondness enjoys the sudden Relief from all its Fears, and the general Benevolence which at another Time would have deeply felt the dreadful Catastrophe, lies fast asleep in her Mind.

So *Sophia*, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general Calamity of her Country, found such immediate Satisfaction from the Relief of those Terrors she had of being overtaken by her Father, that the Arrival of the *French* scarce made any Impression on her. She gently chid her Maid for the Fright into which she had thrown her; and said, ‘ she was glad it was no worse; for that she had feared somebody else was come.’

‘ Ay, ay,’ quoth the Landlord smiling, ‘ her Ladyship knows better things; she knows the *French* are our very best Friends, and come over hither only for our good. They

‘ They are the People who are to make
 ‘ old *England* flourish again. I warrant
 ‘ her Honour thought the Duke was com-
 ‘ ing ; and that was enough to put her
 ‘ into a Fright. I was going to tell your
 ‘ Ladyship the News.—His Honour’s Ma-
 ‘ jesty, Heaven bless him, hath given the
 ‘ Duke the Slip ; and is marching as fast
 ‘ as he can to *London*, and ten thousand
 ‘ *French* are landed to join him on the
 ‘ Road.’

Sophia was not greatly pleased with this
 News, nor with the Gentleman who related
 it ; but as she still imagined he knew her
 (for she could not possibly have any Suspi-
 cion of the real Truth) she durst not shew
 any Dislike. And now the Landlord, hav-
 ing removed the Cloth from the Table,
 withdrew ; but at his Departure frequently
 repeated his Hopes of being remembred
 hereafter.

The Mind of *Sophia* was not at all easy
 under the Supposition of being known at
 this House ; for she still applied to herself
 many Things which the Landlord had ad-
 dressed to *Jenny Cameron* ; she therefore or-
 dered her Maid to pump out of him by
 what Means he had become acquainted
 with

with her Person, and who had offered him the Reward for betraying her; she likewise ordered the Horses to be in Readiness by four in the Morning, at which Hour Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* promised to bear her Company, and then composing herself as well as she could, she desired that Lady to continue her Story.

C H A P. VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her History.

WHILE Mrs. *Honour*, in Pursuance of the Commands of her Mistress, ordered a Bowl of Punch, and invited my Landlord and Landlady to partake of it, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* thus went on with her Relation.

‘ Most of the Officers who were quartered at a Town in our Neighbourhood were of my Husband’s Acquaintance. Among these was a Lieutenant, a very pretty Sort of Man, and who was married to a Woman so agreeable both in her Temper and Conversation, that from our first know-
ing

ing each other, which was soon after my Lying-in, we were almost inseparable Companions; for I had the good Fortune to make myself equally agreeable to her.

‘ The Lieutenant, who was neither a Sot nor a Sportsman, was frequently of our Parties; indeed he was very little with my Husband, and no more than good Breeding constrained him to be, as he lived almost constantly at our House. My Husband often expressed much Dissatisfaction at the Lieutenant’s preferring my Company to his; he was very angry with me on that Account, and gave me many a hearty Curse for drawing away his Companions; saying, “ I ought to be d——ned for having spoiled one of the prettiest Fellows in the World, by making a Milk-sop of him.

‘ You will be mistaken, my dear *Sophia*, if you imagine that the Anger of my Husband arose from my depriving him of a Companion; for the Lieutenant was not a Person with whose Society a Fool could be pleased; and if I should admit the Possibility of this, so little Right had my Husband to place the Loss of his

‘ Companion to me, that I am convinced
 ‘ it was my Conversation alone which in-
 ‘ duced him ever to come to the House.
 ‘ No, Child, it was Envy, the worst and
 ‘ most rancorous Kind of Envy, the Envy
 ‘ of Superiority of Understanding. The
 ‘ Wretch could not bear to see my Conver-
 ‘ sation preferred to his, by a Man of
 ‘ whom he could not entertain the least
 ‘ Jealousy. O my dear *Sophy*, you are a
 ‘ Woman of Sense; if you marry a Man,
 ‘ as is most probable you will, of less Ca-
 ‘ pacity than yourself, make frequent Trials
 ‘ of his Temper before Marriage, and see
 ‘ whether he can bear to submit to such a
 ‘ Superiority. — Promise me, *Sophy*, you
 ‘ will take this Advice; for you will here-
 ‘ after find its Importance.’ ‘ It is very
 ‘ likely I shall never marry at all,’ answer-
 ‘ ed *Sophia*; ‘ I think, at least, I shall never
 ‘ marry a Man in whose Understanding I see
 ‘ any Defects before Marriage; and I pro-
 ‘ mise you I would rather give up my own,
 ‘ than see any such afterwards.’ — ‘ Give up
 ‘ your Understanding!’ replied Mrs. *Fitz-*
 ‘ *patrick*, ‘ Oh fie, Child, I will not believe
 ‘ so meanly of you. Every thing else I
 ‘ might myself be brought to give up; but
 ‘ never this. Nature would not have al-
 ‘ lotted this Superiority to the Wife in so
 Vol. IV. H many

‘ many Instances, if she had intended we
‘ should have all surrendered it to the Hus-
‘ band. This indeed Men of Sense never
‘ expect of us ; of which the Lieutenant I
‘ have just mentioned was one notable Ex-
‘ ample ; for tho’ he had a very good
‘ Understanding, he always acknowledged
‘ (as was really true) that his Wife had a
‘ better. And this, perhaps, was one
‘ Reason of the Hatred my Tyrant bore
‘ her.

‘ Before he would be so governed by a
‘ Wife,’ he said, ‘ especially such an ugly
‘ B—— (for indeed she was not a regular
‘ Beauty, but very agreeable, and extremely
‘ genteel) he would see all the Women
‘ upon Earth at the Devil,’ which was a
very usual Phrase with him. He said, ‘ he
‘ wondered what I could see in her to be
‘ so charmed with her Company ; since this
‘ Woman,’ says he, ‘ hath come among
‘ us, there is an End of your beloved
‘ Reading, which you pretended to like so
‘ much, that you could not afford Time
‘ to return the Visits of the Ladies, in this
‘ Country ; and I must confess I had been
‘ guilty of a little Rudeness this Way ; for
‘ the Ladies there are at least no better than
‘ the mere Country Ladies here, and I
‘ think,

' think, I need make no other Excuse
' to you for declining any Intimacy with
' them.'

' This Correspondence however conti-
' nued a whole Year, even all the while
' the Lieutenant was quartered in that
' Town; for which I was contented to pay
' the Tax of being constantly abused in
' the Manner above-mentioned by my
' Husband; I mean when he was at
' home; for he was frequently absent a
' Month at a Time at *Dublin*, and once
' made a Journey of two Months to *Lon-*
' *don*; in all which Journeys I thought it
' a very singular Happiness that he never
' once desired my Company; nay, by his
' frequent Censures on Men who could not
' travel, as he phrased it, without a Wife
' tied up to their Tail, he sufficiently inti-
' mated that had I been never so desirous
' of accompanying him, my Wishes would
' have been in vain; but, Heaven knows,
' such Wishes were very far from my
' Thoughts.

' At length my Friend was removed
' from me, and I was again left to my Soli-
' tude, to the tormenting Conversation
' with my own Reflections, and to apply

‘ to Books for my only Comfort. I now
 ‘ read almost all Day long.—How many
 ‘ Books do you think I read in three
 ‘ Months?’ ‘ I can’t guess, indeed, Cousin,’
 answered *Sophia*.—‘ Perhaps half a Score!’
 ‘ Half a Score! half a thousand, Child,’
 answered the other. ‘ I read a good deal
 ‘ in *Daniel’s English History of France*; a
 ‘ great deal in *Plutarch’s Lives*; the *Ata-*
 ‘ *lantis*, *Pope’s Homer*, *Dryden’s Plays*,
 ‘ *Chillingworth*, the Countess *D’Anois*, and
 ‘ *Lock’s Human Understanding*.

‘ During this Interval I wrote three very
 ‘ supplicating, and, I thought, moving
 ‘ Letters to my Aunt; but as I received
 ‘ no Answer to any of them, my Disdain
 ‘ would not suffer me to continue my Ap-
 ‘ plication.’—Here she stopt, and looking
 earnestly at *Sophia*, said, ‘ Methinks, my
 ‘ Dear, I read something in your Eyes
 ‘ which reproaches me of a Neglect in an-
 ‘ other Place, where I should have met
 ‘ with a kinder Return.’ ‘ Indeed, dear
 ‘ *Harriet*,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ your Story
 ‘ is an Apology for any Neglect; but in-
 ‘ deed I feel that I have been guilty of a
 ‘ Remissness, without so good an Excuse.
 ‘ —Yet

‘ — Yet pray proceed ; for I long, tho’
‘ I tremble, to hear the End.’

Thus then Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* resumed her Narrative. ‘ My Husband now took a
‘ second Journey to *England*, where he
‘ continued upwards of three Months. Dur-
‘ ing the greater Part of this Time, I led a
‘ Life which nothing but having led a
‘ worse, could make me think tolerable ;
‘ for perfect Solitude can never be recon-
‘ ciled to a social Mind, like mine, but
‘ when it relieves you from the Company
‘ of those you hate. What added to my
‘ Wretchedness, was the Loss of my little
‘ Infant : Not that I pretend to have had for
‘ it that extravagant Tenderneſs of which I
‘ believe I might have been capable under
‘ other Circumstances ; but I resolved, in
‘ every Instance, to discharge the Duty of
‘ the tenderest Mother, and this Care pre-
‘ vented me from feeling the Weight of
‘ that, heaviest of all Things, when it
‘ can be at all said to lie heavy on our
‘ Hands.

‘ I had spent full ten Weeks almost en-
‘ tirely by myself, having seen no body all
‘ that Time, except my Servants, and a
‘ very few Visitors, when a young Lady,

‘ a Relation of my Husband, came from
‘ a distant Part of *Ireland* to visit me. She
‘ had staid once before a Week at my
‘ House, and I then gave her a pressing
‘ Invitation to return; for she was a very
‘ agreeable Woman, and had improved
‘ good natural Parts by a proper Education.
‘ Indeed she was to me a most welcome
‘ Guest.

‘ A few Days after her Arrival, perceiv-
‘ ing me in very low Spirits, without en-
‘ quiring the Cause, which indeed she very
‘ well knew, the young Lady fell to com-
‘ passionating my Case. She said, “Tho’ Po-
‘ liteness had prevented me from complaining
“ of my Husband’s Behaviour to his Rela-
“ tions, yet they all were very sensible of
“ it, and felt great Concern upon that Ac-
“ count; but none more than herself.”
‘ and after some more general Discourse on
‘ this Head, which I own I could not for-
‘ bear countenancing; at last, after much
‘ previous Precaution, and enjoined Con-
‘ cealment, she communicated to me, as a
‘ profound Secret——that my Husband
‘ kept a Mistress.

‘ You will certainly imagine, I heard
‘ this News with the utmost Insensibility—
‘ Upon

‘ Upon my Word, if you do, your Imagination will mislead you. Contempt had not so kept down my Anger to my Husband ; but that Hatred rose again on this occasion. What can be the Reason of this ? Are we so abominably selfish, that we can be concerned at others having the Possession even of what we despise ? Or are we not rather abominably vain, and is not this the greatest Injury done to our Vanity ? What think you, *Sophia* ?

‘ I don’t know, indeed,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ I have never troubled myself with any of these deep Contemplations ; but I think the Lady did very ill in communicating to you such a Secret.

‘ And yet, my Dear, this Conduct is natural,’ replied Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* ; ‘ and when you have seen and read as much as myself, you will acknowledge it to be so.’

‘ I am sorry to hear it is natural,’ returned *Sophia* ; ‘ for I want neither Reading nor Experience, to convince me, that it is very dishonourable and very ill-natured : Nay, it is surely as ill-bred to

‘ tell a Husband or Wife of the Faults of
‘ each other, as to tell them of their own.’

‘ Well,’ continued Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*,
‘ my Husband at last returned ; and if I
‘ am thoroughly acquainted with my own
‘ Thoughts, I hated him now more than
‘ ever ; but I despised him rather less :
‘ For certainly nothing so much weakens
‘ our Contempt, as an Injury done to
‘ our Pride or our Vanity.

‘ He now assumed a Carriage to me, so
‘ very different from what he had lately
‘ worn, and so nearly resembling his Be-
‘ haviour the first Week of our Marriage,
‘ that had I now had any Spark of Love
‘ remaining, he might, possibly, have re-
‘ kindled my Fondness for him. But
‘ though Hatred may succeed to Con-
‘ tempt, and may, perhaps, get the bet-
‘ ter of it, Love, I believe, cannot. The
‘ Truth is, the Passion of Love is too rest-
‘ less to remain contented, without the Gra-
‘ tification which it receives from its Ob-
‘ ject ; and one can no more be inclined
‘ to love without loving, than we can have
‘ Eyes without seeing. When a Husband,
‘ therefore, ceases to be the Object of this
‘ Passion, it is most probable some other
‘ Man

‘ Man—I say, my dear, if your Husband
 ‘ grows indifferent to you—if you once come
 ‘ to despise him—I say,—that is,—if you
 ‘ have the Passion of Love in you——Lud !
 ‘ I have bewildered myself so,—but one
 ‘ is apt, in these abstracted Considerations,
 ‘ to lose the Concatenation of Ideas, as Mr.
 ‘ *Locke* says.—In short, the Truth is——
 ‘ In short, I scarce know what it is ; but,
 ‘ as I was saying, my Husband returned,
 ‘ and his Behaviour, at first, greatly sur-
 ‘ prized me ; but he soon acquainted me
 ‘ with the Motive, and taught me to
 ‘ account for it. In a Word, then, he
 ‘ had spent and lost all the ready Money
 ‘ of my Fortune ; and as he could mort-
 ‘ gage his own Estate no deeper, he was
 ‘ now desirous to supply himself with Cash
 ‘ for his Extravagance, by selling a little
 ‘ Estate of mine, which he could not do
 ‘ without my Assistance ; and to obtain
 ‘ this Favour, was the whole and sole Mo-
 ‘ tive of all the Fondness which he now
 ‘ put on.

‘ With this I peremptorily refused to
 ‘ comply. I told him, and I told him
 ‘ truly, that had I been possessed of the
 ‘ *Indies* at our first Matriage, he might
 ‘ have commanded it all : For it had been

‘ a constant Maxim with me, that where a
‘ Woman disposes of her Heart, she should
‘ always deposite her Fortune; but as he
‘ had been so kind, long ago, to restore
‘ the former into my Possession, I was
‘ resolved, likewise, to retain what little re-
‘ mained of the latter.

‘ I will not describe to you the Passion
‘ into which these Words, and the resolute
‘ Air in which they were spoken, threw
‘ him: Nor will I trouble you with the
‘ whole Scene which succeeded between
‘ us. Out came, you may be well assured,
‘ the Story of the Mistress; and out it
‘ did come, with all the Embellishments
‘ which Anger and Disdain could bestow
‘ upon it.

‘ Mr. *Fitzpatrick* seemed a little Thun-
‘ der-struck with this, and more confused
‘ than I had seen him; tho’ his Ideas are
‘ always confused enough, Heaven knows.
‘ He did not, however, endeavour to ex-
‘ culate himself; but took a Method
‘ which almost equally confounded me.
‘ What was this but Recrimination! He
‘ affected to be jealous;—he may, for
‘ ought I know, be inclined enough to
‘ Jealousy in his natural Temper: Nay, he
‘ must

' must have had it from Nature, or the
 ' Devil must have put it into his Head :
 ' For I defy all the World to cast a just
 ' Aspersi^{on} on my Character: Nay, the
 ' most scandalous Tongues have never
 ' dared censure my Reputation. My Fame,
 ' I thank Heaven, hath been always as
 ' spotless as my Life; and let Fals^{hood}
 ' itself accuse that, if it dare. No, my
 ' dear *Graveairs*, however provoked, how-
 ' ever ill treated, however injured in my
 ' Love, I have firmly resolved never to
 ' give the least Room for Censure on this
 ' Account.—And yet, my dear, there
 ' are some People so malicious, some
 ' Tongues so venomous, that no Innocence
 ' can escape them. The most undesigned
 ' Word, the most accidental Look, the
 ' least Familiarity, or most innocent Free-
 ' dom, will be misconstrued, and magnified
 ' into I know not what, by some People.
 ' But I despise, my dear *Graveairs*, I de-
 ' spise all such Slander. No such Ma-
 ' lice, I assure you, ever gave me an
 ' uneasy Moment. No, no, I promise
 ' you, I am above all that. ——— But
 ' where was I? O let me see, I told you,
 ' my Husband was jealous ——— And of
 ' whom, pray? ——— Why of whom but
 ' the Lieutenant I mentioned to you be-
 ' fore. He was obliged to resort above a

‘ Year and more back, to find any Object
‘ for this unaccountable Passion, if, indeed,
‘ he really felt any such, and was not an er-
‘ rant Counterfeit, in order to abuse me.

‘ But I have tired you already with too
‘ many Particulars. I will now bring my
‘ Story to a very speedy Conclusion. In
‘ short, then, after many Scenes very unwor-
‘ thy to be repeated, in which my Cousin en-
‘ gaged so heartily on my Side, that Mr.
‘ *Fitzpatrick* at last turned her out of Doors;
‘ when he found I was neither to be soothed
‘ nor bullied into Compliance, he took a
‘ very violent Method indeed. Perhaps you
‘ will conclude he beat me; but this, tho’
‘ he hath approached very near to it, he
‘ never actually did. He confined me to
‘ my Room, without suffering me to have
‘ either Pen, Ink, Paper, or Book; and
‘ a Servant every Day made my Bed, and
‘ brought me my Food.

‘ When I had remained a Week under
‘ this Imprisonment, he made me a Visit,
‘ and, with the Voice of a Schoolmaster,
‘ or, what is often much the same, of a
‘ Tyrant, asked me, “ If I would yet com-
‘ ply ? ” ‘ I answered very stoutly, “ That
‘ I would die first.” “ Then so you shall,
‘ and

“ and be d——n’d,” cries he ; “ for you
“ shall never go alive out of this Room.”

‘ Here I remained a Fortnight longer ;
‘ and, to say the Truth, my Constancy
‘ was almost subdued, and I began to think
‘ of Submission ; when one Day, in the
‘ Absence of my Husband, who was gone
‘ abroad for some short Time, by the great-
‘ est good Fortune in the World, an Acci-
‘ dent happened.—I——at a Time when
‘ I began to give Way to the utmost Des-
‘ pair——every Thing would be excusable
‘ at such a Time—at that very Time I re-
‘ ceived——But it would take up an Hour
‘ to tell you all Particulars——In one
‘ Word, then, (for I will not tire you with
‘ Circumstances) Gold, the common Key
‘ to all Padlocks, opened my Door, and
‘ set me at Liberty.

‘ I now made Haste to *Dublin*, where I
‘ immediately procured a Passage to *Eng-
‘ land* ; and was proceeding to *Bath*, in
‘ Order to throw myself into the Protection
‘ of my Aunt, or of your Father, or of
‘ any Relation who would afford it me.
‘ My Husband overtook me last Night, at
‘ the Inn where I lay, and which you left
‘ a few Minutes before me ; but I had the
‘ good

‘ good Luck to escape him, and to follow
‘ you.

‘ And thus, my Dear, ends my Histo-
‘ ry: A tragical one, I am sure, it is to
‘ myself; but, perhaps, I ought rather to
‘ apologize to you for its Dulness.’

Sophia heaved a deep Sigh, and answered,
‘ Indeed, *Harriet*, I pity you from my
‘ Soul;——But what could you expect?
‘ Why, why, would you marry an *Irish-*
‘ *man*?’

‘ Upon my Word,’ replied her Cousin,
‘ your Censure is unjust. There are, a-
‘ mong the *Irish*, Men of as much Worth
‘ and Honour, as any among the *English*:
‘ Nay, to speak the Truth, Generosity of
‘ Spirit is rather more common among
‘ them. I have known some Examples
‘ there too of good Husbands; and, I be-
‘ lieve, these are not very plenty in *Eng-*
‘ *land*. Ask me, rather, what I could ex-
‘ pect when I married a Fool; and I will
‘ tell you a solemn Truth; I did not know
‘ him to be so.’——‘ Can no Man,’ said
Sophia, in a very low and alter’d Voice,
‘ do you think, make a bad Husband,
‘ who is not a Fool?’ ‘ That,’ answered
the

the other, ‘ is too general a Negative ; but
 ‘ none, I believe, is so likely as a Fool to
 ‘ prove so. Among my Acquaintance, the
 ‘ silliest Fellows are the worst Husbands ;
 ‘ and I will venture to assert, as a Fact,
 ‘ that a Man of Sense rarely behaves very
 ‘ ill to a Wife, who deserves very well.’

C H A P. VIII.

A dreadful Alarm in the Inn, with the Arrival of an unexpected Friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

SOPHIA now, at the Desire of her Cousin, related——not what follows, but what hath gone before in this History : For which Reason the Reader will, I suppose, excuse me, for not repeating it over again.

One Remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her Narrative, namely, that she made no more mention of *Jones*, from the Beginning to the End, than if there had been no such Person alive. This I will neither endeavour to account for, nor to excuse. Indeed, if this may be called a Kind of Dishonesty, it seems the more inexcusable,

ble, from the apparent Openness and explicit Sincerity of the other Lady.—But so it was.

Just as *Sophia* arrived at the Conclusion of her Story, there arrived in the Room where the two Ladies were sitting, a Noise, not unlike, in Loudness, to that of a Pack of Hounds just let out from their Kennel; nor, in Shrillness, to Cats when caterwauling; or, to Screech-Owls; or, indeed, more like (for what Animal can resemble a human Voice) to those Sounds, which, in the pleasant Mansions of that Gate, which seems to derive its Name from a Duplicity of Tongues, issue from the Mouths, and sometimes from the Nostrils of those fair River Nymphs, ycleped of old the *Napææ*, or the *Naiades*; in the vulgar Tongue translated Oyster-Wenches: For when, instead of the antient Libations of Milk and Honey and Oil, the rich Distillation from the Juniper-Berry, or, perhaps, from Malt, hath, by the early Devotion of their Votaries, been poured forth in great Abundance, should any daring Tongue, with unhallowed License prophane; i. e. depreciate the delicate fat *Milton* Oyster, the Plaice sound and firm, the Flounder as much alive as when in the Water, the

3

Shrimp

Shrimp as big as a Prawn, the fine Cod alive but a few Hours ago, or any other of the various Treasures, which those Water-Deities, who fish the Sea and Rivers, have committed to the Care of the Nymphs, the angry *Naiades* lift up their immortal Voices, and the prophane Wretch is struck deaf for his Impiety.

Such was the Noise, which now burst from one of the Rooms below; and soon the Thunder, which long had rattled at a Distance, began to approach nearer and nearer, 'till, having ascended by Degrees up Stairs, it at last entered the Apartment where the Ladies were. In short, to drop all Metaphor and Figure, Mrs. *Honour* having scolded violently below Stairs, and continued the same all the Way up, came in to her Mistress in a most outrageous Passion, crying out, ' What doth your Ladyship
' think? Would you imagine, that this impudent Villain, the Master of this House,
' hath had the Impudence to tell me, nay,
' to stand it out to my Face, that your Ladyship is that nasty, stinking Wh——re,
' (*Jenny Cameron* they call her) that runs about the Country with the Pretender?
' Nay, the lying, saucy Villain, had the
' Assurance to tell me, that your Ladyship
' had

' had owned yourself to be so : But I
 ' have clawed the Rascal ; I have left
 ' the Marks of my Nails in his impu-
 ' dent Face. My Lady !' says I, ' you
 ' saucy Scoundrel : My Lady is Meat for
 ' no Pretenders. She is a young Lady of
 ' as good Fashion, and Family, and For-
 ' tune, as any in *Somersetshire*. Did you
 ' never hear of the great Squire *Western*,
 ' Sirrah ? She is his only Daughter ; she
 ' is,—and Heiress to all his great Estate.
 ' My Lady to be called a nasty *Scotch*
 ' Wh——re by such a Varlet——To
 ' be sure, I wish I had knocked his Brains
 ' out with the Punch-bowl.

The principal Uneasiness with which *Sophia* was affected on this Occasion, *Honour* had herself caused, by having in her Passion discovered who she was. However, as this Mistake of the Landlord sufficiently accounted for those Passages which *Sophia* had before mistaken, she acquired some Ease on that Account ; nor could she, upon the whole, forbear smiling. This enraged *Honour*, and she cried, ' Indeed, Madam, I
 ' did not think your Ladyship would have
 ' made a laughing Matter of it. To be
 ' called Whore by such an impudent low
 ' Rascal. Your Ladyship may be angry
 ' with

' with me, for ought I know, for taking
 ' your Part, since proffered Service, they
 ' say, stinks; but to be sure I could never
 ' bear to hear a Lady of mine called
 ' Whore.---Nor will I bear it. I am sure
 ' your Ladyship is as virtuous a Lady as
 ' ever sat Foot on *English* Ground, and I
 ' will claw any Villain's Eyes out who dares
 ' for to offer to presume for to say the least
 ' Word to the contrary. No body ever
 ' could say the least ill of the Character of
 ' any Lady that ever I waited upon.'

Hinc illæ Lachrymæ; in plain Truth,
Honour had as much Love for her Mistress
 as most Servants have, that is to say——
 But besides this, her Pride obliged her to
 support the Character of the Lady she waited
 on; for she thought her own was in a very
 close Manner connected with it. In Pro-
 portion as the Character of her Mistress was
 raised, hers likewise, as she conceived, was
 raised with it; and, on the contrary, she
 thought the one could not be lowered with-
 out the other.

On this Subject, Reader, I must stop a
 Moment to tell thee a Story. ' The fa-
 ' mous *Nell Gwynn*, stepping one Day from
 ' a House where she had made a short Vi-
 ' sit

‘ fit into her Coach, saw a great Mob assembling, and her Footman all bloody and dirty; the Fellow being asked, by his Mistress, the Reason of his being in that Condition, answered, ‘ I have been fighting, Madam, with an impudent Rascal who called your Ladyship a Wh—re. ‘ You Blockhead,’ replied Mrs. Gwynn, ‘ at this Rate you must fight every Day of your Life; why, you Fool, all the World knows it.’ “ Do they?” cries the Fellow, in a muttering Voice, after he had shut the Coach Door, ‘ they shan’t call me a Whore’s Footman for all that.’

Thus the Passion of Mrs. Honour appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwise accounted for; but, in reality, there was another Cause of her Anger; for which we must beg Leave to remind our Reader of a Circumstance mentioned in the above Simile. There are indeed certain Liquors, which being applied to our Passions, or to Fire, produce Effects the very Reverse of those produced by Water, as they serve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguish. Among these, the generous Liquor called Punch is one. It was not therefore without Reason, that the learned

ed' Dr. *Cheney* used to call drinking Punch pouring liquid Fire down your Throat.

Now Mrs. *Honour* had unluckily poured so much of this liquid Fire down her Throat, that the Smoke of it began to ascend into her Pericranium, and blinded the Eyes of Reason which is there supposed to keep her Residence, while the Fire itself from the Stomach easily reached the Heart, and there inflamed the noble Passion of Pride. So that upon the whole, we shall cease to wonder at the violent Rage of the Waiting-woman; tho' at first Sight we must confess the Cause seems inadequate to the Effect.

Sophia, and her Cousin both, did all in their Power to extinguish these Flames which had roared so loudly all over the House. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the Metaphor one Step farther, the Fire having consumed all the Fuel which the Language affords, to wit, every reproachful Term in it, at last went out of its own Accord.

But tho' Tranquility was restored above Stairs, it was not so below; where my
Land-

Landlady highly resenting the Injury done to the Beauty of her Husband, by the Flesh-Spades of Mrs. *Honour*, called aloud for Revenge and Justice. As to the poor Man who had principally suffered in the Engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the Blood which he lost might have cooled his Anger : For the Enemy had not only applied her Nails to his Cheeks, but likewise her Fist to his Nostrils, which lamented the Blow with Tears of Blood in great Abundance. To this we may add Reflections on his Mistake ; but indeed nothing so effectually silenced his Resentment, as the Manner in which he now discovered his Error ; for as to the Behaviour of Mrs. *Honour*, it had the more confirmed him in his Opinion : but he was now assured by a Person of great Figure, and who was attended by a great Equipage, that one of the Ladies was a Woman of Fashion, and his intimate Acquaintance.

By the Orders of this Person, the Landlord now ascended, and acquainted our fair Travellers, that a great Gentleman below desired to do them the Honour of waiting on them. *Sophia* turned pale, and trembled at this Message, tho' the Reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithstanding the

the Landlord's Blunder, to have come from her Father ; but Fear hath the common Fault of a Justice of Peace, and is apt to conclude hastily from every slight Circumstance, without examining the Evidence on both Sides.

To ease the Reader's Curiosity, therefore, rather than his Apprehensions, we proceed to inform him, that an *Irish* Peer had arrived very late that Evening at the Inn in his Way to *London*. This Nobleman having sallied from his Supper at the Hurricane before commemorated, had seen the Attendant of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and upon a short Enquiry was informed, that her Lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted was above. This Information he had no sooner received, than he addressed himself to the Landlord, pacified him, and sent him up Stairs with Compliments rather civiler than those which were delivered.

It may perhaps be wondered at, that the Waiting-woman herself was not the Messenger employed on this Occasion ; but we are sorry to say, she was not at present qualified for that, or indeed for any other Office. The Rum (for so the Landlord chose to call the Distillation from Malt) had
base-

basely taken the Advantage of the Fatigue which the poor Woman had undergone, and had made terrible Depredations on her noble Faculties, at a Time when they were very unable to resist the Attack.

We shall not describe this tragical Scene too fully ; but we thought ourselves obliged by that historic Integrity which we profess, shortly to hint a Matter which we would otherwise have been glad to have spared. Many Historians indeed, for Want of this Integrity, or of Diligence, to say no worse, often leave the Reader to find out these little Circumstances in the Dark, and sometimes to his great Confusion and Perplexity.

Sophia was very soon eased of her causeless Fright by the Entry of the noble Peer, who was not only an intimate Acquaintance of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* ; but in reality a very particular Friend of that Lady. To say Truth, it was by his Assistance, that she had been enabled to escape from her Husband ; for this Nobleman had the same gallant Disposition with those renowned Knights, of whom we read in heroic Story, and had delivered many an imprisoned Nymph from Durance. He was indeed as
bitter

bitter an Enemy to the savage Authority too often exercised by Husbands and Fathers, over the young and lovely of the other Sex, as ever Knight Errant was to the barbarous Power of Enchanters : nay, to say Truth, I have often suspected that those very Enchanters with which Romance every where abounds, were in reality no other than the Husbands of those Days ; and Matrimony itself was perhaps the enchanted Castle in which the Nymphs were said to be confined.

This Nobleman had an Estate in the Neighbourhood of *Fitzpatrick*, and had been for some Time acquainted with the Lady. No sooner therefore did he hear of her Confinement, than he earnestly applied himself to procure her Liberty ; which he presently effected, not by storming the Castle, according to the Example of ancient Heroes ; but by corrupting the Governor, in Conformity with the modern Art of War ; in which Craft is held to be preferable to Valour, and Gold is found to be more irresistible than either Lead or Steel.

This Circumstance, however, as the Lady did not think material enough to relate to her Friend, so we would not at that Time

impart it to the Reader. We rather chose to leave him a while under a Supposition, that she had found, or coined, or by some very extraordinary, perhaps supernatural Means, had possessed herself of the Money with which she had bribed her Keeper, than to interrupt her Narrative by giving a Hint of what seemed to her of too little Importance to be mentioned.

The Peer after a short Conversation, could not forbear expressing some Surprise at meeting the Lady in that Place, nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined she had been gone to *Bath*. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* very freely answered, ‘ That she
‘ had been prevented in her Purpose by the
‘ Arrival of a Person she need not mention.
‘ In short,’ says she, ‘ I was overtaken by
‘ my Husband (for I need not affect to
‘ conceal what the World knows too well
‘ already). I had the good Fortune to
‘ escape in a most surprizing Manner, and
‘ am now going to *London* with this young
‘ Lady, who is a near Relation of mine,
‘ and who hath escaped from as great a
‘ Tyrant as my own.

His Lordship concluding that this Tyrant was likewise a Husband, made a
Speech

Speech full of Compliments to both the Ladies, and as full of Invectives against his own Sex ; nor indeed did he avoid some oblique Glances at the matrimonial Institution itself, and at the unjust Powers given by it to Man over the more sensible, and more meritorious Part of the Species. He ended his Oration with an Offer of his Protection, and of his Coach and Six, which was instantly accepted by Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and at last, upon her Persuasions, by *Sophia*.

Matters being thus adjusted, his Lordship took his Leave, and the Ladies retired to Rest, where Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* entertained her Cousin with many high Encomiums on the Character of the noble Peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great Fondness for his Wife ; saying, she believed he was almost the only Person of high Rank, who was entirely constant to the Marriage Bed. ‘ Indeed, added she, my dear *Sophy*, ‘ that is a very rare Virtue amongst Men of ‘ Condition. Never expect it when you ‘ marry ; for, believe me, if you do, you ‘ will certainly be deceived.’

A gentle Sigh stole from *Sophia* at these Words, which perhaps contributed to form

a Dream of no very pleasant Kind ; but as she never revealed this Dream to any one, so the Reader cannot expect to see it related here.

C H A P. IX.

The Morning introduced in some pretty Writing. A Stage Coach. The Civility of Chambermaids. The heroic Temper of Sophia. Her Generosity. The Return to it. The Departure of the Company, and their Arrival at London ; with some Remarks for the Use of Travellers.

THOSE Members of the Society, who are born to furnish the Blessings of Life, now began to light their Candles, in order to pursue their daily Labours, for the Use of those who are born to enjoy these Blessings. The sturdy Hind now attends the Levee of his Fellow Labourer the Ox ; the cunning Artificer, the diligent mechanic spring from their hard Mattress ; and now the bonny House-maid begins to repair the disordered Drum-Room, while the riotous Authors of that Disorder, in broken interrupted Slumbers, tumble and toss, as if the

the Hardness of Down disquieted their Repose.

In simple Phrase, the Clock had no sooner struck Seven, than the Ladies were ready for their Journey, and at their Desire, his Lordship and his Equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a Matter of some Difficulty arose ; and this was how his Lordship himself should be conveyed : For tho' in Stage, Coaches, where Passengers are properly considered as so much Luggage, the ingenious Coachman stows half a Dozen with perfect Ease into the Place of four : for well he contrives that the fat Hostess, or well-fed Alderman, may take up no more Room than the slim Miss, or taper Master ; it being the Nature of Guts, when well squeezed, to give Way, and to lie in a narrow Compass ; yet in these Vehicles which are called, for Distinction-sake, Gentlemens Coaches, tho' they are often larger than the others, this Method of packing is never attempted.

His Lordship would have put a short End to the Difficulty, by very gallantly desiring to mount his Horse ; but Mrs.

Fitzpatrick would by no Means consent to it. It was therefore concluded that the *Abigail*s should by Turns relieve each other on one of his Lordship's Horses, which was presently equipped with a Side-Saddle for that Purpose.

Every thing being settled at the Inn, the Ladies discharged their former Guides, and *Sophia* made a present to the Landlord, partly to repair the Bruise which he had received under herself, and partly on Account of what he had suffered under the Hands of her enraged Waiting-woman. And now *Sophia* first discovered a Loss which gave her some Uneasiness; and this was of the hundred Pound Bank Bill which her Father had given her at their last Meeting; and which, within a very inconsiderable Trifle, was all the Treasure she was at present worth. She searched every where, and shook and tumbled all her Things to no Purpose, the Bill was not to be found: And she was at last fully persuaded that she had lost it from her Pocket when she had the Misfortune of tumbling from her Horse in the dark Lane, as before recorded. A Fact that seemed the more probable, as she now recollected some Discomposure in her Pockets which had happened at that Time,

Time, and the great Difficulty with which she had drawn forth her Handkerchief the very Instant before her Fall, in order to relieve the Distress of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*.

Misfortunes of this Kind, whatever Inconveniencies they may be attended with, are incapable of subduing a Mind in which there is any Strength, without the Assistance of Avarice. *Sophia* therefore, tho' nothing could be worse timed than this Accident, at such a Season, immediately got the better of her Concern, and with her wonted Serenity and Cheerfulness of Countenance, returned to her Company. His Lordship conducted the Ladies into the Vehicle, as he did likewise Mrs. *Honour*, who, after many Civilities, and more Dear Madams, at last yielded to the well-bred Importunities of her Sister *Abigail*, and submitted to be complimented with the first Ride in the Coach; in which indeed she would afterwards have been contented to have pursued her whole Journey, had not her Mistress, after several fruitless Intimations, at length forced her to take her Turn on Horseback.

The Coach now having received its Company, began to move forwards, attended

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by

by many Servants, and by two led Captains, who had before rode with his Lordship, and who would have been dismissed from the Vehicle upon a much less worthy Occasion, than was this of accommodating two Ladies. In this they acted only as Gentlemen; but they were ready at any Time to have performed the Office of a Footman, or indeed would have condescended lower, for the Honour of his Lordship's Company, and for the Convenience of his Table.

My Landlord was so pleased with the Present he had received from *Sophia*, that he rather rejoiced in than regretted his Bruise, or his Scratches. The Reader will perhaps be curious to know the *Quantum* of this Present, but we cannot satisfy his Curiosity. Whatever it was, it satisfied the Landlord for his bodily Hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the Lady valued her Money; 'For
' to be sure,' says he, 'one might have
' charged every Article double, and she
' would have made no Cavil at the Reckoning.'

His Wife however was far from drawing this Conclusion; whether she really felt any
Injury

Injury done to her Husband more than he did himself, I will not say ; certain it is, she was much less satisfied with the Generosity of *Sophia*. Indeed,' cries she, ' my ' Dear, the Lady knows better how to dispose of her Money than you imagine. ' She might very well think we should not ' put up such a Business without some Satisfaction, and the Law would have cost ' her an infinite deal more than this poor ' little Matter, which I wonder you would ' take.' ' You are always so bloodily wise,' quoth the Husband, ' It would have cost ' her more, would it? Dost fancy I don't ' know that as well as thee? But would any ' of that more, or so much, have come ' into our Pockets? Indeed, if Son *Tom* ' the Lawyer had been alive, I could have ' been glad to have put such a pretty Business into his Hands. He would have ' got a good Picking out of it ; but I have ' no Relation now who is a Lawyer, and ' why should I go to Law for the Benefit ' of Strangers? Nay, to be sure,' answered she, ' you must know best.' ' I believe I ' do,' replied he. ' I fancy when Money ' is to be got, I can smell it out as well as ' another. Every body, let me tell you, ' would not have talked People out of this. ' Mind that, I say, every body would not ' have

‘ have cajoled this out of her, mind that.’ The Wife then joined in the Applause of her Husband’s Sagacity; and thus ended the short Dialogue between them on this Occasion.

We will therefore take our Leave of these good People, and attend his Lordship and his fair Companions, who made such good Expedition, that they performed a Journey of ninety Miles in two Days, and on the second Evening arrived in *London*, without having encountered any one Adventure on the Road worthy the Dignity of this History to relate. Our Pen, therefore, shall imitate the Expedition which it describes, and our History shall keep Pace with the Travellers who are its Subject. Good Writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious Traveller in this Instance, who always proportions his Stay at any Place, to the Beauties, Elegancies, and Curiosities, which it affords. At *Esbur*, at *Stowe*, at *Wilton*, at *Eastbury*, and at *Prior’s Park*, Days are too short for the ravished Imagination; while we admire the wondrous Power of Art in improving Nature. In some of these, Art chiefly engages our Admiration; in others, Nature and Art contend for our Applause; but in the last, the former seems to triumph.

triumph. Here Nature appears in her richest Attire, and Art dressed with the modestest Simplicity, attends its benignant Mistress. Here Nature indeed pours forth the choicest Treasures which she hath lavished on this World ; and here Human Nature presents you with an Object which can be only exceeded in the other.

The same Taste, the same Imagination, which luxuriously riots in these elegant Scenes, can be amused with Objects of far inferior Note. The Woods, the Rivers, the Lawns of *Devon* and of *Dorset*, attract the Eye of the ingenious Traveller, and retard his Pace, which Delay he afterwards compensates by swiftly scouring over the gloomy Heath of *Bagshot*, or that pleasant Plain which extends itself Westward from *Stockbridge*, where no other Object than one single Tree only in sixteen Miles presents itself to the View, unless the Clouds, in Compassion to our tired Spirits, kindly open their variegated Mansions to our Prospect.

Not so travels the Money-meditating Tradesman, the sagacious Justice, the dignified Doctor, the warm-clad Grazier, with all the numerous Offspring of Wealth and Dulness. On they jogg, with equal Pace, through the verdant Meadows, or over the

barren Heath, their Horses measuring four Miles and a half *per* Hour with the utmost Exactness; the Eyes of the Beast and of his Master being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the same Objects in the same manner. With equal Rap-
ture the good Rider surveys the proudest Boasts of the Architect, and those fair Buildings, with which some unknown Name hath adorned the rich Cloathing-Town; where heaps of Bricks are piled up as a Kind of Monument, to shew that Heaps of Money have been piled there before.

And now, Reader, as we are in Haste to attend our Heroine, we will leave to thy Sagacity to apply all this to the *Bæotian* Writers, and to those Authors who are their Opposites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our Aid. Bestir thyself therefore on this Occasion; for tho' we will always lend thee proper Assistance in difficult Places, as we do not, like some others, expect thee to use the Arts of Divination to discover our Meaning; yet we shall not indulge thy Laziness where nothing but thy own Attention is required, for thou art highly mistaken if thou dost imagine that we intended, when we begun this great Work, to leave thy Sagacity nothing to do, or that without some-
times

times exercising this Talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our Pages with any Pleasure or Profit to thyself.

C H A P. X.

Containing a Hint or two concerning Virtue, and a few more concerning Suspicion.

OUR Company being arrived at London, were set down at his Lordship's House, where while they refreshed themselves after the Fatigue of their Journey, Servants were dispatched to provide a Lodging for the two Ladies; for as her Ladyship was not then in Town, Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no Means consent to accept a Bed in the Mansion of the Peer.

Some Readers will perhaps condemn this extraordinary Delicacy, as I may call it, of Virtue, as too nice and scrupulous; but we must make Allowances for her Situation, which must be owned to have been very ticklish; and when we consider the Malice of censorious Tongues, we must allow, if it was a Fault, the Fault was an Excess on the right Side, and which every Woman who is in the self-same Situation will do well.

well to imitate. The most formal Appearance of Virtue, when it is only an Appearance, may perhaps, in very abstracted Considerations, seem to be rather less commendable than Virtue itself without this Formality; but it will however be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is necessary, unless in some very particular Cases, for every Woman to support either the one or the other.

A Lodging being prepared, *Sophia* accompanied her Cousin for that Evening; but resolved early in the Morning to enquire after the Lady, into whose Protection, as we have formerly mentioned, she had determined to throw herself, when she quitted her Father's House. And this she was the more eager in doing, from some Observations she had made during her Journey in the Coach.

Now as we would by no Means fix the odious Character of Suspicion on *Sophia*, we are almost afraid to open to our Reader the Conceits which filled her Mind concerning Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; of whom she certainly entertained at present some Doubts; which, as they are very apt to enter

enter into the Bosoms of the worst of People, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have first suggested a Word or two to our Reader touching Suspicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two Degrees. The first of these I chuse to derive from the Heart, as the extreme Velocity of its Discernment seems to denote some previous inward Impulse, and the rather, as this superlative Degree often forms its own Objects; sees what is not, and always more than really exists. This is that quick-sighted Penetration, whose Hawk's Eyes no Symptom of Evil can escape; which observes not only upon the Actions, but upon the Words and Looks of Men; and as it proceeds from the Heart of the Observer, so it dives into the Heart of the Observed, and there espies Evil, as it were, in the first Embryo; nay sometimes before it can be said to be conceived. An admirable Faculty, if it were infallible; but as this Degree of Perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal Being, so from the Fallibility of such acute Discernment have arisen many sad Mischiefs and most grievous Heart-akes to Innocence and Virtue. I cannot help therefore regarding
this

this vast Quickightedness into Evil, as a vicious Excess, and as a very pernicious Evil in itself. And I am the more inclined to this Opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad Heart, for the Reasons I have above-mentioned, and for one more, namely, because I never knew it the Property of a good one. Now from this Degree of Suspicion I entirely and absolutely acquit *Sophia*.

A second Degree of this Quality seems to arise from the Head. This is indeed no other than the Faculty of seeing what is before your Eyes, and of drawing Conclusions from what you see. The former of these is unavoidable by those who have any Eyes, and the latter is perhaps no less certain and necessary a Consequence of our having any Brains. This is altogether as bitter an Enemy to Guilt, as the former is to Innocence, nor can I see it in an unamiable Light, even though, through human Fallibility, it should be sometimes mistaken. For Instance, if a Husband should accidentally surprize his Wife in the Lap or in the Embraces of some of those pretty young Gentlemen who profess the Art of Cuckoldom, I should not highly, I think, blame him for concluding

something more than what he saw, from the Familiarities which he really had seen, and which we are at least favourable enough to, when we call them innocent Freedoms. The Reader will easily suggest great Plenty of Instances to himself; I shall add but one more, which however unchristian it may be thought by some, I cannot help esteeming to be strictly justifiable; and this is a Suspicion that a Man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is possible for one who hath been a Villain once, to act the same Part again. And to confess the Truth of this Degree of Suspicion, I believe *Sophia* was guilty. From this Degree of Suspicion she had, in Fact, conceived an Opinion, that her Cousin was really not better than she should be.

The Case, it seems, was this: Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* wisely considered, that the Virtue of a young Lady is, in the World, in the same Situation with a poor Hare, who is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its Enemies: For it can hardly meet any other. No sooner therefore was she determined to take the first Opportunity of quitting the Protection of her Husband, than she resolved to cast herself under the

Pro-

Protection of some other Man ; and whom could she so properly chuse to be her Guardian as a Person of Quality, of Fortune, of Honour ; and who, besides a gallant Disposition which inclines Men to Knight-Erantry ; that is, to be the Champions of Ladies in Distress, had often declared a violent Attachment to herself, and had already given her all the Instances of it in his Power ?

But as the Law hath foolishly omitted this Office of Vice-Husband, or Guardian to an eloped Lady ; and as Malice is apt to denominate him by a more disagreeable Appellation ; it was concluded that his Lordship should perform all such kind Offices to the Lady in secret, and without publicly assuming the Character of her Protector. Nay, to prevent any other Person from seeing him in this Light, it was agreed that the Lady should proceed directly to *Bath*, and that his Lordship should first go to *London*, and thence should go down to that Place by the Advice of his Physicians.

Now all this *Sophia* very plainly understood, not from the Lips or Behaviour of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* ; but from the Peer, who was infinitely less expert at retaining a Secret,

cret, than was the good Lady; and perhaps the exact Secrecy which Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had observed on this Head in her Narrative, served not a little to heighten those Suspicions which were now risen in the Mind of her Cousin.

Sophia very easily found out the Lady she sought, for indeed there was not a Chairman in Town to whom her House was not perfectly well known; and as she received, in Return of her first Message, a most pressing Invitation, she immediately accepted it. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* indeed did not desire her Cousin to stay with her with more Earnestness than Civility required. Whether she had discerned and resented the Suspicion above-mentioned, or from what other Motive it arose, I cannot say; but certain it is, she was full as desirous of parting with *Sophia*, as *Sophia* herself could be of going.

The young Lady, when she came to take Leave of her Cousin, could not avoid giving her a short Hint of Advice. She begged her, for Heaven's Sake, to take Care of herself, and to consider in how dangerous a Situation she stood; adding, she hoped some Method would be found of reconciling her to her Husband. ' You must remember,

' my

‘ my Dear, says she, the Maxim which
‘ my Aunt *Western* hath so often repeated
‘ to us both ; *That whenever the matrimo-*
‘ *nial Alliance is broke, and War declared*
‘ *between Husband and Wife, she can hardly*
‘ *make a disadvantageous Peace for herself on*
‘ *any Conditions.* These are my Aunt’s
‘ very Words, and she hath had a great
‘ deal of Experience in the World.’ Mrs.
Fitzpatrick answered, with a contemptuous
Smile, ‘ Never fear me, Child, take Care
‘ of yourself ; for you are younger than me.
‘ I will come and visit you in a few Days ;
‘ but, dear *Sophy*, let me give you one
‘ Piece of Advice : Leave the Character
‘ of *Graveairs* in the Country ; for, believe
‘ me, it will fit very awkwardly upon you
‘ in this Town.’

Thus the two Cousins parted, and *Sophia*
repaired directly to Lady *Bellarston*, where
she found a most hearty, as well as most
polite Welcome. The Lady had taken a
great Fancy to her when she had seen her
formerly with her Aunt *Western*. She was
indeed extremely glad to see her, and was
no sooner acquainted with the Reasons
which induced her to leave the Squire and
fly to *London*, than she highly applauded
her

her Sense and Resolution ; and after expressing the highest Satisfaction in the Opinion which *Sophia* had declared she entertained of her Ladyship, by chusing her House for an Asylum, she promised her all the Protection which it was in her Power to give.

As we have now brought *Sophia* into safe Hands, the Reader will, I apprehend, be contented to deposite her there a while, and to look a little after other Personages, and particularly poor *Jones*, whom we have left long enough to do Penance for his past Offences, which, as is the Nature of Vice, brought sufficient Punishment upon him themselves.

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XII.

*Containing the same individual Time
with the former.*

CHAP. I.

*Shewing what is to be deemed Plagiarism in a
modern Author, and what is to be con-
sidered as lawful Prize.*

THE learned Reader must have ob-
served, that in the Course of this
mighty Work, I have often tran-
slated Passages out of the best antient Au-
thors, without quoting the Original, or with-
out

out-taking the least Notice of the Book from whence they were borrowed.

This Conduct in Writing is placed in a very proper Light by the ingenious Abbé *Bannier*, in his Preface to his *Mythology*, a Work of great Erudition, and of equal Judgment. “It will be easy,” says he, “for the Reader to observe, that I have frequently had greater Regard to him, than to my own Reputation: For an Author certainly pays him a considerable Compliment, when, for his Sake, he suppresses learned Quotations that come in his Way, and which would have cost him but the bare Trouble of translating.”

To fill up a Work with these Scraps may indeed be considered as a downright Cheat on the learned World, who are by such Means imposed upon to buy a second Time in Fragments and by Retail what they have already in Gross, if not in their Memories, upon their Shelves; and it is still more cruel upon the Illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of Use to them. A Writer who intermixes great Quantity of *Greek* and *Latin* with his Works, deals by the Ladies and fine Gentlemen in the same
poultry

poultry Manner with which they are treated by the Auctioneers, who often endeavour so to confound and mix up their Lots, that, in order to purchase the Commodity you want, you are obliged at the same Time to purchase that which will do you no Service.

And yet as there is no Conduct so fair and disinterested, but that it may be misunderstood by Ignorance, and misrepresented by Malice, I have been sometimes tempted to preserve my own Reputation, at the Expence of my Reader, and to transcribe the Original, or at least to quote Chapter and Verse, whenever I have made Use either of the Thought or Expression of another. I am indeed in some Doubt that I have often suffered by the contrary Method; and that by suppressing the original Author's Name, I have been rather suspected of Plagiarism, than reputed to act from the amiable Motive above-assigned by that justly celebrated *Frenchman*.

Now to obviate all such Imputations for the future, I do here confess and justify the Fact. The Antients may be considered as a rich Common, where every Person who hath the smallest Tenement in *Parnassus* hath a free Right to fatten his Muse. Or,
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to place it in a clearer Light, we Moderns are to the Antients what the Poor are to the Rich. By the Poor here I mean, that large and venerable Body which, in *English*, we call The Mob. Now, whoever hath had the Honour to be admitted to any Degree of Intimacy with this Mob, must well know that it is one of their established Maxims, to plunder and pillage their rich Neighbours without any Reluctance; and that this is held to be neither Sin nor Crime among them. And so constantly do they abide and act by this Maxim, that in every Parish almost in the Kingdom, there is a Kind of Confederacy ever carrying on against a certain Person of Opulence called the Squire, whose Property is considered as Free-Booty by all his poor Neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no Manner of Guilt in such Depredations, look upon it as a Point of Honour and moral Obligation to conceal, and to preserve each other from Punishment on all such Occasions.

In like Manner are the Ancients, such as *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Cicero*, and the rest, to be esteemed among us Writers, as so many wealthy Squires, from whom we, the Poor of *Parnassus*, claim an immemorial Custom of taking whatever we can come at. This Liberty I de-

mand, and this I am as ready to allow again to my poor Neighbours in their Turn. All I profess, and all I require from my Brethren, is to maintain the same strict Honesty among ourselves, which the Mob shew to one another, To steal from one another, is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be strictly stiled defrauding the Poor (sometimes perhaps those who are poorer than ourselves) or, to see it under the most opprobrious Colours, robbing the Spittal.

Since therefore upon the strictest Examination, my own Conscience cannot lay any such pitiful Theft to my Charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former Accusation; nor shall I ever scruple to take to my self any Passage which I shall find in an ancient Author to my Purpose, without setting down the Name of the Author from whence it was taken. Nay, I absolutely claim a Property in all such Sentiments the Moment they are transcribed into my Writings, and I expect all Readers henceforwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This Claim however I desire to be allowed me only on Condition, that I preserve strict Honesty towards my poor Brethren, from whom if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are possessed, I shall never fail

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to put their Mark upon it, that it may be at all Times ready to be restored to the right Owner.

The Omission of this was highly blameable in one Mr. *Moore*, who having formerly borrowed some Lines of *Pope* and Company, took the Liberty to transcribe six of them into his Play of the *Rival Modes*. Mr. *Pope* however very luckily found them in the said Play, and laying violent Hands on his own Property, transferred it back again into his own Works ; and for a further Punishment, imprisoned the said *Moore* in the loathsome Dungeon of the *Dunciad*, where his unhappy Memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper Punishment for such his unjust Dealings in the poetical Trade.

C H A P. II.

In which, tho' the Squire doth not find his Daughter, something is found which puts an End to his Pursuit.

THE History now returns to the Inn at *Upton*, whence we shall first trace the Footsteps of Squire *Western*; for as he will soon arrive at an End of his Journey, we shall have then full Leisure to attend our Heroe.

The Reader may be pleased to remember, that the said Squire departed from the Inn in great Fury, and in that Fury he pursued his Daughter. The Hostler having informed him that she had crossed the *Severn*, he likewise past that River with his Equipage, and rode full Speed, vowing the utmost Vengeance against poor *Sophia*, if he should but overtake her.

He had not gone far, before he arrived at a Cross-way. Here he called a short Council of War, in which, after hearing different Opinions, he at last gave the Direction

rection of his Pursuit to Fortune, and struck directly into the *Worcester Road*.

In this Road he proceeded about two Miles, when he began to bemoan himself most bitterly, frequently crying out, ‘ What Pity is it ! Sure never was so unlucky ‘ a Dog as myself ! ’ and then burst forth a Volley of Oaths and Execrations.

The Parson attempted to administer Comfort to him on this Occasion. ‘ Sor-
‘ row not, Sir,’ says he, ‘ like those with-
‘ out Hope. Howbeit we have not yet
‘ been able to overtake young Madam,
‘ we may account it some good Fortune,
‘ that we have hitherto traced her Course
‘ aright. Peradventure she will soon be
‘ fatigated with her Journey, and will tarry
‘ in some Inn, in order to renovate her
‘ corporeal Functions ; and in that Case, in
‘ all moral Certainty, you will very briefly
‘ be *compos voti*.

‘ Pogh ! D—n the Slut,’ answered the Squire, ‘ I am lamenting the Loss of so
‘ fine a Morning for Hunting. It is con-
‘ founded hard to lose one of the best Scent-
‘ ing Days, in all Appearance, which hath
K 3 ‘ been

' been this Season, and especially after so
' long a Frost.

Whether Fortune, who now and then shews some Compassion in her wantonest Tricks, might not take Pity of the Squire; and as she had determined not to let him overtake his Daughter, might not resolve to make him Amends some other Way, I will not assert; but he had hardly uttered the Words just before commemorated, and two or three Oaths at their Heels, when a Pack of Hounds began to open their melodious Throats at a small Distance from them, which the Squire's Horse and his Rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their Ears, and the Squire crying, ' She's gone, she's gone! Damn me if she is not gone!' instantly clapped Spurs to the Beast, who little needed it, having indeed the same Inclination with his Master; and now the whole Company crossing into a Corn-field, rode directly towards the Hounds, with much Hollowing and Hooping, while the poor Parson, blessing himself, brought up the Rear.

Thus Fable reports, that the fair *Grimal-kin*, whom *Venus*, at the Desire of a passionate Lover, converted from a Cat into a fine Woman,

Woman, no sooner perceived a Mouse, than mindful of her former Sport, and still retaining her pristine Nature, she leapt from the Bed of her Husband to pursue the little Animal.

What are we to understand by this? Not that the Bride was displeased with the Embraces of her amorous Bridegroom: For tho' some have remarked that Cats are subject to Ingratitude, yet Women and Cats too will be pleased and purr on certain Occasions. The Truth is, as the sagacious Sir *Roger L'Esrange* observes, in his deep Reflections, that 'if we shut Nature out at the Door, she will come in at the Window; and that Puss, tho' a Madam, will be a Moufer still.' In the same Manner we are not to arraign the Squire of any Want of Love for his Daughter: For in reality he had a great deal; we are only to consider that he was a Squire and a Sportsman, and then we may apply the Fable to him, and the judicious Reflection likewise.

The Hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the Squire pursued over Hedge and Ditch, with all his usual Vociferation and Alacrity, and with all his usual Plea-

sure; nor did the Thoughts of *Sophia* ever once intrude themselves to allay the Satisfaction he enjoyed in the Chace, which, he said, was one of the finest he ever saw, and which he swore was very well worth going fifty Miles for. As the Squire forgot his Daughter, the Servants, we may easily believe, forgot their Mistress; and the Parson, after having express'd much Astonishment in *Latin* to himself, at length likewise abandoned all farther Thoughts of the young Lady, and jogging on at a Distance behind, began to meditate a Portion of Doctrine for the ensuing *Sunday*.

The Squire who owned the Hounds was highly pleased with the Arrival of his Brother Squire and Sportsman: For all Men approve Merit in their own Way, and no Man was more expert in the Field than Mr. *Western*, nor did any other better know how to encourage the Dogs with his Voice, and to animate the Hunt with his Holla.

Sportsmen, in the Warmth of a Chace, are too much engaged to attend to any Manner of Ceremony; nay, even to the Offices of Humanity: For if any of them meet with an Accident by tumbling into a Ditch, or into a River, the rest pass on regardless,

gardless, and generally leave him to his Fate ; during this Time, therefore, the two Squires, tho' often close to each other, interchanged not a single Word. The Master of the Hunt, however, often saw and approved the great Judgment of the Stranger in drawing the Dogs when they were at a Fault, and hence conceived a very high Opinion of his Understanding, as the Number of his Attendants inspired no small Reverence to his Quality. As soon therefore as the Sport was ended by the Death of the little Animal which had occasioned it, the two Squires met, and in all Squire-like Greeting, saluted each other.

The Conversation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an Appendix, or on some other Occasion ; but as it nowise concerns this History, we cannot prevail on ourselves to give it a Place here. It concluded with a second Chace, and that with an Invitation to Dinner. This being accepted, was followed by a hearty Bout of Drinking, which ended in as hearty a Nap on the Part of Squire *Western*.

Our Squire was by no Means a Match either for his Host, or for Parson *Supple*, at his Cups that Evening ; for which the vio-

lent Fatigue of Mind as well as Body that he had undergone, may very well account, without the least Derogation from his Honour. He was indeed, according to the vulgar Phrase, whistled drunk ; for before he had swallowed the third Bottle, he became so entirely overpowered, that tho' he was not carried off to Bed till long after, the Parson considered him as absent, and having acquainted the other Squire with all relating to *Sophia*, he obtained his Promise of seconding those Arguments which he intended to urge the next Morning for Mr. *Western's* Return.

No sooner therefore had the good Squire shaken off his Evening, and began to call for his Morning Draught, and to summon his Horses in order to renew his Pursuit, than Mr. *Supple* began his Dissuasives, which the Host so strongly seconded, that they at length prevailed, and Mr. *Western* agreed to return home ; being principally moved by one Argument, *viz.* That he knew not which Way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his Daughter instead of towards her. He then took Leave of his Brother Sportsman, and expressing great Joy that the Frost was broken (which might perhaps be no small Motive to his hastening home)

home) set forwards, or rather backwards, for *Somersetshire*; but not before he had first dispatched Part of his Retinue in quest of his Daughter, after whom he likewise sent a Volley of the most bitter Execrations which he could invent.

CH A P. III.

The Departure of Jones from Upton, with what pass between him and Partridge on the Road.

AT length we are once more come to our Heroe; and to say Truth, we have been obliged to part with him so long, that considering the Condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our Readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at present in that Situation in which prudent People usually desist from enquiring any farther after their Friends, lest they should be shocked by hearing such Friends had hanged themselves.

But, in reality, if we have not all the Virtues, I will boldly say, neither have we all the Vices of a prudent Character; and tho' it is not easy to conceive Circumstances

stances much more miserable than those of poor *Jones* at present, we shall return to him, and attend upon him with the same Diligence as if he was wantoning in the brightest Beams of Fortune.

Mr. *Jones* then, and his Companion *Partridge*, left the Inn a few Minutes after the Departure of Squire *Western*, and pursued the same Road on Foot; for the Ostler told them, that no Horses were by any Means to be at that Time procured at *Upton*. On they marched with heavy Hearts; for tho' their Disquiet proceeded from very different Reasons, yet displeased they were both; and if *Jones* sighed bitterly, *Partridge* grunted altogether as sadly at every Step.

When they came to the Cross-roads where the Squire had stopt to take Council, *Jones* stopt likewise, and turning to *Partridge*, asked his Opinion which Track they should pursue. 'Ah, Sir!' answered *Partridge*, 'I wish your Honour would follow my Advice.' 'Why should I not?' replied *Jones*; 'for it is now indifferent to me whither I go, or what becomes of me?' 'My Advice then,' said *Partridge*, 'is that you immediately face about and return home:

‘ home : For who that had such a Home
 ‘ to return to, as your Honour, would
 ‘ travel thus about the Country like a Va-
 ‘ gabond ? I ask Pardon, *sed vox ea sola*
 ‘ *reperta est.*

‘ Alas !’ cries *Jones*, ‘ I have no Home
 ‘ to return to ; — but if my Friend, my
 ‘ Father would receive me, could I bear
 ‘ the Country from which *Sophia* is flown--
 ‘ Cruel *Sophia* ! Cruel ! No. Let me blame
 ‘ myself—No, let me blame thee. D—na-
 ‘ tion seize thee, Fool, Blockhead ! thou
 ‘ hast undone me, and I will tear thy Soul
 ‘ from thy Body—At which Words he laid
 ‘ violent Hands on the Collar of poor *Par-*
 ‘ *tridge*, and shook him more heartily than
 ‘ an Ague Fit, or his own Fears had ever
 ‘ done before.

Partridge fell trembling on his Knees, and begged for Mercy, vowing he had meant no Harm—when *Jones*, after staring wildly on him for a Moment, quitted his Hold ; and discharged a Rage on himself, that had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an End to his Being, which indeed the very Apprehension of it had almost effected.

We

We would bestow some Pains here in minutely describing all the mad Pranks which *Jones* played on this Occasion, could we be well assured that the Reader would take the same Pains in perusing them; but as we are apprehensive that after all the Labour which we should employ in painting this Scene, the said Reader would be very apt to skip it entirely over, we have saved ourself that Trouble. To say the Truth, we have, from this Reason alone, often done great Violence to the Luxuriance of our Genius, and have left many excellent Descriptions out of our Work, which would otherwise have been in it. And this Suspicion, to be honest, arises, as is generally the Case, from our own wicked Heart; for we have, ourselves, been very often most horridly given to jumping, as we have run through the Pages of voluminous Historians.

Suffice it then simply to say, that *Jones*, after having played the Part of a Madman for many Minutes, came, by Degrees, to himself; which no sooner happened, than turning to *Partridge*, he very earnestly begged his Pardon for the Attack he had made on him in the Violence of his Passion; but concluded, by desiring him never to men-

mention his Return again ; for he was resolved never to see that Country any more.

Partridge easily forgave, and faithfully promised to obey the Injunction now laid upon him. And then *Jones* very briskly cried out : ‘ Since it is absolutely
 ‘ impossible for me to pursue any farther
 ‘ the Steps of my Angel—I will pursue
 ‘ those of Glory. Come on, my brave
 ‘ Lad, now for the Army :—It is a glo-
 ‘ rious Cause, and I would willingly sacri-
 ‘ fice my Life in it, even tho’ it was worth
 ‘ my preserving.’ And so saying, he immediately struck into the different Road from that which the Squire had taken, and, by mere Chance, pursued the very same thro’ which *Sophia* had before passed.

Our Travellers now marched a full Mile, without speaking a Syllable to each other, tho’ *Jones*, indeed, muttered many Things to himself ; as to *Partridge*, he was profoundly silent : For he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former Fright ; besides, he had Apprehensions of provoking his Friend to a second Fit of Wrath ; especially as he now began to entertain a Conceit, which may not, perhaps, create any great Wonder in the Reader. In short, he
 began

began now to suspect that *Jones* was absolutely out of his Senses.

At length, *Jones* being weary of Soliloquy, addressed himself to his Companion, and blamed him for his Taciturnity: For which the poor Man very honestly accounted, from his Fear of giving Offence. And now this Fear being pretty well removed, by the most absolute Promises of Indemnity, *Partridge* again took the Bridle from his Tongue; which, perhaps, rejoiced no less at regaining its Liberty, than a young Colt, when the Bridle is slipt from his Neck, and he is turned loose into the Pastures.

As *Partridge* was inhibited from that Topic which would have first suggested itself, he fell upon that which was next uppermost in his Mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. 'Certainly, Sir, says he, that could never be a Man, who dresses himself, and lives after such a strange Manner, and so unlike other Folks. Besides his Diet, as the old Woman told me, is chiefly upon Herbs, which is a fitter Food for a Horse than a Christian: Nay, Landlord at *Up-ton* says, that the Neighbours thereabouts have very fearful Notions about him. It runs strangely in my Head, that it must

‘ must have been some Spirit, who, per-
 ‘ haps, might be sent to forewarn us : And
 ‘ who knows, but all that Matter which he
 ‘ told us, of his going to Fight, and of
 ‘ his being taken Prisoner, and of the
 ‘ great Danger he was in of being hanged,
 ‘ might be intended as a Warning to us,
 ‘ considering what we are going about :
 ‘ Besides, I dreamt of nothing all last Night,
 ‘ but of Fighting ; and methought the
 ‘ Blood ran out of my Nose, as Liquor
 ‘ out of a Tap. Indeed, Sir, *infandum*,
 ‘ *Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*’

‘ Thy Story, *Partridge,*’ answered *Jones*,
 ‘ is almost as ill applied as thy *Latin*. No-
 ‘ thing can be more likely to happen than
 ‘ Death, to Men who go into Battle.
 ‘ Perhaps we shall both fall in it,—and
 ‘ what then?’ ‘ What then!’ replied *Par-*
tridge ; ‘ Why then there is an End of us,
 ‘ is there not ? When I am gone, all is
 ‘ over with me. What matters the Cause
 ‘ to me, or who gets the Victory, if I am
 ‘ killed ? I shall never enjoy any Advan-
 ‘ tage from it. What are all the ringing
 ‘ of Bells, and Bonfires, to one that is six
 ‘ Foot under Ground ? There will be an
 ‘ End of poor *Partridge.*’ ‘ And an End
 ‘ of poor *Partridge,*’ cries *Jones*, ‘ there
 ‘ must

‘ must be one Time or other. If you
 ‘ love *Latin*, I will repeat you some fine
 ‘ Lines out of *Horace*, which would in-
 ‘ spire Courage into a Coward.

Dulce & decorum est pro Patria mori.
Mors & fugacem persequitur virum
Nec parcat imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

‘ I wish you would construe them,’ cries
Partridge, ‘ for *Horace* is a hard Author;
 ‘ and I cannot understand as you repeat
 ‘ them.’

‘ I will repeat you a bad Imitation, or
 ‘ rather Paraphrase of my own,’ said *Jones*;
 ‘ for I am but an indifferent Poet.

‘ Who would not die in his dear Coun-
 try’s Cause ?

‘ Since if base Fear his dastard Step with-
 draws,

‘ From Death he cannot fly:—One com-
 mon Grave

‘ Receives, at last, the Coward and the
 Brave.’

‘ That’s very certain,’ cries *Partridge*.

‘ Ay, sure, *Mors omnibus communis*: But
 ‘ there

' there is a great Difference between dying
 ' in ones Bed a great many Years hence,
 ' like a good Christian, with all our
 ' Friends crying about us ; and being shot
 ' To-Day or Tomorrow, like a Mad-Dog ;
 ' or, perhaps, hacked in twenty Pieces
 ' with a Sword, and that too, before we
 ' have repented of all our Sins. O Lord
 ' have Mercy upon us ! To be sure, the
 ' Soldiers are a wicked Kind of People.
 ' I never loved to have any Thing to do
 ' with them. I never could bring myself
 ' hardly to look upon them as Christians.
 ' There is nothing but Cursing and Swear-
 ' ing among them. I wish your Honour
 ' would repent : I heartily wish you would
 ' repent, before it is too late ; and not
 ' think of going among them.—Evil
 ' Communication corrupts good Manners.
 ' That is my principal Reason. For as for
 ' that Matter, I am no more afraid than
 ' another Man, not I ; as to Matter of
 ' that. I know all human Flesh must die ;
 ' but yet a Man may live many Years for
 ' all that. Why I am a middle-aged Man
 ' now, and yet I may live a great Num-
 ' ber of Years. I have read of several
 ' who have lived to be above a hundred,
 ' and some a great deal above a hundred.
 ' Not that I hope, I mean that I promise
 ' myself, to live to any such Age as that
 ' nei-

' neither---But if it be only to eighty or
 ' ninety: Heaven be praised, that is a
 ' great Ways off yet; and I am not afraid of
 ' dying then, no more than another Man:
 ' But, surely, to tempt Death before a
 ' Man's Time is come, seems to me down-
 ' right Wickedness and Presumption. Be-
 ' sides, if it was to do any Good indeed;
 ' but let the Cause be what it will,
 ' what mighty Matter of Good can two
 ' People do? And, for my Part, I un-
 ' derstand nothing of it. I never fired
 ' off a Gun above ten Times in my Life;
 ' and then it was not charged with Bullets.
 ' And for the Sword, I never learned to
 ' fence, nor know nothing of the Matter.
 ' And then there are those Cannons, which
 ' certainly it must be thought the highest
 ' Presumption to go in the Way of;
 ' and no Body but a Madman—I ask
 ' Pardon; upon my Soul, I meant no
 ' Harm: I beg I may not throw your Ho-
 ' nour into another Passion.

' Be under no Apprehension, *Partridge,*
 cries *Jones*, ' I am now so well convinced of
 ' thy Cowardice, that thou couldst not pro-
 ' voke me on any Account.' ' Your Ho-
 ' nour,' answered he, ' may call me Coward
 ' or any thing else you please. If loving
 ' to sleep in a whole Skin makes a Man a
 ' Coward,

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‘ Coward, *non immunes ab illis malis sumus.*
 ‘ I never read in my Grammar, that a Man
 ‘ can’t be a good Man without fighting.
 ‘ *Vir bonus est quis? Qui consulta Patrum,*
 ‘ *qui leges juraque servat.* Not a Word of
 ‘ Fighting; and I am sure the Scripture is
 ‘ so much against it, that a Man shall never
 ‘ persuade me he is a good Christian while
 ‘ he sheds Christian-blood.

C H A P. IV.

The Adventure of a Beggar-Man.

JUST as *Partridge* had uttered that good
 and pious Doctrine, with which the last
 Chapter concluded, they arrived at another
 Cross-way, when a lame Fellow in Rags,
 asked them for Alms; upon which *Par-*
tridge gave him a severe Rebuke, saying,
 ‘ Every Parish ought to keep their own
 ‘ Poor.’ *Jones* then fell a laughing, and
 asked *Partridge*, if he was not ashamed
 with so much Charity in his Mouth to have
 no Charity in his Heart. ‘ Your Religion,
 ‘ says he, serves you only for an Excuse
 ‘ for your Faults, but is no Incentive to
 ‘ your Virtue. Can any Man who is really
 ‘ a Christian abstain from relieving one of
 ‘ his

‘ his Brethren in such a miserable Condition ?’ and at the same time putting his Hand in his Pocket, he gave the poor Object a Shilling.

‘ Master,’ cries the fellow, after thanking him, ‘ I have a curious Thing here in my Pocket, which I found about two Miles off, if your Worship will please to buy it. I should not venture to pull it out to every one ; but as you are so good a Gentleman, and so kind to the Poor, you won’t suspect a Man of being a Thief only because he is poor.’ He then pulled out a little gilt Pocket-book, and delivered it into the Hands of Jones.

Jones presently opened it, and (guess, Reader, what he felt,) saw in the first Page the Words *Sophia Western*, written by her own fair Hand. He no sooner read the Name, than he prest it close to his Lips ; nor could he avoid falling into some very frantic Raptures, notwithstanding his Company ; but, perhaps, these very Raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While Jones was kissing and mumbling the Book, as if he had had an excellent brown butter’d Crust in his Mouth, or as if

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if he had really been a Bookworm, or an Author, who hath nothing to eat but his own Works, a Piece of Paper fell from its Leaves to the Ground, which *Partridge* took up, and delivered to *Jones*, who presently perceived it to be a Bank-bill. It was, indeed, the very Bill which *Western* had given his Daughter, the Night before her Departure; and a *Jew* would have jumped to purchase it at five Shillings less than 100*l*.

The Eyes of *Partridge* sparkled at this News, which *Jones* now proclaimed aloud; and so did (tho' with somewhat a different Aspect) those of the poor Fellow who had found the Book; and who (I hope from a Principle of Honesty) had never opened it: But we should not deal honestly by the Reader, if we omitted to inform him of a Circumstance, which may be here a little material, *viz*. That the Fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure Joy and Transport from the finding the Book, was affected with a Mixture of Concern at this new Discovery: For his Imagination instantly suggested to him, that the Owner of the Bill might possibly want
it,

it, before he should be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the Finder, that he knew the Lady to whom the Book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as soon as possible, and return it her.

The Pocket-Book was a late Present from Mrs. *Western* to her Niece : It had cost five and twenty Shillings, having been bought of a celebrated Toyman, but the real Value of the Silver, which it contained in its Clasp, was about 18 *d.* and that Price the said Toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it first issued from his Shop, would now have given for it. A prudent Person would, however, have taken proper Advantage of the Ignorance of this Fellow, and would not have offer'd more than a Shilling, or perhaps Sixpence for it ; nay, some perhaps would have given nothing, and left the Fellow to his Action of Trover, which some learned Serjeants may doubt whether he could, under these Circumstances, have maintained.

Jones, on the contrary, whose Character was on the Outside of Generosity, and may perhaps not very unjustly have been suspected of Extravagance, without any
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sitation, gave a Guinea in Exchange for the Book. The poor Man, who had not for a long Time before, been possessed of so much Treasure, gave Mr. *Jones* a thousand Thanks, and discovered little less of Transport in his Muscles, than *Jones* had before shewn, when he had first read the Name of *Sophia Western*.

The Fellow very readily agreed to attend our Travellers to the Place where he had found the Pocket-Book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither; but not so fast as Mr. *Jones* desired; for his Guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not possibly travel faster than a Mile an Hour. As this Place, therefore, was at above three Miles Distance, though the Fellow had said otherwise, the Reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

Jones opened the Book a hundred Times during their Walk, kissed it as often, talked much to himself, and very little to his Companions. At all which the Guide expressed some Signs of Astonishment to *Partridge*; who more than once shook his Head, and cry'd, poor Gentleman! *orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano*.

At length, they arrived at the very Spot, where *Sophia* unhappily dropt the Pocket-Book, and where the Fellow had as happily found it. Here *Jones* offered to take Leave of his Guide, and to improve his Pace; but the Fellow, in whom that violent Surprize and Joy which the first Receipt of the Guinea had occasioned, was now considerably abated, and who had now had sufficient Time to recollect himself, put on a discontented Look, and, scratching his Head, said, ‘He hoped his Worship would give him something more. Your Worship,’ said he, ‘will, I hope, take it into your Consideration, that if I had not been honest I might have kept the Whole.’ And, indeed, this the Reader must confess to have been true. ‘If the Paper there,’ said he, ‘be worth 100*l*. I am sure the finding it deserves more than a Guinea. Besides, suppose your Worship should never see the Lady, nor give it her—and though your Worship looks and talks very much like a Gentleman, yet I have only your Worship’s bare Word: And, certainly, if the right Owner ben’t to be found, it all belongs to the first Finder. I hope your Worship will consider all these Matters. I

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‘ am but a poor Man, and therefore
 ‘ don’t desire to have all; but it is but
 ‘ reasonable I should have my Share.

‘ Your Worship looks like a good Man,
 ‘ and, I hope, will consider my Honesty :
 ‘ For I might have kept every Farthing,
 ‘ and no Body ever the wiser.’ ‘ I pro-
 ‘ mise thee, upon my Honour,’ cries *Jones*,
 ‘ that I know the right Owner, and will
 ‘ restore it her.’ ‘ Nay, your Worship,’
 answered the Fellow, ‘ may do as you
 ‘ please as to that, if you will but give
 ‘ me my Share, that is one half of the
 ‘ Money, your Honour may keep the rest
 ‘ yourself if you please;’ and concluded
 with swearing by a very vehement Oath,
 ‘ that he would never mention a Syllable
 ‘ of it to any Man living.

‘ Lookee, Friend,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ the
 ‘ right Owner shall certainly have again all
 ‘ that she lost; and as for any further Gra-
 ‘ tuity, I really cannot give it you at pre-
 ‘ sent; but let me know your Name, and
 ‘ where you live, and it is more than pos-
 ‘ sible, you may hereafter have further Rea-
 ‘ son to rejoice at this Morning’s Adven-
 ‘ ture.’

‘ I don’t know what you mean by Venture,’ cries the Fellow; ‘ it seems, I must venture whether you will return the Lady her Money or no: But I hope your Worship will consider——’ ‘ Come, come,’ said *Partridge*, ‘ tell his Honour your Name, and where you may be found; I warrant you will never repent having put the Money into his Hands.’ The Fellow seeing no Hopes of recovering the Possession of the Pocket-Book, at last complied in giving in his Name and Place of Abode, which *Jones* writ upon a Piece of Paper with the Pencil of *Sophia*; and then placing the Paper in the same Page where she had writ her Name, he cry’d out: ‘ There, Friend, you are the happiest Man alive, I have joined your Name to that of an Angel.’ ‘ I don’t know any Thing about Angels,’ answered the Fellow; ‘ but I wish you would give me a little more Money, or else return me the Pocket-Book.’ *Partridge* now waxed wroth; he called the poor Cripple by several vile and opprobrious Names, and was absolutely proceeding to beat him, but *Jones* would not suffer any such Thing: And now telling the Fellow he would certainly find some Opportunity of serving him, Mr.
Jones

Jones departed as fast as his Heels would carry him ; and *Partridge*, into whom the Thoughts of the hundred Pound had infused new Spirits, followed his Leader ; while the Man who was obliged to stay behind, fell to cursing them both, as well as his Parents ; ‘ For had they, says he, ‘ sent me to Charity-School to learn to ‘ write and read and cast Account, I should ‘ have known the Value of these Matters ‘ as well as other People.’

C H A P. V.

Containing more Adventures which Mr. Jones and his Companion met on the Road.

OUR Travellers now walked so fast, that they had very little Time or Breath for Conversation ; *Jones* meditating all the Way on *Sophia*, and *Partridge* on the Bank-Bill, which, though it gave him some Pleasure, caused him at the same Time to repine at Fortune, which, in all his Walks, had never given him such an Opportunity of shewing his Honesty. They had proceeded above three Miles, when *Partridge* being unable any longer to keep up with *Jones*, called to him, and begged him a little to

slacken his Pace; with this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for some Time lost the Footsteps of the Horses, which the Thaw had enabled him to trace during several Miles, and he was now upon a wide Common where were several Roads.

He here therefore stopt to consider which of these Roads he should pursue, when on a sudden they heard the Noise of a Drum that seemed at no great Distance. This Sound presently alarmed the Fears of *Partridge*, and he cried out, ‘ Lord have
‘ Mercy upon us all; they are certainly a
‘ coming!’ ‘ Who is coming?’ cries *Jones*, for Fear had long since given Place to softer Ideas in his Mind, and since his Adventure with the lame Man, he had been totally intent on pursuing *Sophia*, without entertaining one Thought of an Enemy. ‘ Who?’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ why the Rebels; but
‘ why should I call them Rebels, they may
‘ be very honest Gentlemen, for any thing
‘ I know to the contrary. The Devil take
‘ him that affronts them, I say. I am
‘ sure, if they have nothing to say to me,
‘ I will have nothing to say to them but in
‘ a civil Way. For Heaven’s Sake, Sir,
‘ don’t affront them if they should come,
‘ and perhaps they may do us no Harm;
‘ but

‘ but would it not be the wiser Way to
 ‘ creep into some of yonder Bushes till they
 ‘ are gone by? What can two unarmed
 ‘ Men do perhaps against fifty thousand?
 ‘ Certainly nobody but a Madman; I
 ‘ hope your Honour is not offended; but
 ‘ certainly no Man who hath *Mens sana in*
 ‘ *Corpore sano*’——Here *Jones* interrupted
 this Torrent of Eloquence, which Fear had
 inspired, saying, ‘ That by the Drum he
 ‘ perceived they were near some Town.’
 He then made directly towards the Place
 whence the Noise proceeded, bidding *Par-*
tridge ‘ take Courage, for that he would
 ‘ lead him into no Danger; and adding,
 ‘ it was impossible the Rebels should be so
 ‘ near.’

Partridge was a little comforted with this
 last Assurance; and tho’ he would more
 gladly have gone the contrary Way, he
 followed his Leader, his Heart beating
 Time, but not after the Manner of Heroes,
 to the Music of the Drum, which ceased
 not till they had traversed the Common,
 and were come into a narrow Lane.

And now *Partridge*, who kept even Pace
 with *Jones*, discovered something painted
 flying in the Air, a very few Yards before

him, which fancying to be the Colours of the Enemy, he fell a bellowing, ‘ O Lord, Sir, here they are, there is the Crown and Coffin. Oh Lord ! I never saw any thing so terrible ; and we are within Gun-shot of them already.’

Jones no sooner looked up than he plainly perceived what it was which *Partridge* had thus mistaken. ‘ *Partridge*,’ says he, ‘ I fancy you will be able to engage this whole Army yourself ; for by the Colours I guess what the Drum was which we heard before, and which beats up for Recruits to a Puppet-show.

‘ A Puppet-show !’ answered *Partridge*, with most eager transport. And is it really no more than that ? I love a Puppet-show of all the Pastimes upon Earth. Do, good Sir, let us tarry and see it. Besides I am quite famished to Death ; for it is now almost dark, and I have not eat a Morfel since three o’ Clock in the Morning.’

They now arrived at an Inn, or indeed an Alehouse, where *Jones* was prevailed upon to stop, the rather as he had no longer any Assurance of being in the Road he desired. They walked both directly into the Kitchen, where

where *Jones* began to enquire if no Ladies had passed that Way in the Morning, and *Partridge* as eagerly examined into the State of their Provisions ; and indeed his Enquiry met with the better Success ; for *Jones* could not hear News of *Sophia* ; but *Partridge*, to his great Satisfaction, found good Reason to expect very shortly the agreeable Sight of an excellent smoaking Dish of Eggs and Bacon.

In strong and healthy Constitutions Love hath a very different Effect from what it causes in the puny Part of the Species. In the latter it generally destroys all that Appetite which tends towards the Conservation of the Individual ; but in the former, tho' it often induces Forgetfulness, and a Neglect of Food, as well as of every thing else, yet place a good Piece of well-powdered Buttock before a hungry Lover, and he seldom fails very handsomely to play his Part. Thus it happened in the present Case ; for tho' *Jones* perhaps wanted a Prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty Stomach, yet no sooner did he sit down to the Bacon and Eggs, than he fell to as heartily and voraciously as *Partridge* himself.

Before our Travellers had finished their Dinner, Night came on, and as the Moon was now past the full, it was extremely dark. *Partridge* therefore prevailed on *Jones* to stay and see the Puppet-show, which was just going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the Master of the said Show, who declared that his Figures were the finest which the World had ever produced, and that they had given great Satisfaction to all the Quality in every Town in *England*.

The Puppet-show was performed with great Regularity and Decency. It was called the fine and serious Part of the *Provok'd Husband*; and it was indeed a very grave and solemn Entertainment; without any low Wit or Humour, or Jest; or, to do it no more than Justice, without any thing which could provoke a Laugh. The Audience were all highly pleased. A grave Matron told the Master she would bring her two Daughters the next Night, as he did not shew any Stuff; and an Attorney's Clerk, and an Exciseman, both declared, that the Characters of Lord and Lady *Townly* were well preserved, and highly in Nature. *Partridge* likewise concurred with this Opinion.

The

The Master was so highly elated with these Encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding some more of his own. He said, ‘ The present Age was not improved in any Thing so much as in their Puppet-shows; which, by throwing out Punch and his Wife *Joan*, and such idle Trumpery, were at last brought to be a rational Entertainment. I remember,’ said he, ‘ when I first took to the Business, there was a great deal of low Stuff that did very well to make Folks laugh; but was never calculated to improve the Morals of young People, which certainly ought to be principally aimed at in every Puppet-show: For why may not good and instructive Lessons be conveyed this Way, as well as any other? My Figures are as big as the Life, and they represent the Life in every Particular; and I question not but People rise from my little *Drama* as much improved as they do from the great.’ ‘ I would by no Means degrade the Ingenuity of your Profession,’ answered *Jones*; ‘ but I should have been glad to have seen my old Acquaintance Master *Punch* for all that; and so far from improving, I think, by leaving out him and his merry

‘ Wife *Joan*, you have spoiled your Puppet-show.’

The Dancer of Wires conceived an immediate and high Contempt for *Jones*, from these Words. And with much Disdain in his Countenance, he replied, ‘ Very probably, Sir, that may be your Opinion; but I have the Satisfaction to know the best Judges differ from you, and it is impossible to please every Taste. I confess, indeed, some of the Quality at *Bath*, two or three Years ago, wanted mightily to bring Punch again upon the Stage. I believe I lost some Money for not agreeing to it; but let others do as they will, a little Matter shall never bribe me to degrade my own Profession, nor will I ever willingly consent to the spoiling the Decency and Regularity of my Stage, by introducing any such low Stuff upon it.

‘ Right, Friend,’ cries the Clerk, ‘ you are very right. Always avoid what is low. There are several of my Acquaintance in *London*, who are resolved to drive every thing which is low from the Stage. Nothing can be more proper,’ cries the Exciseman, pulling his Pipe from his Mouth. ‘ I remember,’ added he, ‘ (for
‘ I

‘ I then lived with my Lord) I was in the
 ‘ Footman’s Gallery, the Night when this
 ‘ Play of the Provok’d Husband was acted
 ‘ first. There was a great deal of low Stuff
 ‘ in it about a Country Gentleman come up
 ‘ to Town to stand for Parliament Man;
 ‘ and there they brought a Parcel of his
 ‘ Servants upon the Stage, his Coachman I
 ‘ remember particularly; but the Gentle-
 ‘ men in our Gallery could not bear any
 ‘ thing so low, and they damned it. I ob-
 ‘ serve, Friend, you have left all that Mat-
 ‘ ter out, and you are to be commended
 ‘ for it.’

‘ Nay, Gentlemen,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ I can
 ‘ never maintain my Opinion against so
 ‘ many; indeed if the Generality of his
 ‘ Audience dislike him, the learned Gentle-
 ‘ man who conducts the Show may have
 ‘ done very right in dismissing Punch from
 ‘ his Service.’

The Master of the Show then began a se-
 cond Harangue, and said much of the great
 Force of Example, and how much the in-
 ferior Part of Mankind would be deterred
 from Vice, by observing how odious it was
 in their Superiors; when he was unluckily
 interrupted by an Incident, which, though
 perhaps

perhaps we might have omitted it at another Time, we cannot help relating at present, but not in this Chapter.

C H A P. VI.

From which it may be inferred, that the best Things are liable to be misunderstood and misinterpreted.

A Violent Uproar now arose in the Entry, where my Landlady was well cuffing her Maid both with her Fist and Tongue. She had indeed missed the Wench from her Employment, and, after a little Search, had found her on the Puppet-show Stage in Company with the *Merry Andrew*, and in a Situation not very proper to be described.

Tho' *Grace* (for that was her Name) had forfeited all Title to Modesty, yet had she not Impudence enough to deny a Fact in which she was actually surprized; she therefore took another Turn, and attempted to mitigate the Offence. 'Why do you beat me in this Manner, Mistress?' cries the Wench. 'If you don't like my Doings, you may turn me away. If I am a

W—e

‘ W—e (for the other had liberally bestowed
 ‘ that Appellation on her) my Betters are
 ‘ so as well as I? What was the fine Lady
 ‘ in the Puppet-show just now. I suppose
 ‘ she did not lie all Night out from her
 ‘ Husband for nothing.’

The Landlady now burst into the Kitchen,
 and fell foul on both her Husband and the
 poor Puppet-mover. ‘ Here, Husband,’ says
 she, ‘ you see the Consequence of harbour-
 ‘ ing these People in your House. If one
 ‘ doth draw a little Drink the more for
 ‘ them, one is hardly made Amends by
 ‘ the Litter they make; and then to have
 ‘ one’s House made a Bawdyhouse of by
 ‘ such lousy Vermin. In short, I desire
 ‘ you would be gone to-morrow Morning;
 ‘ for I will tolerate no more such Doings.
 ‘ It is only the Way to teach our Servants
 ‘ Idleness and Nonsense; for to be sure no-
 ‘ thing better can be learned by such idle
 ‘ Shows as these. I remember when Pup-
 ‘ pet-shows were made of good Scripture
 ‘ Stories, as *Jephtha’s* Rash Vow, and such
 ‘ good Things, and when wicked People
 ‘ were carried away by the Devil. There
 ‘ was some Sense in those Matters; but as
 ‘ the Parson told us last *Sunday*, nobody
 ‘ believes in the Devil now-a-days; and
 ‘ here

‘ here you bring about a Parcel of Puppets
‘ drest up like Lords and Ladies, only to
‘ turn the Heads of poor Country Wenches,
‘ and when their Heads are once turned
‘ topsy turvy, no wonder every thing else
‘ is so.’

Virgil, I think, tells us, that when the Mob are assembled in a riotous and tumultuous Manner, and all Sorts of missile Weapons fly about, if a Man of Gravity and Authority appears amongst them, the Tumult is presently appeased, and the Mob, which when collected into one Body, may be well compared to an Ass, erect their long Ears at the grave Man’s Discourse.

On the contrary, when a Set of grave Men and Philosophers are disputing; when Wisdom herself may in a Manner be considered as present, and administering Arguments to the Disputants, should a Tumult arise among the Mob, or should one Scold, who is herself equal in Noise to a mighty Mob, appear among the said Philosophers; their Disputes cease in a Moment, Wisdom no longer performs her ministerial Office, and the Attention of every one is immediately attracted by the Scold alone.

Thus

Thus the Uproar aforesaid, and the Arrival of the Landlady, silenced the Master of the Puppet-show, and put a speedy and final End to that grave and solemn Harangue, of which we have given the Reader a sufficient Taste already. Nothing indeed could have happened so very inopportune as this Accident ; the most wanton Malice of Fortune could not have contrived such another Stratagem to confound the poor Fellow, while he was so triumphantly descanting on the good Morals inculcated by his Exhibitions. His Mouth was now as effectually stopt, as that of a Quack must be, if in the Midst of a Declamation on the great Virtues of his Pills and Powders, the Corpse of one of his Martyrs should be brought forth, and deposited before the Stage, as a Testimony of his Skill.

Instead, therefore, of answering my Landlady, the Puppet-show Man ran out to punish his *Merry Andrew* ; and now the Moon beginning to put forth her Silver Light, as the Poets call it (tho' she looked at that Time more like a Piece of Copper) *Jones* called for his Reckoning, and ordered *Partridge*, whom my Landlady had just awaked from a profound Nap, to prepare for his
Journey ;

Journey; but *Partridge* having lately carried two Points, as my Reader hath seen before, was emboldened to attempt a third, which was to prevail with *Jones* to take up a Lodging that Evening in the House where he then was. He introduced this with an affected Surprize at the Intention which Mr. *Jones* declared of removing; and after urging many excellent Arguments against it, he at last insisted strongly, that it could be to no manner of Purpose whatever: For that unless *Jones* knew which Way the Lady was gone, every Step he took might very possibly lead him the farther from her; ‘for you find, Sir,’ said he, ‘by all the
 ‘People in the House, that she is not gone
 ‘this Way. How much better, therefore,
 ‘would it be to stay till the Morning, when
 ‘we may expect to meet with Some-body
 ‘to enquire of?’

This last Argument had indeed some Effect on *Jones*, and while he was weighing it, the Landlord threw all the Rhetoric of which he was Master into the same Scale. ‘Sure, Sir,’ said he, ‘your Servant gives
 ‘you most excellent Advice: For who
 ‘would travel by Night at this Time of
 ‘the Year?’ He then began in the usual Stile to trumpet forth the excellent Accommodation.

modation which his House afforded ; and my Landlady likewise opened on the Occasion—But not to detain the Reader with what is common to every Host and Hostess, it is sufficient to tell him, *Jones* was at last prevailed on to stay and refresh himself with a few Hours Rest, which indeed he very much wanted ; for he had hardly shut his Eyes since he had left the Inn where the Accident of the broken Head had happened.

As soon as *Jones* had taken a Resolution to proceed no farther that Night, he presently retired to Rest, with his two Bedfellows the Pocket-Book, and the Muff ; but *Partridge*, who at several Times had refreshed himself with several Naps, was more inclined to Eating than to Sleeping, and more to Drinking than to either.

And now the Storm which *Grace* had risen being at an End, and my Landlady being again reconciled to the Puppet-man, who on his Side forgave the indecent Reflections which the good Woman in her Passion had cast on his Performances, a Face of perfect Peace and Tranquillity reigned in the Kitchen ; where there assembled round the Fire, the Landlord and Landlady of the House, the Master of the
Puppet.

Puppet-show, the Attorney's Clerk, the Exciseman, and the ingenious Mr. *Partridge*; in which Company past the agreeable Conversation which will be found in the next Chapter.

C H A P. VII.

Containing a Remark or two of our own, and many more of the good Company assembled in the Kitchen.

THOUGH the Pride of *Partridge* did not submit to acknowledge himself a Servant, yet he condescended in most Particulars to imitate the Manners of that Rank. One Instance of this was his greatly magnifying the Fortune of his Companion, as he called *Jones*: such is a general Custom with all Servants among Strangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the Attendant on a Beggar: For the higher the Situation of the Master is, the higher consequently is that of the Man in his own Opinion; the Truth of which Observation appears from the Behaviour of all the Footmen of the Nobility.

.But tho' Title and Fortune communicate a Splendor all around them, and the Footmen

men of Men of Quality and of Estate think themselves entitled to a Part of that Respect which is paid to the Quality and Estates of their Masters ; it is clearly otherwise with Regard to Virtue and Understanding. These Advantages are strictly personal, and swallow themselves all the Respect which is paid to them. To say the Truth, this is so very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As these therefore reflect no Honour on the Domestic, so neither is he at all dishonoured by the most deplorable Want of both in his Master. Indeed it is otherwise in the Want of what is called Virtue in a Mistress, the Consequence of which we have before seen : For in this Dishonour there is a Kind of Contagion, which, like that of Poverty, communicates itself to all who approach it.

Now for these Reasons we are not to wonder that Servants (I mean among the Men only) should have so great Regard for the Reputation of the Wealth of their Masters, and little or none at all for their Character in other Points, and that tho' they would be ashamed to be the Footman of a Beggar, they are not so to attend upon a Rogue, or a Blockhead ; and
do

do consequently make no Scruple to spread the Fame of the Iniquities and Follies of their said Masters as far as possible, and this often with great Humour and Merri-ment. In reality, a Footman is often a Wit, as well as a Beau, at the Expence of the Gentleman whose Livery he wears.

After *Partridge*, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vast Fortune to which Mr. *Jones* was Heir, he very freely communicated an Apprehension which he had begun to conceive the Day before, and for which, as we hinted at that very Time, the Behaviour of *Jones* seemed to have furnished a sufficient Foundation. In short, he was now pretty well confirmed in an Opinion, that his Master was out of his Wits, with which Opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good Company round the Fire.

With this Sentiment the Puppet-show Man immediately coincided. 'I own,' said he, 'the Gentleman surprized me very much, when he talked so absurdly about Puppet-shows. It is indeed hardly to be conceived that any Man in his Senses should be so much mistaken; what you say now, accounts very well for all his monstrous Notions. Poor Gentleman, I
' am

‘ am heartily concerned for him ; indeed
 ‘ he hath a strange Wildness about his
 ‘ Eyes, which I took Notice of before,
 ‘ tho’ I did not mention it.

The Landlord agreed with this last Assertion, and likewise claimed the Sagacity of having observed it. ‘ And certainly, added he, ‘ it must be so : for no one but a
 ‘ Madman would have thought of leaving
 ‘ so good a House, to ramble about the
 ‘ Country at that Time of Night.

The Exciseman pulling his Pipe from his Mouth, said, ‘ He thought the Gentleman
 ‘ looked and talked a little wildly,’ and then
 ‘ turning to *Partridge*, ‘ If he be a Mad-
 ‘ man,’ says he, ‘ he should not be suffer-
 ‘ ed to travel thus about the Country, for
 ‘ possibly he may do some Mischief. It is
 ‘ Pity he was not secured and sent home
 ‘ to his Relations.

Now some Conceits of this Kind were likewise lurking in the Mind of *Partridge* : For as he was now persuaded that *Jones* had run away from Mr. *Allworthy*, he promised himself the highest Rewards, if he could by any Means convey him back. But Fear of *Jones*, of whose Fierceness and
 Strength

Strength he had seen, and indeed felt some Instances, had however represented any such Scheme as impossible to be executed, and had discouraged him from applying himself to form any regular Plan for the Purpose. But no sooner did he hear the Sentiments of the Exciseman, than he embraced that Opportunity of declaring his own, and expressed a hearty Wish that such a Matter could be brought about.

‘ Could be brought about?’ says the Exciseman ;’ why there is nothing easier.

‘ Ah ! Sir,’ answered *Partridge* ;’ ‘ you don’t know what a Devil of a Fellow he is. He can take me up with one Hand, and throw me out at Window, and he would too, if he did but imagine—

‘ Pogh !’ says the Exciseman. ‘ I believe I am as good a Man as he. Besides here are five of us.

‘ I don’t know what five,’ cries the Landlady, ‘ my Husband shall have nothing to do in it. Nor shall any violent Hands be laid upon any Body in my House. The young Gentleman is as pretty a young Gentleman as ever I saw

' in my Life, and I believe he is no more
 ' mad than any of us. What do you tell
 ' of his having a wild Look with his Eyes?
 ' They are the prettiest Eyes I ever saw,
 ' and he hath the prettiest Look with them;
 ' and a very modest civil young Man he is.
 ' I am sure I have bepitied him heartily
 ' ever since. The Gentleman there in the
 ' Corner told us he was crost in Love.
 ' Certainly it is enough to make any Man,
 ' especially such a sweet young Gentleman
 ' as he is, to look a little otherwise than he
 ' did before. Lady, indeed! What the
 ' Devil would the Lady have better than
 ' such a handsome Man with a great Estate?
 ' I suppose she is one of your Quality-folks,
 ' one of your Townly Ladies that we saw
 ' last Night in the Puppet-show, who don't
 ' know what they would be at.

The Attorney's Clerk likewise declared
 he would have no Concern in the Business,
 without the Advice of Council. ' Suppose,'
 says he, ' an Action of false Imprisonment
 ' should be brought against us, what De-
 ' fence could we make? Who knows what
 ' may be sufficient Evidence of Madness to
 ' a Jury? But I only speak upon my own
 ' Account; for it don't look well for a
 ' Lawyer to be concerned in these Matters,
 VOL. IV. M ' unless

‘ unless it be as a Lawyer. Juries are al-
 ‘ ways less favourable to us than to other
 ‘ People. I don’t therefore dissuade you,
 ‘ Mr. *Thompson* (to the Exciseman) nor the
 ‘ Gentleman, nor any Body else.

The Exciseman shook his Head at this
 Speech, and the Puppet-show-Man said,
 ‘ Madness was sometimes a difficult Matter
 ‘ for a Jury to decide : For I remember,’
 says he, ‘ I was once present at a Trial of
 ‘ Madness, where twenty Witnesses swore
 ‘ that the Person was as mad as a *March*
 ‘ Hare ; and twenty others, that he was as
 ‘ much in his Senses as any Man in *Eng-*
 ‘ *land*.—And indeed it was the Opinion of
 ‘ most People, that it was only a Trick of
 ‘ his Relations to rob the poor Man of his
 ‘ Right.

‘ Very likely !’ cries the Landlady, ‘ I my-
 ‘ self knew a poor Gentleman who was
 ‘ kept in a Mad-house all his Life by his
 ‘ Family, and they enjoyed his Estate, but
 ‘ it did them no Good : For tho’ the Law
 ‘ gave it them, it was the Right of ano-
 ‘ ther.

‘ Pogh !’ cries the Clerk, with great Con-
 tempt, ‘ Who hath any Right but what
 ‘ the

‘ the Law gives them ? If the Law gave
 ‘ me the best Estate in the County, I should
 ‘ never trouble myself much who had the
 ‘ Right.

‘ If it be so,’ says *Partridge*, *Fælix quem
 ‘ faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*

My Landlord, who had been called out
 by the Arrival of a Horseman at the Gate,
 now returned into the Kitchen, and with an
 affrighted Countenance cried out, ‘ What
 ‘ do you think, Gentlemen ? the Rebels
 ‘ have given the Duke the Slip, and are
 ‘ got almost to *London*—It is certainly true,
 ‘ for a Man on Horseback just now told
 ‘ me so.

‘ I am glad of it with all my Heart,’
 cries *Partridge*, ‘ then there will be no fight-
 ‘ ing in these Parts.

‘ I am glad,’ cries the Clerk, ‘ for a
 ‘ better Reason ; for I would always have
 ‘ Right take Place.

‘ Ay but,’ answered the Landlord, ‘ I
 ‘ have heard some People say this Man
 ‘ hath no Right.

‘ I will prove the contrary in a Moment,’
cries the Clerk ; ‘ if my Father dies seiz-
ed of a Right ; do you mind me, seized
of a Right, I say ; Doth not that Right
descend to his Son ? And doth not one
Right descend as well as another ?

‘ But how can he have any Right to
make us Papishes ?’ says the Landlord.

‘ Never fear that,’ cries *Partridge*. ‘ As
to the Matter of Right, the Gentleman
there hath proved it as clear as the Sun ;
and as to the Matter of Religion, it is
quite out of the Case. The Papists them-
selves don’t expect any such Thing. A
Popish Priest, whom I know very well,
and who is a very honest Man, told me
upon his Word and Honour they had no
such Design.

‘ And another Priest of my Acquaint-
ance,’ said the Landlady, ‘ hath told me
the same Thing—But my Husband is al-
ways so afraid of Papishes. I know a
great many Papishes that are very honest
Sort of People, and spend their Money
very freely ; and it is always a Maxim
with

‘ with me, that one Man’s Money is as
‘ good as another’s.

‘ Very true,’ Miftrefs, ‘ said the Puppet-
‘ show-Man, ‘ I don’t care what Religion
‘ comes, provided the Presbyterians are
‘ not uppermost, for they are Enemies to
‘ Puppet-shows.

‘ And so you would sacrifice your Reli-
‘ gion to your Interest ?’ cries the Excise-
man; ‘ and are desirous to see Popery
‘ brought in, are you ?

Not I truly,’ answered the other, ‘ I hate
‘ Popery as much as any Man ; but yet it
‘ is a Comfort to one, that one should be
‘ able to live under it, which I could not
‘ do among Presbyterians. To be sure
‘ every Man values his Livelihood first, that
‘ must be granted ; and I warrant if you
‘ would confess the Truth, you are more
‘ afraid of losing your Place than any Thing
‘ else ; but never fear, Friend, there will
‘ be an Excise under another Government
‘ as well as under this.

‘ Why certainly,’ replied the Exciseman,
‘ I should be a very ill Man if I did not
‘ honour the King, whose Bread I eat.

‘ That is no more than natural, as a Man
‘ may say : For what signifies it to me
‘ that there would be an Excise-office under
‘ another Government, since my Friends
‘ would be out, and I could expect no
‘ better than to follow them. No, no,
‘ Friend, I shall never be bubbled out of
‘ my Religion in Hopes only of keeping
‘ my Place under another Government ;
‘ for I should certainly be no better, and
‘ very probably might be worse.

‘ Why, that is what I say,’ cries the
Landlord, ‘ whenever Folks say who knows
‘ what may happen ? Odsooks ! should not
‘ I be a Blockhead to lend my Money to
‘ I know not who, because mayhap he may
‘ return it again ? I am sure it is safe in
‘ my own Bureau, and there I will keep it.

The Attorney’s Clerk had taken a great
Fancy to the Sagacity of *Partridge*. Whether this proceeded from the great Discernment which the former had into Men, as well as Things, or whether it arose from the Sympathy between their Minds ; for they were both truly *Jacobites* in Principle ; they now shook Hands heartily, and drank Bumpers of Strong Beer to Healths

Healts which we think proper to bury in Oblivion.

These Healts were afterwards pledged by all present, and even by my Landlord himself, tho' reluctantly ; but he could not withstand the Menaces of the Clerk, who swore he would never set his Foot within his House again, if he refused. The Bumpers which were swallowed on this Occasion soon put an End to the Conversation. Here, therefore, we will put an End to the Chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

In which Fortune seems to have been in a better Humour with Jones than we have hitherto seen her.

AS there is no wholesomer, so perhaps there are few stronger Sleeping Portions than Fatigue. Of this *Jones* might be said to have taken a very large Dose, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already slept nine Hours, and might perhaps have slept longer, had he not been awakened by a most violent Noise at his Chamber Door, where the Sound of

many heavy Blows was accompanied with as many Exclamations of Murder. *Jones* presently leapt from his Bed, where he found the Master of the Puppet-show labouring the Back and Ribs of his poor Merry Andrew, without either Mercy or Moderation.

Jones instantly interposed on Behalf of the Suffering Party, and pinned the insulting Conqueror up to the Wall: For the Puppet-show-Man was no more able to contend with *Jones*, than the poor party-coloured Jester had been to contend with this Puppet-man.

But tho' the Merry Andrew was a little Fellow, and not very strong, he had nevertheless some Choler about him. He therefore no sooner found himself delivered from the Enemy, than he began to attack him with the only Weapon at which he was his Equal. From this he first discharged a Volley of general abusive Words, and thence proceeded to some particular Accusations—
 'D—n your Bl—d, you Rascal,' says he,
 'I have not only supported you, for you
 'owe all the Money you get to me; but
 'I have saved you from the Gallows. Did
 'you not want to rob the Lady of her
 'fine

' fine Riding-Habit, no longer ago than
 ' Yesterday, in the Back-lane here ? Can
 ' you deny that you wished to have had
 ' her alone in a Wood to strip her, to strip
 ' one of the prettiest Ladies that ever was
 ' seen in the World ? and here you have
 ' fallen upon me, and have almost mur-
 ' dered me for doing no Harm to a Girl
 ' as willing as myself, only because she likes
 ' me better than you.

Jones no sooner heard this, than he
 quitted the Master, laying at the same time
 the most violent Injunctions of Forbearance
 from any further Insult on the Merry An-
 drew, and then taking the poor Wretch
 with him into his own Apartment, he soon
 learnt Tidings of his *Sophia*, whom the
 Fellow, as he was attending his Master
 with his Drum the Day before, had seen
 pass by. He easily prevailed with the Lad
 to shew him the exact Place, and then hav-
 ing summoned *Partridge*, he departed with
 the utmost Expedition.

It was almost eight of the Clock before
 all Matters could be got ready for his De-
 parture : For *Partridge* was not in any
 Haste ; nor could the Reckoning be pre-
 sently adjusted ; and when both these were

settled and over, *Jones* would not quit the Place before he had perfectly reconciled all Differences between the Master and the Man.

When this was happily accomplished, he set forwards, and was by the trusty Merry Andrew conducted to the Spot by which *Sophia* had past; and then having handsomely rewarded his Conductor, he again pushed on with the utmost Eagerness, being highly delighted with the extraordinary Manner in which he received his Intelligence. Of this *Partridge* was no sooner acquainted, than he, with great Earnestness, began to prophesy, and assured *Jones*, that he would certainly have good Success in the End: For, he said, ‘two such Accidents could never have happened to direct him after his Mistress, if Providence had not designed to bring them together at last.’ And this was the first Time that *Jones* lent any Attention to the superstitious Doctrines of his Companion.

They had not gone above two Miles, when a violent Storm of Rain overtook them, and as they happened to be at the same Time in Sight of an Alehouse, *Partridge*, with much earnest Entreaty, prevailed with *Jones* to enter, and weather the Storm.

Hunger

Hunger is an Enemy (if indeed it may be called one) which partakes more of the *English* than of the *French* Disposition; for tho' you subdue this never so often, it will always rally again in Time; and so it did with *Partridge*, who was no sooner arrived within the Kitchen, than he began to ask the same Questions which he had asked the Night before. The Consequence of this was an excellent cold Chine being produced upon the Table, upon which not only *Partridge*, but *Jones* himself, made a very hearty Breakfast, tho' the latter began to grow again uneasy, as the People of the House could give him no fresh Information concerning *Sophia*.

Their Meal being over, *Jones* was again preparing to sally, notwithstanding the Violence of the Storm still continued; but *Partridge* begged heartily for another Mugg, and at length casting his Eyes on a Lad at the Fire, who had entered into the Kitchen, and who at that Instant was looking as earnestly at him, he turned suddenly to *Jones*, and cried, ' Master, give me your Hand, ' a single Mugg shan't serve the Turn this ' Bout. Why here's more News of Ma- ' dam *Sophia* come to Town. The Boy

M 6

there

‘ there standing by the Fire is the very Lad
‘ that rode before her. I can swear to my
‘ own Plaister on his Face.’ ‘ Heavens
‘ bless you, Sir, cries the Boy, it is your
‘ own Plaister sure enough; I shall have
‘ always Reason to remember your Good-
‘ ness; for it hath almost cured me.’

At these Words *Jones* started from his Chair, and bidding the Boy follow him immediately, departed from the Kitchen into a private Apartment; for so delicate was he with regard to *Sophia*, that he never willingly mentioned her Name in the Presence of many People; and tho’ he had, as it were, from the Overflowings of his Heart, given *Sophia* as a Toast among the Officers, where he thought it was impossible she should be known; yet even there the Reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her Sir-name.

Hard therefore was it, and perhaps in the Opinion of many sagacious Readers, very absurd and monstrous, that he should principally owe his present Misfortune to the supposed Want of that Delicacy with which he so abounded; for in reality *Sophia* was much more offended at the Freedoms which she thought, and not without good Reason,

he

he had taken with her Name and Character, than at any Freedoms, in which, under his present Circumstances, he had indulged himself with the Person of another Woman; and to say Truth, I believe *Honour* would never have prevailed on her to leave *Upton* without seeing her *Jones*, had it not been for those two strong Instances of a Levity in his Behaviour, so void of all Respect, and indeed so highly inconsistent with any Degree of Love and Tenderness in great and delicate Minds.

But so Matters fell out, and so I must relate them; and if any Reader is shocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I must remind such Persons, that I am not writing a System, but a History, and I am not obliged to reconcile every Matter to the received Notions concerning Truth and Nature. But if this was never so easy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For Instance, as the Fact at present before us now stands, without any Comment of mine upon it, tho' it may at first Sight offend some Readers, yet upon more mature Consideration, it must please all; for wise and good Men may consider what happened to *Jones* at *Upton* as a just Punishment for his Wickedness, with Re-
gard

gard to Women, of which it was indeed the immediate Consequence ; and silly and bad persons may comfort themselves in their Vices, by flattering their own Hearts that the Characters of Men are rather owing to Accident than to Virtue. Now perhaps the Reflections which we should be here inclined to draw, would alike contradict both these Conclusions, and would shew that these Incidents contribute only to confirm the great, useful and uncommon Doctrine, which it is the Purpose of this whole Work to inculcate, and which we must not fill up our Pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary Parson fills his Sermon by repeating his Text at the End of every Paragraph.

We are contented that it must appear, however unhappily *Sophia* had erred in her Opinion of *Jones*, she had sufficient Reason for her Opinion ; since, I believe, every other young Lady would, in her Situation, have erred in the same Manner. Nay, had she followed her Lover at this very Time, and had entered this very Ale-house the Moment he was departed from it, she would have found the Landlord as well acquainted with her Name and Person as the Wench at *Upton* had appeared to be.

For

For while *Jones* was examining his Boy in Whispers in an inner Room, *Partridge*, who had no such Delicacy in his Disposition, was in the Kitchen very openly catechising the other Guide who had attended *Mrs. Fitzpatrick*; by which Means the Landlord, whose Ears were open enough on all such Occasions, became perfectly well acquainted with the Tumble of *Sophia* from her Horse, &c. with the Mistake concerning *Jenny Cameron*, with the many Consequences of the Punch, and, in short, with almost every thing which had happened at the Inn, whence we dispatched our Ladies in a Coach and Six, when we last took our Leaves of them.

C H A P. IX.

Containing little more than a few odd Observations.

JONES had been absent a full half Hour, when he returned into the Kitchen in a Hurry, desiring the Landlord to let him know that Instant what was to pay. And now the Concern which *Partridge* felt at being obliged to quit a warm Chimney-corner, and a Cup of excellent Liquor, was some-

somewhat compensated by hearing that he was to proceed no farther on Foot; for *Jones*, by Golden Arguments, had prevailed with the Boy to attend him back to the Inn whither he had before conducted *Sophia*; but to this however the Lad consented, upon Condition that the other Guide would wait for him at the Alehouse; because, as the Landlord at *Upton* was an intimate Acquaintance of the Landlord at *Gloucester*, it might some Time or other come to the Ears of the latter, that his Horses had been let to more than one Person, and so the Boy might be brought to Account for Money which he wisely intended to put in his own Pocket.

We were obliged to mention this Circumstance, trifling as it may seem, since it retarded Mr. *Jones* a considerable Time in his setting out; for the Honesty of this latter Boy was somewhat high—that is, somewhat high-priced, and would indeed have cost *Jones* very dear, had not *Partridge*, who, as we have said, was a very cunning Fellow, artfully thrown in half a Crown to be spent at that very Alehouse, while the Boy was waiting for his Companion. This Half Crown the Landlord no sooner got Scent of, than he opened after it with such vehement

vehement and persuasive Outcry, that the Boy was soon overcome, and consented to take half a Crown more for his Stay. Here we cannot help observing, that as there is so much of Policy in the lowest Life, great Men often overvalue themselves on those Refinements in Imposture, in which they are frequently excelled by some of the lowest of the Human Species.

The Horses being now produced, *Jones* directly leapt into the Side-Saddle, on which his dear *Sophia* had rid. - The Lad indeed very civilly offered him the Use of his; but he chose the Side-Saddle, probably because it was softer. *Partridge*, however, tho' full as effeminate as *Jones*, could not bear the Thoughts of degrading his Manhood, he therefore accepted the Boy's offer; and now *Jones*, being mounted on the Side-Saddle of his *Sophia*, the Boy on that of Mrs. *Honour*, and *Partridge* bestriding the third Horse, they set forwards on their Journey, and within four Hours arrived at the Inn where the Reader hath already spent so much Time. *Partridge* was in very high Spirits during the whole Way, and often mentioned to *Jones* the many good Omens of his future Success, which had lately befriended him; and
which

which the Reader, without being the least superstitious, must allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. *Partridge* was moreover better pleased with the present Pursuit of his Companion, than he had been with his Pursuit of Glory; and from these very Omens, which assured the Pedagogue of Success, he likewise first acquired a clear Idea of the Amour between *Jones* and *Sophia*; to which he had before given very little Attention, as he had originally taken a wrong Scent concerning the Reasons of *Jones's* Departure; and as to what happened at *Upton*, he was too much frightened just before and after his leaving that Place, to draw any other Conclusions from thence, than that *Jones* was a downright Madman: A Conceit which was not at all disagreeable to the Opinion he before had of his extraordinary Wildness, of which, he thought, his Behaviour on their quitting *Gloucester*, so well justified all the Accounts he had formerly received. He was now however pretty well satisfied with his present Expedition, and henceforth began to conceive much worthier Sentiments of his Friend's Understanding.

The Clock had just struck Three when they arrived, and *Jones* immediately bespoke

spoke Post Horfes ; but unluckily there was not a Horfe to be procured in the whole Place ; which the Reader will not wonder at, when he confiders the Hurry in which the whole Nation, and especially this Part of it, was at this time engaged, when Exprefses were paffing and repaffing every Hour of the Day and Night.

Jones endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former Guide to efcorfe him to *Coventry* ; but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the Boy in the Inn-yard, a Perfon came up to him, and faluting him by his Name, enquired how all the good Family did in *Somerfetfbire* ; and now *Jones* cafting his Eyes upon this Perfon, prefently difcovered him to be Mr. *Dowling* the Lawyer, with whom he had dined at *Gloucefter*, and with much Courtefy returned his Salutation.

Dowling very earneftly preffed Mr. *Jones* to go no further that Night ; and backed his Solicitations with many unanswerable Arguments, fuch as, that it was almoft dark, that the Roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by Day-light, with many others equally good, fome of which *Jones* had probably
fug-

suggested to himself before; but as they were then ineffectual, so they were still, and he continued resolute in his Design, even tho' he should be obliged to set out on Foot.

When the good Attorney found he could not prevail on *Jones* to stay, he as strenuously applied himself to persuade the Guide to accompany him. He urged many Motives to induce him to undertake this short Journey, and at last concluded with saying, 'Do you think the Gentleman 'won't very well reward you for your 'Trouble?'

Two to one are odds at every other thing, as well as at Foot-ball. But the Advantage which this united Force hath in Persuasion or Entreaty, must have been visible to a curious Observer; for he must have often seen, that when a Father, a Master, a Wife, or any other Person in Authority, have stoutly adhered to a Denial against all the Reasons which a single Man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the Repetition of the same Sentiments by a second or third Person, who hath undertaken the Cause without attempting to advance any thing new in its Behalf.

And

And hence perhaps proceeds the Phrase of seconding an Argument or a Motion, and the great Consequence of which this is in all Assemblies of public Debate. Hence likewise probably it is, that in our Courts of Law we often hear a learned Gentleman (generally a Serjeant) repeating for an Hour together what another learned Gentleman who spoke before him had just been saying.

Instead of accounting for this, we shall proceed in our usual Manner to exemplify it in the Conduct of the Lad above-mentioned, who submitted to the Persuasions of Mr. *Dowling*, and promised once more to admit *Jones* into his Side-Saddle; but insisted on first giving the poor Creatures a good Bait, saying, they had travelled a great Ways, and been rid very hard. Indeed this Caution of the Boy was needless; for *Jones*, notwithstanding his Hurry and Impatience, would have ordered this of himself; for he by no Means agreed with the Opinions of those who consider Animals as mere Machines, and when they bury their Spurs in the Belly of their Horse, imagine the Spur and the Horse to have an equal Capacity of feeling Pain.

While the Beasts were eating their Corn, or rather were supposed to eat it; (for as the Boy was taking Care of himself in the Kitchen, the Ostler took great Care that his Corn should not be consumed in the Stable) Mr. Jones, at the earnest Desire of Mr. Dowling, accompanied that Gentleman into his Room, where they sat down together over a Bottle of Wine.

CH A P. X.

In which Mr. Jones and Mr. Dowling drink a Bottle together.

MR. Dowling, pouring out a Glass of Wine, named the Health of the good Squire *Allworthy*; adding, ‘ If you please, Sir, we will likewise remember his Nephew and Heir, the young Squire: Come, Sir, here’s Mr. *Blifil* to you, a very pretty young Gentleman; and who, I dare swear, will hereafter make a very considerable Figure in his Country. I have a Borough for him myself in my Eye.’

‘ Sir,’ answered Jones, ‘ I am convinced you don’t intend to affront me, so I shall
not

‘ not resent it ; but, I promise you, you
 ‘ have joined two Persons very improperly
 ‘ together ; for one is the Glory of the
 ‘ Human Species, and the other is a Ras-
 ‘ cal who dishonours the Name of a
 ‘ Man.’

Dowling stared at this. He said, ‘ He
 ‘ thought both the Gentlemen had a very
 ‘ unexceptionable Character. As for Squire
 ‘ *Allworthy* himself,’ says he, ‘ I never had
 ‘ the Happiness to see him ; but all the
 ‘ World talks of his Goodness. And, in-
 ‘ deed, as to the young Gentleman, I ne-
 ‘ ver saw him but once, when I carried him
 ‘ the News of the Loss of his Mother ;
 ‘ and then I was so hurried, and drove, and
 ‘ tore with the Multiplicity of Business,
 ‘ that I had hardly Time to converse with
 ‘ him ; but he looked so like a very honest
 ‘ Gentleman, and behaved himself so pret-
 ‘ tily, that I protest I never was more de-
 ‘ lighted with any Gentleman since I was
 ‘ born.’

‘ I don’t wonder,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ that
 ‘ he should impose upon you in so short
 ‘ an Acquaintance ; for he hath the Cun-
 ‘ ning of the Devil himself, and you may
 ‘ live with him many Years without disco-
 ‘ vering

' vering him. I was bred up with him
 ' from my Infancy, and we were hardly
 ' ever afunder; but it is very lately only,
 ' that I have discovered half the Villainy
 ' which is in him. I own I never greatly
 ' liked him. I thought he wanted that
 ' Generosity of Spirit, which is the sure
 ' Foundation of all that is great and no-
 ' ble in Human Nature. I saw a Selfish-
 ' ness in him long ago which I despised;
 ' but it is lately, very lately, that I have
 ' found him capable of the basest and black-
 ' est Designs; for, indeed, I have at last
 ' found out, that he hath taken an Ad-
 ' vantage of the Openness of my own
 ' Temper, and hath concerted the deepest
 ' Project, by a long Train of wicked Ar-
 ' tifice, to work my Ruin, which at last
 ' he hath effected.'

' Ay! ay! cries *Dowling*, ' I protest then,
 ' it is a Pity such a Person should inherit
 ' the great Estate of your Uncle *Allwor-*
 ' *thy*.'

' Alas, Sir,' cries *Jones*, ' you do me
 ' an Honour to which I have no Title. It
 ' is true, indeed, his Goodness once allow-
 ' ed me the Liberty of calling him by a
 ' much nearer Name; but as this was a vo-
 ' luntary

luntary Act of Goodness only, I can complain of no Injustice when he thinks proper to deprive me of this Honour ; since the Loss cannot be more unmerited than the Gift originally was. I assure you, Sir, I am no Relation of Mr. *Allworthy* ; and if the World, who are incapable of setting a true Value on his Virtue, should think, in his Behaviour by me, he hath dealt hardly by a Relation, they do an Injustice to the best of Men : For I——but I ask your Pardon, I shall trouble you with no Particulars relating to myself ; only as you seemed to think me a Relation of Mr. *Allworthy*, I thought proper to set you right in a Matter that might draw some Censures upon him, which I promise you I would rather lose my Life, than give Occasion to.’

‘ I protest, Sir,’ cried *Dowling*, you talk very much like a Man of Honour ; but instead of giving me any Trouble, I protest it would give me great Pleasure to know how you came to be thought a Relation of Mr. *Allworthy*’s, if you are not. Your Horses won’t be ready this half Hour, and as you have sufficient Opportunity, I wish you would tell me how all that happened ; for I protest it seems

' very surprizing that you should pass for
' a Relation of a Gentleman, without be-
' ing so.'

Jones, who in the Compliance of his Disposition (tho' not in his Prudence) a little resembled his lovely *Sophia*, was easily prevailed on to satisfy Mr. *Dowling's* Curiosity, by relating the History of his Birth and Education, which he did, like *Othello*,

————— even from his boyish Years,
To th' very Moment he was bad to tell ;

the which to hear, *Dowling*, like *Desdemona*,
did *seriously incline* ;

He swore 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange ;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.

Mr. *Dowling* was indeed very greatly affected with this Relation ; for he had not divested himself of Humanity by being an Attorney. Indeed nothing is more unjust than to carry our Prejudices against a Profession into private Life, and to borrow our Idea of a Man from our Opinion of his Calling. Habit, it is true, lessens the Horror of those Actions which the Profession makes

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makes necessary, and consequently habitual; but in all other Instances, Nature works in Men of all Professions alike; nay, perhaps, even more strongly with those who give her, as it were, a Holiday, when they are following their ordinary Business. A Butcher, I make no doubt, would feel Compunction at the Slaughter of a fine Horse; and though a Surgeon can conceive no Pain in cutting off a Limb, I have known him compassionate a Man in a Fit of the Gout. The common Hangman, who hath stretched the Necks of Hundreds, is known to have trembled at his first Operation on a Head: And the very Professors of Human Blood, who in their Trade of War butcher Thousands, not only of their Fellow Professors, but often of Women and Children, without Remorse; even these, I say, in Times of Peace, when Drums and Trumpets are laid aside, often lay aside all their Ferocity, and become very gentle Members of civil Society. In the same Manner an Attorney may feel all the Miseries and Distresses of his Fellow Creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned against them.

Jones, as the Reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black Colours in which he had been represented to Mr. *All-*

worthy; and as to other Matters he did not shew them in the most disadvantageous Light: For though he was unwilling to cast any Blame on his former Friend and Patron, yet he was not very desirous of heaping too much upon himself. *Dowling* therefore observed, and not without Reason, that very ill Offices must have been done him by some Body: ‘For certainly,’ cries he, ‘the Squire would never have disinherited you only for a few Faults, which any young Gentleman might have committed. Indeed, I cannot properly say disinherited; for to be sure by Law you cannot claim as Heir. That’s certain; that no Body need go to Council for. Yet when a Gentleman had in a Manner adopted you thus as his own Son, you might reasonably have expected some very considerable Part, if not the Whole; nay, if you had expected the Whole, I should not have blamed you: For certainly every one is for getting as much as they can, and they are not to be blamed on that Account.’

‘Indeed you wrong me,’ said *Jones*; ‘I should have been contented with very little: I never had any View upon Mr. *Allworthy*’s Fortune; nay, I believe, I may

' may truly say, I never once considered
 ' what he could or might give me. This
 ' I solemnly declare, if he had done a Pre-
 ' judice to his Nephew in my Favour, I
 ' would have undone it again. I had ra-
 ' ther enjoy my own Mind than the For-
 ' tune of another Man. What is the poor
 ' Pride arising from a magnificent House,
 ' a numerous Equipage, a splendid Table,
 ' and from all the other Advantages or
 ' Appearances of Fortune, compared to
 ' the warm, solid Content, the swelling Sa-
 ' tisfaction, the thrilling Transports, and
 ' the exulting Triumphs, which a good
 ' Mind enjoys, in the Contemplation of a
 ' generous, virtuous, noble, benevolent
 ' Action? I envy not *Bliss* in the Prof-
 ' spect of his Wealth; nor shall I envy
 ' him in the Possession of it. I would not
 ' think myself a Rascal half an Hour,
 ' to exchange Situations. I believe, in-
 ' deed, Mr. *Bliss* suspected me of the
 ' Views you mention; and I suppose these
 ' Suspicions, as they arose from the Base-
 ' ness of his own Heart, so they occasion-
 ' ed his Baseness to me. But, I thank Hea-
 ' ven, I know, I feel,——I feel my Inno-
 ' cence, my Friend; and I would not part
 ' with that Feeling for the World.——For
 ' as long as I know I have never done,

‘ nor even designed an Injury to any Be-
 ‘ ing whatever,

*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstiva recreatur aura
 Quod latus mundi nebulae, malusque
 Jupiter urget.*

*Pone, sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis, in Terra domibus negata;
 Dulce ridentem Lalagem amabo
 Dulce loquentem.**

He then filled a Bumper of Wine; and drank it off to the Health of his dear *Lalage*; and filling *Dowling*’s Glass likewise up to the Brim, insisted on his pledging him. ‘ Why then here’s Miss *Lalage*’s ‘ Health, with all my Heart,’ cries *Dowling*. ‘ I have heard her toasted often, I

* Place me where never Summer Breeze
 Unbinds the Glebe, or warms the Trees;
 Where ever lowering Clouds appear,
 And angry *Jove* deforms th’ inclement Year,

Place me beneath the burning Ray,
 Where rolls the rapid Carr of Day;
 Love and the Nymph shall charm my Toils,
 The Nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.

Mr. Francis.

‘ protest,

‘ protest, though I never saw her; but
 ‘ they say she’s extremely handsome.’

Though the *Latin* was not the only Part of this Speech which *Dowling* did not perfectly understand, yet there was somewhat in it, that made a very strong Impression upon him. And though he endeavoured, by winking, nodding, sneering, and grinning, to hide the Impression from *Jones*, (for we are as often ashamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong) it is certain he secretly approved as much of his Sentiments as he understood, and really felt a very strong Impulse of Compassion for him. But we may possibly take some other Opportunity of commenting upon this, especially if we should happen to meet Mr. *Dowling* any more in the Course of our History. At present we are obliged to take our Leave of that Gentleman a little abruptly, in Imitation of Mr. *Jones*; who was no sooner informed, by *Partridge*, that his Horses were ready, than he deposited his Reckoning, wished his Companion a good Night, mounted, and set forward towards *Coventry*, though the Night was dark, and it just then began to rain very hard.

C H A P. XI.

The Disasters which beset Jones on his Departure for Coventry ; with the sage Remarks of Partridge.

NO Road can be plainer than that from the Place they now were to *Coventry* ; and though neither *Jones* nor *Partridge*, nor the Guide, had ever travelled it before, it would have been almost impossible to have missed their Way, had it not been for the two Reasons mentioned in the Conclusion of the last Chapter.

These two Circumstances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our Travellers deviated into a much less frequented Track ; and after riding full Six Miles, instead of arriving at the stately Spires of *Coventry*, they found themselves still in a very dirty Lane, where they saw no Symptoms of approaching the Suburbs of a large City.

Jones now declared that they must certainly have lost their Way ; but this the Guide insisted upon was impossible ; a
Word

Ch. II. a FOUNDLING. 273

Word which, in common Conversation, is often used not only to signify improbable, but often what is really very likely, and, sometimes, what hath certainly happened: An hyperbolical Violence like that which is so frequently offered to the Words Infinite and Eternal; by the former of which it is usual to express a Distance of half a Yard; and by the latter, a Duration of five Minutes. And thus it is as usual to assert the Impossibility of losing what is already actually lost. This was, in fact, the Case at present: For notwithstanding all the confident Assertions of the Lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right Road to *Coventry*, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting Miser is in the right Road to Heaven.

It is not, perhaps, easy for a Reader who hath never been in those Circumstances, to imagine the Horror with which Darknefs, Rain, and Wind fill Persons who have lost their Way in the Night; and who, consequently, have not the pleasant Prospect of warm Fires, dry Cloaths, and other Refreshments, to support their Minds in struggling with the Inclemencies of the Weather. A very imperfect Idea of this Horror will, however, serve sufficiently to

account for the Conceits which now filled the Head of *Partridge*, and which we shall presently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more positive that they were out of their Road; and the Boy himself, at last, acknowledged he believed they were not in the right Road to *Coven-try*; tho' he affirmed, at the same Time, it was impossible they should have mist the Way. But *Partridge* was of a different Opinion. He said, 'When they first set out he imagined some Mischief or other would happen.——Did not you observe, Sir,' said he to *Jones*, 'that old Woman who stood at the Door just as you was taking Horse? I wish you had given her a small Matter, with all my Heart; for she said then you might repent it, and at that very Instant it began to rain, and the Wind hath continued rising ever since. Whatever some People may think, I am very certain it is in the Power of Witches to raise the Wind whenever they please. I have seen it happen very often in my Time: And if ever I saw a Witch in all my Life, that old Woman was certainly one. I thought so to myself at that very Time; and if I had had any Halfpence in my Pocket, I would have given

‘ given her some : For to be sure it is al-
 ‘ ways good to be charitable to those Sort
 ‘ of People, for Fear what may happen ;
 ‘ and many a Person hath lost his Cattle
 ‘ by saving a Halfpenny.’

Jones, tho’ he was horridly vexed at the
 Delay which this Mistake was likely to oc-
 casion in his Journey, could not help smil-
 ing at the Superstition of his Friend, whom
 an Accident now greatly confirmed in his
 Opinion. This was a Tumble from his
 Horse ; by which, however, he received no
 other Injury than what the Dirt conferred
 on his Cloaths.

Partridge had no sooner recovered his
 Legs, than he appealed to his Fall, as con-
 clusive Evidence of all he had asserted ;
 But *Jones*, finding he was unhurt, answered
 with a Smile : ‘ This Witch of yours, *Par-*
 ‘ *tridge*, is a most ungrateful Jade, and
 ‘ doth not, I find, distinguish her Friends
 ‘ from others in her Resentment. If the
 ‘ old Lady had been angry with me for
 ‘ neglecting her, I don’t see why she should
 ‘ tumble you from your Horse, after all
 ‘ the Respect you have expressed for her.’

‘ It is ill jesting,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ with
‘ People who have Power to do these
‘ Things; for they are often very mali-
‘ cious. I remember a Farrier, who pro-
‘ voked one of them, by asking her when
‘ the Time she had bargained with the De-
‘ vil for would be out; and within three
‘ Months from that very Day one of his
‘ best Cows was drowned. Nor was she
‘ satisfied with that; for a little Time
‘ afterwards he lost a Barrel of Best-
‘ Drink: For the old Witch pulled out
‘ the Spicket, and let it run all over the
‘ Cellar, the very first Evening he had
‘ tapped it, to make merry with some of
‘ his Neighbours. In short, nothing ever
‘ thrived with him afterwards; for she wor-
‘ ried the poor Man so, that he took to
‘ Drinking; and in a Year or two his
‘ Stock was seized, and he and his Family
‘ are now come to the Parish.’

The Guide, and perhaps his Horse too,
were both so attentive to this Discourse,
that, either thro’ Want of Care, or by the
Malice of the Witch, they were now both
sprawling in the Dirt.

Partridge

Partridge entirely imputed this Fall, as he had done his own, to the same Cause. He told Mr. *Jones*, ‘it would certainly be ‘his Turn next,’ and earnestly intreated him ‘to return back, and find out the old ‘Woman, and pacify her. We shall very ‘soon, added he, reach the Inn: For tho’ ‘we have seemed to go forward, I am very ‘certain we are in the identical Place in ‘which we were an Hour ago; and I dare ‘swear if it was Day-light, we might now ‘see the Inn we set out from.’

Instead of returning any Answer to this sage Advice, *Jones* was entirely attentive to what had happened to the Boy, who received no other Hurt than what had before befallen *Partridge*, and which his Cloaths very easily bore, as they had been for many Years inured to the like. He soon regained his Side-Saddle, and, by the hearty Curses and Blows which he bestowed on his Horse, quickly satisfied Mr. *Jones* that no Harm was done.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

Relates that Mr. Jones continued his Journey contrary to the Advice of Partridge, with what happened on that Occasion.

THEY now discovered a Light at some Distance, to the great Pleasure of Jones, and to the no small Terror of Partridge, who firmly believed himself to be bewitched, and that this Light was a Jack with a Lanthorn, or somewhat more mischievous.

But how were these Fears increased, when, as they approached nearer to this Light, (or Lights as they now appeared) they heard a confused Sound of Human Voices; of singing, laughing, and hallowing, together with a strange Noise that seemed to proceed from some Instruments; but could hardly be allowed the Name of Music. Indeed, to favour a little the Opinion of Partridge, it might very well be called Music bewitched.

It is impossible to conceive a much greater Degree of Horror than what now seized on

on *Partridge* ; the Contagion of which had reached the Post-boy ; who had been very attentive to many Things that the other had uttered. He now therefore joined in petitioning *Jones* to return ; saying he firmly believed what *Partridge* had just before said, that tho' the Horses seemed to go on, they had not moved a Step forwards during at least the last half Hour.

Jones could not help smiling in the midst of his Vexation, at the Fears of these poor Fellows. ' Either we advance,' says he, ' towards the Lights, or the Lights ' have advanced towards us ; for we are ' now at a very little Distance from them ; ' but how can either of you be afraid of ' a Set of People who appear only to be ' merry-making ?

' Merry-making, Sir !' cries *Partridge*, ' who could be merry-making at this Time ' of Night, and in such a Place, and such ' Weather ? They can be nothing but ' Ghosts or Witches, or some Evil Spirits ' or other, that's certain.

' Let them be what they will,' cries *Jones*, ' I am resolved to go up to them, ' and enquire the Way to *Coventry*. All ' Witches,

‘ Witches, *Partridge*, are not such ill-natured Hags, as that we had the Misfortune to meet with last.

‘ Oh Lord, Sir!’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ there is no knowing what Humour they will be in ; to be sure it is always best to be civil to them ; but what if we should meet with something worse than Witches, with Evil Spirits themselves—Pray, Sir, be advised ; pray, Sir, do. If you had read so many terrible Accounts as I have of these Matters, you would not be so Fool-hardy—The Lord knows whither we have got already, or whither we are going : For sure such Darkness was never seen upon Earth, and I question whether it can be darker in the other World.

Jones put forwards as fast as he could, notwithstanding all these Hints and Cautions, and poor *Partridge* was obliged to follow : For tho’ he hardly dared advance, he dared still less to stay behind by himself.

At length they arrived at the Place whence the Lights and different Noises had issued. This *Jones* perceived to be no other than a Barn where a great Number of Men and Women were assembled, and were diverting

verting themselves with much apparent Jollity.

Jones no sooner appeared before the great Doors of the Barn, which were open, than a masculine and very rough Voice from within demanded who was there? — To which *Jones* gently answered, A Friend; and immediately asked the Road to Coventry.

‘ If you are a Friend,’ cries another of the Men in the Barn, ‘ you had better alight till the Storm is over (for indeed it was now more violent than ever), ‘ you are very welcome to put up your Horse, ‘ for there is sufficient Room for him at one ‘ End of the Barn.

‘ You are very obliging, returned *Jones*; ‘ and I will accept your Offer for a few ‘ Minutes, whilst the Rain continues; and ‘ here are two more who will be glad of ‘ the same Favour.’ This was accorded with more Good-will than it was accepted: For *Partridge* would rather have submitted to the utmost Inclemency of the Weather, than have trusted to the Clemency of those whom he took for Hobgoblins; and the poor Post-boy was now infected

infected with the same Apprehensions; but they were both obliged to follow the Example of *Jones*; the one because he durst not leave his Horse, and the other because he feared nothing so much as being left by himself.

Had this History been writ in the Days of Superstition, I should have had too much Compassion for the Reader to have left him so long in Suspence, whether *Beelzebub* or *Satan* was about actually to appear in Person, with all his Hellish Retinue; but as these Doctrines are at present very unfortunate, and have but few if any Believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any such Terrors. To say Truth, the whole Furniture of the infernal Regions hath long been appropriated by the Managers of Playhouses, who seem lately to have lain them by as Rubbish, capable only of affecting the Upper Gallery; a Place in which few of our Readers ever sit.

However, tho' we do not suspect raising any great Terror on this Occasion, we have Reason to fear some other Apprehensions may here arise in our Reader, into which we would not willingly betray him, I mean
that

that we are going to take a Voyage into Fairy Land, and to introduce a Set of Beings into our History, which scarce any one was ever childish enough to believe, tho' many have been foolish enough to spend their Time in writing and reading their Adventures.

To prevent therefore any such Suspicions, so prejudicial to the Credit of an Historian, who professes to draw his Materials from Nature only, we shall now proceed to acquaint the Reader who these People were, whose sudden Appearance had struck such Terrors into *Partridge*, had more than half frightened the Post-Boy, and had a little surprized even Mr. *Jones* himself.

The People then assembled in this Barn were no other than a Company of *Egyptians*, or as they are vulgarly called *Gypsies*, and they were now celebrating the Wedding of one of their Society.

It is impossible to conceive a happier Set of People than appeared here to be met together. The utmost Mirth indeed shewed itself in every Countenance; nor was their Ball totally void of all Order and Decorum. Perhaps it had more than a Country

try Assembly is sometimes conducted with :
 For these People are subject to a formal
 Government and Laws of their own, and
 all pay Obedience to one great Magistrate
 whom they call their King.

Greater Plenty likewise was no where to
 be seen, than what flourished in this Barn.
 Here was indeed no Nicety nor Elegance,
 nor did the keen Appetite of the Guests re-
 quire any. Here was good Store of Bacon,
 Fowls, and Mutton, to which every one
 present provided better Sauce himself, than
 the best and dearest *French* Cook can pre-
 pare,

Aeneas is not described under more Con-
 sternation in the Temple of *Juno*,

Dum stupet obtutuq; hæret defixus in uno.

than was our Heroe at what he saw in
 this Barn. While he was looking every
 where round him with Astonishment, a ve-
 nerable Person approached him with many
 friendly Salutations, rather of too hearty
 a Kind to be called courtly. This was no
 other than the King of the *Gypsies* himself.
 He was very little distinguished in Dress
 from his Subjects, nor had he any *Regalia* of
 Majesty

Majesty to support his Dignity ; and yet there seemed (as Mr. *Jones* said) to be somewhat in his Air which denoted Authority, and inspired the Beholders with an Idea of Awe and Respect ; tho' all this was perhaps imaginary in *Jones*, and the Truth may be, that such Ideas are incident to Power, and almost inseparable from it.

There was somewhat in the open Countenance and courteous Behaviour of *Jones*, which being accompanied with much Comeliness of Person, greatly recommended him at first Sight to every Beholder. These were perhaps a little heightened in the present Instance, by that profound Respect which he paid to the King of the *Gypsies*, the Moment he was acquainted with his Dignity, and which was the sweeter to his *Gypseian* Majesty, as he was not used to receive such Homage from any but his own Subjects.

The King ordered a Table to be spread with the choicest of their Provisions for his Accommodation, and having placed himself at his Right Hand, his Majesty began to discourse our Heroe in the following Manner :

2

‘ Me

‘ Me doubt not, Sir, but you have often
‘ seen some of my People, who are what you
‘ call de Parties detache : For dey go about
‘ every where ; but me fancy you imagine
‘ not we be so confidrabable Body as we be,
‘ and may be you will surprife more, when
‘ you hear de *Gypfy* be as orderly and
‘ well govern People as any upon Face
‘ of de Earth.

‘ Me have Honour, as me say, to be
‘ deir King, and no Monarch can do boast
‘ of more dutiful Subject, ne no more af-
‘ fectionate. How far me deserve deir
‘ Goodwill, me no say, but dis me can
‘ say, dat me never design any Ting but
‘ to do dem Good. Me fall no do boast
‘ of dat neider : For what can me do o-
‘ derwise dan confider of de Good of dose
‘ poor People who go about all Day to
‘ give me always de best of what dey get.
‘ Dey love and honour me darefore, be-
‘ cause me do love and take Care of dem ;
‘ dat is all, me know no oder Reason.

‘ About a toufand or two toufand Year ago,
‘ me cannot tell to a Year or two, as can
‘ neider write nor read, there was a great
‘ what you call,—a Volution among de
‘ *Gypfy* ;

‘ *Gypsy* ; for dere was de Lord *Gypsy* in
 ‘ dose Days ; and dese Lord did quarrel
 ‘ vid one anoder about de Place ; but de
 ‘ King of de *Gypsy* did demolish dem all,
 ‘ and made all his Subject equal vid each
 ‘ oder ; and since dat time dey have agree
 ‘ very well : for dey no tink of being
 ‘ King, and may be it be better for dem
 ‘ as dey be : For me assure you it be ver
 ‘ troublesome ting to be King, and always
 ‘ to do Justice ; me have often wish to be
 ‘ de private *Gypsy* when me have been
 ‘ forced to punish my dear Friend and Re-
 ‘ lation ; for dough we never put to Death,
 ‘ our Punishments be ver severe. Dey
 ‘ make de *Gypsy* ashamed of demselves,
 ‘ and dat be ver terrible Punishment ; me
 ‘ ave scarce ever known de *Gypsy* so punish
 ‘ do Harm any more.

The King then proceeded to express some
 Wonder that there was no such Punishment
 as Shame in other Governments. Upon
 which *Jones* assured him to the contrary :
 For that there were many Crimes for which
 Shame was inflicted by the *English* Laws,
 and that it was indeed one Consequence of
 all Punishment. ‘ Dat be ver strange,’
 said the King : ‘ For me know and hears
 ‘ good deal of your People, dough me no
 ‘ live

‘ live among dem, and me ave often hear
 ‘ dat Sham is de Consequence and de Cause
 ‘ too of many your Rewards. Are your
 ‘ Rewards and Punishments den de same
 ‘ Ting ?

While his Majesty was thus discoursing with *Jones*, a sudden Uproar arose in the Barn, and as it seems, upon this Occasion : The Curtesy of these People had by Degrees removed all the Apprehensions of *Partridge*, and he was prevailed upon not only to stuff himself with their Food, but to taste some of their Liquors, which by Degrees entirely expelled all Fear from his Composition, and in its Stead introduced much more agreeable Sensations.

A young Female *Gypsy*, more remarkable for her Wit than her Beauty, had decoyed the honest Fellow aside, pretending to tell his Fortune. Now when they were alone together in a remote Part of the Barn, whether it proceeded from the strong Liquor, which is never so apt to inflame inordinate Desire as after moderate Fatigue, or whether the fair *Gypsy* herself threw aside the Delicacy and Decency of her Sex, and tempted the Youth *Partridge* with express Solicitations ; but they were discovered in a very improper

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per Manner by the Husband of the *Gypsy*, who from Jealousy, it seems, had kept a watchful Eye over his Wife, and had dogged her to the Place, where he found her in the Arms of her Gallant.

To the great Confusion of *Jones*, *Partridge* was now hurried before the King; who heard the Accusation, and likewise the Culprit's Defence, which was indeed very trifling: For the poor Fellow was confounded by the plain Evidence which appeared against him, and had very little to say for himself. His Majesty then turning towards *Jones*, said, 'Sir, you have heard what they say, what Punishment do you think your Man deserve?'

Jones answered, 'He was sorry for what had happened, and that *Partridge* should make the Husband all the Amends in his Power: He said, he had very little Money about him at that Time, and putting his Hand into his Pocket, offered the Fellow a Guinea.' To which he immediately answered, 'He hoped his Honour would not think of giving him less than five.'

This Sum after some Altercation was reduced to two, and *Jones* having stipulated

for the full Forgiveness of both *Partridge* and the Wife, was going to pay the Money; when his Majesty restraining his Hand, turned to the Witness, and asked him, 'At what Time he had first discovered the Criminals?' To which he answered, 'That he had been desired by the Husband to watch the Motions of his Wife from her first speaking to the Stranger, and that he had never lost Sight of her afterwards till the Crime had been committed.' The King then asked, 'If the Husband was with him all that Time in his lurking Place?' To which he answered in the Affirmative. His *Egyptian* Majesty then addressed himself to the Husband as follows, 'Me be sorry to see any *Gypsy* dat have no more Honour dan to sell de Honour of his Wife for Money. If you had had de Love for your Wife, you would have prevented dis Matter, and not endeavour to make her de Whore dat you might discover her. Me do order dat you have no Money given you, for you deserve Punishment not Reward; me do order derefore, dat you be de infamous *Gypsy*, and do wear Pair of Horns upon your Forehead for one Month, and dat your Wife be called de Whore, and pointed at all dat Time: For you be de

‘ de infamous *Gypsy*, but she be no less de
‘ infamous Whore.

The *Gypsies* immediately proceeded to
execute the Sentence, and left *Jones* and
Partridge alone with his Majesty.

Jones greatly applauded the Justice of
the Sentence; upon which the King turn-
ing to him said, ‘ Me believe you be sur-
‘ prize: For me suppose you have ver bad
‘ Opinion of my People; me suppose you
‘ thing us all de Tieves.’

‘ I must confess, Sir,’ said *Jones*, ‘ I
‘ have not heard so favourable an Account
‘ of them as they seem to deserve.’

‘ Me vil tell you,’ said the King, ‘ how
‘ the Difference is between you and us.
‘ My People rob your People, and your
‘ People rob one anoder.’

Jones afterwards proceeded very gravely
to sing forth the Happiness of those Sub-
jects who lived under such a Magistrate.

Indeed their Happiness appears to have
been so compleat, that we are aware lest some
Advocate for arbitrary Power should here-
after quote the Case of those People, as an

Instance of the great Advantages which attend that Government above all others.

And here we will make a Concession, which would not perhaps have been expected from us, That no limited Form of Government is capable of rising to the same Degree of Perfection, or of producing the same Benefits to Society with this. Mankind have never been so happy, as when the greatest Part of the then known World was under the Dominion of a single Master; and this State of their Felicity continued during the Reigns of five successive Princes *. This was the true *Æra* of the Golden Age, and the only Golden Age which ever had any Existence, unless in the warm Imaginations of the Poets, from the Expulsion from *Eden* down to this Day.

In reality, I know but of one solid Objection to absolute Monarchy. The only Defect in which excellent Constitution seems to be the Difficulty of finding any Man adequate to the Office of an absolute Monarch: For this indispensably requires three Qualities very difficult, as it appears from History, to be found in princely Natures: First, a sufficient Quantity of Moderation in the Prince, to be contented with all the

* *Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini.*

Power

Power which is possible for him to have. 2dly, Enough of Wisdom to know his own Happiness. And, 3dly, Goodness sufficient to support the Happiness of others, when not only compatible with, but instrumental to his own.

Now if an absolute Monarch with all these great and rare Qualifications should be allowed capable of conferring the greatest Good on Society, it must be surely granted, on the contrary, that absolute Power vested in the Hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no less a Degree of Evil.

In short our own Religion furnishes us with adequate Ideas of the Blessing, as well as Curse which may attend absolute Power. The Pictures of Heaven and of Hell will place a very lively Image of both before our Eyes: For though the Prince of the latter can have no Power, but what he originally derives from the omnipotent Sovereign in the former; yet it plainly appears from Scripture, that absolute Power in his infernal Dominions is granted to their Diabolical Ruler. This is indeed the only absolute Power which can by Scripture be derived from Heaven. If there-

fore the several Tyrannies upon Earth can prove any Title to a divine Authority, it must be derived from this original Grant to the Prince of Darkness, and these subordinate Deputations must consequently come immediately from him whose Stamp they so expressly bear.

To conclude, as the Examples of all Ages shew us that Mankind in general desire Power only to do Harm, and when they obtain it, use it for no other Purpose; it is not consonant with even the least Degree of Prudence to hazard an Alternative, where our Hopes are poorly kept in Countenance by only two or three Exceptions out of a thousand Instances to alarm our Fears. In this Case it will be much wiser to submit to a few Inconveniencies arising from the dispassionate Deafness of Laws, than to remedy them by applying to the passionate open Ears of a Tyrant.

Nor can the Example of the *Gypsies*, tho' possibly they may have long been happy under this Form of Government, be here urged; since we must remember the very material Respect in which they differ from all other People, and to which perhaps this their Happiness is entirely owing, namely, that they have no false Honours among them; and

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and that they look on Shame as the most grievous Punishment in the World.

C H A P. XIII.

A Dialogue between Jones and Partridge.

THE honest Lovers of Liberty will we doubt not pardon that long Digression into which we were led at the Close of the last Chapter, to prevent our History from being applied to the Use of the most pernicious Doctrine, which Priestcraft had ever the Wickedness or the Impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. Jones, who when the Storm was over, took Leave of his *Egyptian* Majesty, after many Thanks for his courteous Behaviour and kind Entertainment, and set out for *Coventry*; to which Place (for it was still dark) a *Gypsy* was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by Reason of his Deviation, travelled eleven Miles instead of six, and most of those through very execrable Roads, where no Expedition could have been made, in Quest of a Midwife, did not arrive at *Coventry* till near Twelve. Nor

could he possibly get again into the Saddle till past Two; for Post-Horses were now not easy to get; nor were the Hostler or Post-Boy, in half so great a Hurry as himself, but chose rather to imitate the tranquil Disposition of *Partridge*; who being denied the Nourishment of Sleep, took all Opportunities to supply its Place with every other Kind of Nourishment, and was never better pleased than when he arrived at an Inn, nor ever more dissatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones now travelled Post; we will follow him therefore, according to our Custom, and to the Rules of *Longinus*, in the same Manner. From *Coventry* he arrived at *Daventry*, from *Daventry* at *Stratford*, and from *Stratford* at *Dunstable*, whither he came the next Day a little after Noon, and within a few Hours after *Sophia* had left it; and though he was obliged to stay here longer than he wished, while a Smith, with great Deliberation, shod the Post-Horse he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his *Sophia* before she should set out from *St. Albans*; at which Place he concluded, and very reasonably, that his Lordship would stop and dine.

And

And had he been right in this Conjecture, he most probably would have overtaken his Angel at the aforesaid Place; but unluckily my Lord had appointed a Dinner to be prepared for him at his own House in *London*, and in order to enable him to reach that Place in proper Time, he had ordered a Relay of Horses to meet him at *St. Albans*. When *Jones* therefore arrived there, he was informed that the Coach and Six had set out two Hours before.

If fresh Post-Horses had been now ready, as they were not, it seemed so apparently impossible to overtake the Coach before it reached *London*, that *Partridge* thought he had now a proper Opportunity to remind his Friend of a Matter which he seemed entirely to have forgotten; what this was the Reader will guess, when we inform him that *Jones* had eat nothing more than one poached Egg since he had left the Ale-house where he had first met the Guide returning from *Sophia*; for with the Gypsies, he had only feasted his Understanding.

The Landlord so entirely agreed with the Opinion of Mr. *Partridge*, that he no sooner heard the latter desire his Friend to stay and dine, than he very readily put in his

Word, and retracting his Promise before given of furnishing the Horses immediately, he assured Mr. *Jones* he would lose no Time in bespeaking a Dinner, which, he said, could be got ready sooner than it was possible to get the Horses up from Grass, and to prepare them for their Journey by a Feed of Corn.

Jones was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter Argument of the Landlord; and now a Joint of Mutton was put down to the Fire. While this was preparing, *Partridge* being admitted into the same Apartment with his Friend or Master, began to harangue in the following Manner.

‘ Certainly, Sir, if ever Man deserved a
‘ young Lady, you deserve young Madam
‘ *Western*; for what a vast Quantity of
‘ Love must a Man have, to be able to live
‘ upon it without any other Food, as you
‘ do. I am positive I have eat thirty times
‘ as much within these last twenty-four
‘ Hours as your Honour, and yet I am al-
‘ most famished; for nothing makes a Man
‘ so hungry as travelling, especially in this
‘ cold raw Weather. And yet I can’t tell
‘ how it is, but your Honour is seemingly
‘ in perfect good Health, and you never
‘ looked

‘ looked better nor fresher in your Life. It
‘ must be certainly Love that you live
‘ upon.’

‘ And a very rich Diet too, *Partridge*.’
answered *Jones*. ‘ But did not Fortune
‘ send me an excellent Dainty Yesterday?
‘ Dost thou imagine I cannot live more
‘ than twenty-four Hours on this dear
‘ Pocket-Book?’

‘ Undoubtedly,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ there
‘ is enough in that Pocket-book to purchase
‘ many a good Meal. Fortune sent it to
‘ your Honour very opportunely for pre-
‘ sent Use, as your Honour’s Money must
‘ be almost out by this Time.

‘ What do you mean?’ answered *Jones*;
‘ I hope you don’t imagine I should be dis-
‘ honest enough, even if it belonged to any
‘ other Person, besides Miss *Western*——

‘ Dishonest!’ replied *Partridge*; ‘ Hea-
‘ ven forbid I should wrong your Honour
‘ so much; but where’s the Dishonesty in
‘ borrowing a little for present spending,
‘ since you will be so well able to pay the
‘ Lady hereafter. No indeed, I would
‘ have your Honour pay it again, as soon

‘ as it is convenient, by all Means ; but
‘ where can be the Harm in making use of
‘ it now you want it. Indeed if it belong-
‘ ed to a poor Body, it would be another
‘ thing ; but so great a Lady to be sure can
‘ never want it, especially now as she is
‘ along with a Lord, who it can’t be
‘ doubted will let her have whatever she
‘ hath Need of. Besides, if she should want
‘ a little, she can’t want the whole, therefore
‘ I would give her a little ; but I would be
‘ hanged before I mentioned the having
‘ found it at first, and before I got some
‘ Money of my own ; for *London*, I have
‘ heard, is the very worst of Places to be
‘ in without Money. Indeed, if I had not
‘ known to whom it belonged, I might
‘ have thought it was the Devil’s Money,
‘ and have been afraid to use it ; but as
‘ you know otherwise, and came honestly
‘ by it, it would be an Affront to Fortune
‘ to part with it all again, at the very
‘ Time when you want it most ; you can
‘ hardly expect she should ever do you such
‘ another good Turn ; for *Fortuna nun-*
‘ *quam perpetuo est bona*. You will do as
‘ you please, notwithstanding all I say ; but
‘ for my Part, I would be hanged before I
‘ mentioned a Word of the Matter.’

‘ By

‘ By what I can see, *Partridge*,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ hanging is a Matter *non longe alienum à Scævola studiis*.’ ‘ You should say *alienus*,’ says *Partridge*—I remember the Passage; it is an Example under *Communis, Alienus, immunis, variis casibus servant.* If you do remember it,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ I find you don’t understand it; but I tell thee, Friend, in plain *Englisch*, that he who finds another’s Property, and wilfully detains it from the known Owner, deserves *in Foro Conscientiæ*, to be hanged no less than if he had stolen it. And as for this very identical Bill, which is the Property of my Angel, and was once in her dear Possession, I will not deliver it into any Hands but her own, upon any Consideration whatever; No, tho’ I was as hungry as thou art, and had no other Means to satisfy my craving Appetite; this I hope to do before I sleep; but if it should happen otherwise, I charge thee, if thou wouldst not incur my Displeasure for ever, not to shock me any more by the bare Mention of such detestable Baseness.’

‘ I should not have mentioned it now,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ if it had appeared so to me;

' me; for I'm sure I scorn any Wicked-
 ' ness as much as another; but perhaps you
 ' know better; and yet I might have ima-
 ' gined that I should not have lived so
 ' many Years, and have taught School so
 ' long, without being able to distinguish
 ' between *Fas & Nefas*; but it seems we
 ' are to live and learn. I remember my
 ' old Schoolmaster, who was a prodigious
 ' great Scholar, used often to say, *Polly*
 ' *Matete cry Town is my Daskalon*. The
 ' *English* of which, he told us, was, That a
 ' Child may sometimes teach his Grandmo-
 ' ther to suck Eggs. I have lived to a fine
 ' Purpose truly, if I am to be taught my
 ' Grammar at this Time of Day. Perhaps,
 ' young Gentleman, you may change your
 ' Opinion if you live to my Years: For
 ' I remember I thought myself as wise
 ' when I was a Stripling of one or two and
 ' twenty as I am now. I am sure I always
 ' taught *alienus*, and my Master read it so
 ' before me.'

There were not many Instances in which
Partridge could provoke *Jones*, nor were
 there many in which *Partridge* himself
 could have been hurried out of his Respect.
 Unluckily however they had both hit on one
 of these. We have already seen *Partridge*
 could

could not bear to have his Learning attacked, nor could *Jones* bear some Passage or other in the foregoing Speech. And now looking upon his Companion with a contemptuous and disdainful Air (a thing not usual with him) he cried, '*Partridge*, ' I see thou art a conceited old Fool, and I ' wish thou art not likewise an old Rogue. ' Indeed if I was as well convinced of the ' the latter as I am of the former, thou ' shouldst travel no farther in my Com- ' pany.'

The sage Pedagogue was contented with the Vent which he had already given to his Indignation; and, as the vulgar Phrase is, immediately drew in his Horns. He said, He was sorry he had uttered any thing which might give Offence, for that he had never intended it; but *Nemo omnibus boris sapit*.

As *Jones* had the Vices of a warm Disposition, he was entirely free from those of a cold one; and if his Friends must have confest his Temper to have been a little too easily ruffled, his Enemies must at the same Time have confest, that it as soon subsided; nor did it at all resemble the Sea, whose Swelling is more violent and dangerous after

ter a Storm is over, than while the Storm itself subsists. He instantly accepted the Submission of *Partridge*, shook him by the Hand, and with the most benign Aspect imaginable, said twenty kind Things, and at the same Time very severely condemned himself, tho' not half so severely as he will most probably be condemned by many of our good Readers.

Partridge was now highly comforted, as his Fears of having offended were at once abolished, and his Pride completely satisfied by *Jones* having owned himself in the wrong, which Submission he instantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated, in a muttering Voice, 'To be sure, Sir, your Knowledge may be superior to mine in some Things; but as to the Grammar, I think I may challenge any Man living. I think, at least, I have that at my Finger's End.'

If any thing could add to the Satisfaction which the poor Man now enjoyed, he received this Addition by the Arrival of an excellent Shoulder of Mutton, that at this Instant came smoaking to the Table. On which, having both plentifully feasted, they again

again mounted their Horses, and set forward for *London*.

C H A P. XIV.

What happened to Mr. Jones in his Journey from St. Albans.

THEY were got about two Miles beyond *Barnett*, and it was now the Dusk of the Evening, when a genteel looking Man, but upon a very shabby Horse, rode up to *Jones*, and asked him whether he was going to *London*, to which *Jones* answered in the affirmative. The Gentleman replied, ‘ I should be obliged
‘ to you, Sir, if you will accept of my
‘ Company ; for it is very late, and I am
‘ a Stranger to the Road.’ *Jones* readily complied with the Request ; and on they travelled together, holding that Sort of Discourse which is usual on such Occasions.

Of this, indeed, Robbery was the principal Topic ; upon which Subject the Stranger expressed great Apprehensions ; but *Jones* declared he had very little to lose, and consequently as little to fear. Here *Partridge* could not forbear putting in his Word. ‘ Your Honour,’ said he, ‘ may
‘ think

‘ think it a little, but I am sure, if I had a
 ‘ hundred Pound Bank Note in my
 ‘ Pocket, as you have, I should be very
 ‘ sorry to lose it ; but, for my Part, I ne-
 ‘ ver was less afraid in my Life ; for we
 ‘ are four of us, and if we all stand by one
 ‘ another, the best Man in *England* can’t
 ‘ rob us. Suppose he should have a Pistol,
 ‘ he can kill but one of us, and a Man can
 ‘ die but once, that’s my Comfort, a Man
 ‘ can die but once.’

Besides the Reliance on superior Numbers,
 a kind of Valour which hath raised a cer-
 tain Nation among the Moderns to a high
 Pitch of Glory, there was another Reason
 for the extraordinary Courage which *Par-*
tridge now discovered ; for he had at pre-
 sent as much of that Quality as was in the
 Power of Liquor to bestow.

Our Company were now arrived within a
 Mile of *Highgate*, when the Stranger turned
 short upon *Jones*, and pulling out a Pistol,
 demanded that little Bank Note which *Par-*
tridge had mentioned.

Jones was at first somewhat shocked at
 this unexpected Demand ; however, he pre-
 sently recollected himself, and told the
 Highway-

Highwayman, all the Money he had in his Pocket was entirely at his Service; and so saying, he pulled out upwards of three Guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other answered with an Oath, That would not do. *Jones* answered coolly, He was very sorry for it, and returned the Money into his Pocket.

The Highwayman then threatned, if he did not deliver the Bank Note that Moment, he must shoot him; holding his Pistol at the same Time very near to his Breast. *Jones* instantly caught hold of the Fellow's Hand, which trembled so that he could scarce hold the Pistol in it, and turned the Muzzle from him. A Struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the Pistol from the Hand of his Antagonist, and both came from their Horses on the Ground together, the Highwayman upon his Back, and the victorious *Jones* upon him.

The poor Fellow now began to implore Mercy of the Conqueror; for, to say the Truth, he was in Strength by no Means a Match for *Jones*. 'Indeed, Sir,' says he, 'I could have had no Intention to shoot you, for you will find the Pistol was not loaded. This is the first Robbery I ever attempted,

‘ attempted, and I have been driven by
‘ Distress to this.’

At this Instant, at about an hundred and fifty Yards Distance, lay another Person on the Ground, roaring for Mercy in a much louder Voice than the Highwayman. This was no other than *Partridge* himself, who endeavouring to make his Escape from the Engagement, had been thrown from his Horse, and lay flat on his Face, not daring to look up, and expecting every Minute to be shot.

In this Posture he lay, till the Guide, who was no otherwise concerned than for his Horses, having secured the stumbling Beast, came up to him and told him, his Master had got the better of the Highwayman.

Partridge leapt up at this News, and ran back to the Place, where *Jones* stood with his Sword drawn in his Hand to guard the poor Fellow; which *Partridge* no sooner saw, than he cried out, ‘ Kill the Villain, ‘ Sir, run him through the Body, kill him ‘ this Instant.’

Luckily however for the poor Wretch he had fallen into more merciful Hands; for
Jones

Jones having examined the Pistol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the Man had told him before *Partridge* came up; namely, that he was a Novice in the Trade, and that he had been driven to it by the Distress he mentioned, the greatest indeed imaginable, that of five hungry Children, and a Wife lying in of a sixth, in the utmost Want and Misery. The Truth of all which the Highwayman most vehemently asserted, and offered to convince Mr. *Jones* of, if he would take the Trouble to go to his House, which was not above two Miles off; saying, ‘ That he
 ‘ desired no Favour, but upon Condition
 ‘ of proving all he had alledged.’

Jones at first pretended that he would take the Fellow at his Word, and return with him, declaring that his Fate should depend entirely on the Truth of his Story. Upon this the poor Fellow immediately expressed so much Alacrity, that *Jones* was perfectly satisfied with his Veracity, and began now to entertain Sentiments of Compassion for him. He returned the Fellow his empty Pistol, advised him to think of honest Means of relieving his Distress, and gave him a couple of Guineas for the im-
 mediate

mediate Support of his Wife and his Family; adding, ' he wished he had more for ' his Sake, but the hundred Pound that had ' been mentioned, was not his own.'

Our Readers will probably be divided in their Opinions concerning this Action; some may applaud it perhaps as an Act of extraordinary Humanity, while those of a more saturnine Temper will consider it as a Want of Regard to that Justice which every Man owes his Country. *Partridge* certainly saw it in that Light; for he testified much Dissatisfaction on the Occasion, quoted an old Proverb, and said, He should not wonder if the Rogue attacked them again before they reached *London*.

The Highwayman was full of Expressions of Thankfulness and Gratitude. He actually dropt Tears, or pretended so to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit such a Transgression; whether he kept his Word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our Travellers having remounted their Horses, arrived in Town without encountering any new Mishap. On the Road much pleasant Discourse passed between

Jones

Jones and *Partridge*, on the Subject of their last Adventure. In which *Jones* express a great Compassion for those Highwaymen who are, by unavoidable Distress, driven, as it were, to such illegal Courses, as generally bring them to a shameful Death. ‘I mean,’ said he, ‘those only
 ‘ whose highest Guilt extends no farther
 ‘ than to Robbery, and who are never
 ‘ guilty of Cruelty nor Insult to any Person,
 ‘ which is a Circumstance that, I must say,
 ‘ to the Honour of our Country, distinguishes the Robbers of *England* from those
 ‘ of all other Nations; for Murder is,
 ‘ amongst those, almost inseparably incident to Robbery.’

‘No doubt,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘it is
 ‘ better to take away one’s Money than
 ‘ one’s Life, and yet it is very hard upon
 ‘ honest Men, that they can’t travel about
 ‘ their Business without being in Danger of
 ‘ these Villains. And to be sure it would be
 ‘ better that all Rogues were hanged out of
 ‘ the Way, than that one honest Man should
 ‘ suffer. For my own Part, indeed, I
 ‘ should not care to have the Blood of any
 ‘ of them on my own Hands; but it is
 ‘ very proper for the Law to hang them
 ‘ all. What Right hath any Man to take
 ‘ Sixpence

‘ Sixpence from me, unless I give it him?
‘ Is there any Honesty in such a Man?’

‘ No surely,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ no more
‘ than there is in him who takes the Horses
‘ out of another Man’s Stable, or who ap-
‘ plies to his own Use the Money which
‘ he finds, when he knows the right
‘ Owner.’

These Hints stopt the Mouth of *Partridge*, nor did he open it again till *Jones* having thrown some sarcastical Jokes on his Cowardice, he offered to excuse himself on the Inequality of Fire Arms, saying, ‘ A
‘ thousand naked Men are nothing to one
‘ Pistol; for though, it is true, it will kill
‘ but one at a single Discharge, yet who
‘ can tell but that one may be himself.’

1087

The End of the Fourth Volume.